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The Chevalier Bayard

A Study in Fading Chivalry



From a drawing in the Grenoble Museum

Bardoz

The Chevalier Bayard

A Study in Fading Chivalry

By

Samuel Shellabarger, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED



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Class No, विभाग 923
Book No, पत्रिका 3 3569
Received from, August

3806
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TO
ROBERT K. ROOT

PREFACE

JUSTIFICATION for a new life of Bayard is actually less needed than might at first appear. The numerous popular editions of his history by the Loyal Servant which have been intended principally for children—these together with the reputation of the book for an accuracy now disproved have conveyed the impression of a subject sufficiently rehearsed and dealt with. In point of fact, however, it is exactly a hundred years since Terrebasse published the principal modern account, which is both inclusive and scholarly. Later editions of this work have added practically nothing, and although various subsequent authors have written biographies of a sort, they do little more than restate the data supplied by Terrebasse and the Loyal Servant. But since 1828, if no comprehensive and at the same time critical biography of Bayard has appeared, at least, on the other hand, there has been no dearth of monographs, notes, and articles which, taken as a whole, add greatly to the sum of knowledge concerning him. Above all, manuscripts, at that time unknown or inaccessible, but which constitute sources of capital importance, have subsequently been published. A renewed survey would, therefore, seem desirable, especially as the documents in question are for the most part out of print and wholly inaccessible to the general public. The recent more accurate evaluation of de Mailles renders essential, moreover, a treatment of

the subject which shall bear in mind his deficiencies as well as his excellence.

The following study will therefore attempt to include all that is thus far known with regard to Bayard's life, viewing it sympathetically, but at the same time with such scrutiny of the original sources as modern criticism has made necessary. Apart from this, it represents the only life of the great Chevalier, other than mere paraphrases of the "Loyal Servant," which has appeared in English.

Footnotes, in a work of this kind, are a necessary evil. They form here a guarantee for the conscientiousness of the text, and are intended, moreover, for those to whom some detail appeals for further study. Their disturbing effect for the general reader has, however, it is hoped, been minimized by relegating them to the end of each chapter, where they may be disregarded or not as individual interest may direct. It should be added that only references and brief explanatory matter have been so included, while longer or controversial topics (denoted by Roman numerals) will be found treated in the Appendix. Constant reference has had to be made to Roman's edition of the "Loyal Serviteur," Paris, 1878. Where the text of this author is in question, the title appears as "Loyal Servant"; where documents included by the editor or his notes are intended, the reference will be to *Roman*, though in each instance the same volume is indicated. A full list of sources and such other titles as are valuable for a critical study of Bayard will appear in the Bibliography.

A word of explanation with regard to the first chap-

ter is perhaps desirable. The history of Johnson is not so closely associated with Boswell as that of Bayard with de Mailles; in large measure his personality can be viewed only through the lens of the Loyal Servant. Therefore, even at the risk of a slight delay, it has appeared essential to describe at the outset the temper and tendency of this primary source together with such other contemporary evidence as may tend to correct or substantiate it. Thus instructed the reader may approach the subject with greater assurance and a more vivid sense of actuality.

There remains the pleasant duty of expressing grateful appreciation for the helpfulness of those who have made the following work possible—the officers of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, the Bibliothèque Cantonale at Lausanne, the Bibliothèque Municipale at Grenoble, and of the University Libraries of Harvard and Princeton. Especially, however, the most cordial thanks of the author are extended to Dr. Donald Galbreath of Montreux, Switzerland, and to Monsieur G. Letonnellier, Archiviste de l'Isère at Grenoble, for their kindly interest in this study as well as for the generous assistance of their learning, which contributed several data of unusual value to the understanding of Bayard. Finally, the author would acknowledge a lasting debt of gratitude to Professor Robert K. Root of Princeton University for his careful reading of the manuscript and for numerous important suggestions.

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The Chevalier Bayard

The Chevalier Bayard

CHAPTER I

THE LOYAL SERVANT

AMONG famous men, there is none who occupies a more distinct and enviable place than Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard.¹ It is a pure fame curiously underived from any commanding achievement, from any decisive influence on great events. That it was he who was chosen to knight his king after the field of Marignano, that he defeated Don Alonzo de Soto-Mayor in a noted duel, that he successfully defended Mézières, the key of France, on a critical emergency, are half-forgotten episodes of scant avail in explaining his ultimate distinction. He has become a household name for half the world. And yet, among the leaders of his time, even in the profession of war, he remained nearly always a subordinate. Apart from legendary figures, it would be hard to find any one whose tangible accomplishment bears less relation to such universal celebrity. Somewhat in the manner of St. Francis of Assisi, it appears to be the triumph of a singularly lovable and harmonious spirit. Bayard's renown is the perpetuation of the charm he exerted upon his contemporaries, the

admiration his character evoked, the ideal he personified.

It should be observed, however—and insufficient attention has been hitherto given to the fact—that his fame is largely the result of fortunate accident. The cult of a hero is often indebted to an obscure disciple, and in this instance derives from a single biography. It is the merest chance that this happened to be a captivating biography, such as insured lasting popularity to its subject. Bayard's history by that anonymous writer, whom scholars believe with reasonable certainty to have been Jacques de Mailles, but who signs himself proudly the Loyal Servant, holds without question a place among permanent books. It has every quality of artistic excellence: that sense of proportion which avoids tedium, a style harmonious with its matter, the ease and fluency of confident narrative, firm delicacy in the choice of phrase and incident. Above all, it is unified by a definite conception of its hero expressed at the outset and maintained unvaried. It is the romantic and chivalric conception, the one which established itself at once and has continued unchallenged. (I)

Only by subtracting from the sum of our knowledge with regard to Bayard that part contributed by the Loyal Servant, do we become aware of what would have been the loss if his book had remained unwritten. We would vaguely discern the figure of a man beneath the rhetorical fustian of Champier, in the terse annals of Du Rivail, occasionally in the chronicles of d'Auton, in the brief references of Du Bellay, Florange, and Giovio, guess at a personality behind the few formal

letters signed in a school-boy hand—Bayart. Perhaps the garrulous Brantôme would have still afforded a paragraph among those devoted to other forgotten captains. And indeed it is questionable whether among contemporaries the fame of Bayard exceeded that of many illustrious *hommes d'armes*, his comrades—of Louis d'Ars, for instance, his first commander, the hero of Apulia; the brave de Lude, defender of Fontarab-bia; or d'Essé, Montoison, Imbercourt, La Crote, Vandenesse, the "little lion," as they called him, and, among greater gentlemen, La Palice, Chaumont, La Tremouille, and others, who pass in glimpses across the page of uninspired chronicle. Bayard would have shared the semi-oblivion of their once gallant and intense lives, were it not for the genius of his historian. It is to him we owe the fullness of portraiture, the consecutive narrative, the artistry of suppression and emphasis which gives character and discloses personality. It is through him, in short, and, one is tempted to add, only through him, that the world has formed its traditional conception of Bayard; and any adequate review of the latter's life must necessarily begin with an analysis of this fundamental work, its limitations as well as its merits.

It is a portly book ² with a portly title, which may be Englished as follows: "The right joyous, merry, and entertaining history, composed by the Loyal Servant, of the acts, deeds, achievements, and prowesses of the good knight without fear and without reproach, the gentle Seigneur de Bayart of whom the praise is spread throughout Christendom: and of other good, valiant, and virtuous captains of his times. Together with the

wars, battles, encounters, and assaults, which took place during his life in France, Spain, and Italy." It was printed at Paris in 1527, three years after Bayard's death,³ and was almost certainly composed by Jacques de Mailles, an archer in the latter's company and his secretary. Except for several important lacunas, it deals with his entire career from childhood to death. Moreover, de Mailles was native to Bayard's own district in Dauphiné,⁴ served his hero from 1507, or at least 1509, until the end of his last campaign in 1524, and, as it was he, a notary public at Grenoble, who drew up the marriage contract between Jeanne Terrail, the Chevalier's daughter, and François de Bocsozel, there is every reason to assume that his connection with the Terrail family remained intimate.⁵ Few biographers have had higher credentials of authenticity. But add to this the wealth of detail, the circumstantial narrative, the limpid naïveté of the author, and it is not surprising that for well-nigh four hundred years he has been considered an irrefragable source, an authority above suspicion.

Of late he has been discredited. Put to the test of modern research, the "Joyous History" becomes a most amazing document. It is, in a word, partially nothing but fiction. And yet we have no generic term exactly descriptive of this book. To call it biography is perhaps more accurate, but hardly so, than to call it historical romance. Probably the nearest approach would be to borrow from another art and call it idealistic portraiture. A brief survey of its method will make this point clear.

De Mailles starts with an account of Bayard's youth

about which he evidently knew little. He invents a romantic and touching departure from home and an equally picturesque début at the court of Savoy. He shortens his stay there from four years to six months, sends him to Lyons with the Duke of Savoy on a journey which never took place, describes an imaginary meeting with Charles VIII of France, reports how an exhibition of the boy's horsemanship, especially arranged, pleased the king, and how the latter, having asked for him as page, intrusted him to the care of his favorite, the Count of Ligny. Now most of this simply did not happen and the rest is exceedingly doubtful. What follows is equally open to suspicion: how Bayard, at the age of seventeen, fought with credit in the lists against Claude de Vaudray, and how, being sent to his garrison in Aire, he gave a tournament largely attended, where he bestowed valuable prizes and outshone the others. It is all very charming, splendidly told, and probably imaginary. This ends the period of Bayard's youth as de Mailles records it. But even later he provides his hero with a Platonic romance, which may or may not have occurred. At all events, the tournament held at Carignano, where Bayard again donates the prize and wins distinction in his lady's honor, never took place. The lady, whoever she was, was not the wife of the man stated by de Mailles. The entire affair savors of fiction.

With the Venetian campaign of 1509, a slight change is felt in the narrative. On one occasion, by inadvertency, the personal pronoun creeps in.⁶ A greater abundance of details, a sharper feeling of reality convey the impression of direct participation

in events. It was at this time presumably that de Mailles first entered Bayard's service. Over half of his book deals with the six years from 1509 through 1515. And yet here as well allowance must be made for exaggeration, adroit panegyric, imaginary dialogues, and perhaps even for fanciful incidents. (II)

But if our author embroiders and invents, he is equally dexterous in leaving out and foreshortening. No reference is made to the liaison not so Platonic of his hero with Barbara dei Trechi, no reference to the period of inaction between 1504 and 1507 or to similar peaceful and therefore inglorious intervals. Hardly a mention is accorded to Bayard's administration of Dauphiné as lieutenant-governor. From war to war and deed to deed the narrative flows on with such deft art, such bland transitions, as to give no sense of interruption.

Therefore, both as to what he includes and omits, the Loyal Servant is alike unreliable and adroit. We have the curious example of a semi-fanciful biography written of a man by his friend to be read by other friends or acquaintances, who must have realized that considerable liberties had been taken with the subject. One would expect a certain protest or, at least, a reservation on the part of well-informed contemporaries, that the Loyal Servant was not to be quoted with complete seriousness. There is no evidence that any appeared. Brantôme, to be sure, speaks of the "Joyous History" as a *vieux roman*, but the term probably denotes merely a work written in the popular tongue. At all events, he refers to it only with praise, and his own memorial of Bayard is drawn chiefly from its pages.

Du Rivail, the writer of sober chronicle and a personal friend of Bayard's, follows it closely.⁷ As far as one can judge, it became immediately popular. But no matter how great a concession be made to the ingenuous faith in printed words, which has since not been entirely outgrown, it is inconceivable that an openly false delineation of Bayard should have gained acceptance undetected among a public who knew him. Is it then an instance of artistic legerdemain? Or did de Mailles, for all his disregard of fact, bear essentially true witness?

These questions obviously effect a just estimate of Bayard. They are perhaps more easily answered by expressing them differently. For what purpose did de Mailles alter fact by invention or suppression? And, secondly, is the fundamental truth of character distorted by this method?

We can at once dispose of any facile suggestion that his motives were to produce chiefly an entertaining book. One has only to consider the spirit of consecration expressed in the preface and in the closing pages, the warm current of love and reverence inspiring the whole, to realize that the author's intention is memorial and moral. That he *is* entertaining, that he tells his story with grace and gusto, are the innate qualities of a natural *raconteur*, as they form also the duty of a literary artist. But entertainment, though incidental, is not his end. With the zeal of a worshiper, he strives to share with others his own enthusiasm, his own privilege—the spirit of a great man who has dignified his life and become his hero. He would have Bayard remembered by others as by

himself, a pattern for others as for himself. "And I dedicate this my rude history," he writes, "to the three estates of the most excellent, mighty, and renowned kingdom of France."

No one escapes the tendency to typify objects of strong emotion or affection. Unconsciously, friends and enemies are ranked in classes more or less conventional, are subject to gradual generalizations, which form the ultimate conception of character. They recall certain types and traditions, appear to embody certain principles, and are finally interpreted by these. The conception may be narrow or erroneous; it remains, however, wholly true to the one who entertains it. And of this process, no better example can be found than de Mailles's attitude toward Bayard. It is this unquestionably that accounts for his entire treatment of the subject. He adds or suppresses, improvises and embellishes to suit his informing motif, the dominant *idea*. What this was, becomes at once apparent in a phrase, which if de Mailles did not invent, he at least made immortal: the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*.⁸

It is literally a motif. Like the refrain of a ballad, it appears and reappears almost with a certain rhythm, is insisted upon, and, though with skill, is constantly repeated. It begins and ends the book. In short, to the Loyal Servant, Bayard represented a tradition fast becoming obsolete—that of chivalry with its romantic and religious connotations. He thinks of him in the heroic terms of knightly prowess and old legend. A contemporary of the Borgias, Pope Julius, and Machiavelli, he associates him implicitly with the

generation of Froissart, Du Guesclin, and the Black Prince, represents him, in fact, as a man born after his time.

Thus, intent on his paramount conception, the Loyal Servant fashions for Bayard an appropriate youth, more gallant, more brilliant than actuality. It is probable that he knew of it little enough except a few vague passages, for the Chevalier had passed thirty when de Mailles entered his service, and men of action at the prime of life are not apt to dwell overlong on boyhood memories. At all events, he gave full rein to his fancy and described not what was, but what ought to have been the youth of his hero, *as a dauntless knight*. If precocity in arms, if feats of horsemanship before duke or king, if courtly tournaments heightened the picture, he introduced them, careless of fact because convinced of their essential truth to Bayard's character. They might have happened. If romantic love, the wearing of my lady's sleeve in triumph, if tender worship unstained by passion, belonged to chivalry, his stainless knight must have a share of it. And so throughout. Prosaic fact is ordered, moulded, glorified, to fit a higher harmony.

The result, however, is convincing. No foolish rhetoric, no archaic tinsel mars the treatment. De Mailles's romance is not superficially romantic. In colloquial idiom, with Chaucerian simplicity, he portrays the past transfused into the present. As a term adequately descriptive of this method, we suggest once more the phrase, idealistic portraiture.

But granting that such was de Mailles' conception of Bayard and such his manner of presenting it, a

more vital question remains as to whether he was right. Did the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* actually exist outside of his henchman's fancy? Is the "Joyous History," however inaccurate, still to be retained as the true picture of a real man? If so, its frequent indifference to external fact, though regrettable, is still relatively unimportant, for portraiture is not photography.

To all such questions, there can be only an affirmative answer. De Mailles is not our only authority for Bayard's life. Sometimes a glimpse is afforded by impartial chronicle; letters exist between correspondents officially hostile to him, which furnish capital evidence of his reputation; there are established facts equally illuminating; there is, moreover, the longer testimony of two other friends and contemporaries, Champier and Du Rivail. And in none of these does any feature of the man appear which contradicts de Mailles's interpretation. Not that they all depict him as representative of waning chivalry—to many he was doubtless simply an upright, courageous soldier, energetic, devoted, and popular—but none of them reveals a phase of character, which would make the romantic conception impossible. On the contrary, there is much to support it: his behavior in the duel with Soto-Mayor, his rôle in knighting the king at Marignano, his well attested gallantry on the field of battle, his magnanimous treatment of the unfortunate whether in peace or war, his constant charity, his religious faith. And there are other more specific traits, to be considered later, which show him as at least a conservative, but perhaps consciously the upholder of chivalric tradition. In short,

the truth seems to have been that something in Bayard's personality encouraged the archaic estimate of him. Spiritually, he appears in sober fact to have belonged to a period earlier than his own. In this fundamental aspect, then, de Mailles was justified.

Moreover, it is hard to escape the conviction that his *external* portrait is true. He wrote with the zeal of love and the confidence of long intimacy; could recall, as he sat, a man of peace at last, in his study at Grenoble, visions, replacing its walls, of youth and Italy—fragments of retrospect; could evoke, by that queer resonance of memory, the tone of Bayard's voice, a familiar attitude, tricks of manner, the important trivialities of character. At all events, the impression conveyed by his narrative is an immediate impression. He *sees* what he relates, particularizes an episode by its appropriate nuance. We seem to hear the speech of his characters; they stand out boldly from the page; instinctively we realize that so Bayard spoke, acted, smiled.

In view of such excellences, de Mailles's neglect of biographic fact may be condoned. More accurate authors have written far less truthful history. In any case, he will never be superseded. Scholars will doubtless continue to disclose his errors and amend his statements, but it will be always through him that the essential Bayard is revealed.—A curious commentary on the relative importance of what actually *occurs* and what vividly distinguishes in the record of any given life.

There remains, however, the question as to how far the Loyal Servant may be used as a source in modern

biography, which aims at a more critical and more comprehensive treatment. In the first place, it is well not to exaggerate the extent of his inaccuracy. Beginning with the second invasion of Naples in 1501, it is practically certain that he gives a true account of Bayard's military career, though proper allowance should often be made for the tendency to magnify his hero's importance. Thus, for example, when he represents him as taking part with distinction in the Neapolitan campaign, there is no reason to doubt the fact, established, indeed, by other evidence. Skepticism begins with such an assertion that he defended a bridge single-handed against two hundred Spaniards.⁹ Similarly, it is true that he led a charge against the forts at Genoa, that he commanded a division of foot at Agnadello, that he shared in the Ferrarese campaigns, and so forth. It is the sensational episode recorded only by de Mailles, the sort which, had it occurred, would almost certainly have been mentioned by other writers, that is open to suspicion. For the rest, even if unverifiable, it would be captious to reject his statement that Bayard went here or there, was stationed at this or the other garrison. In the main, therefore, we can accept without demur, as true, de Mailles's general outline from the year 1501 on, and especially after the year 1509. To use him wisely requires an occasional balance of probabilities; but in spite of frequent exaggeration the book remains historically a valuable document in regard both to its subject and to the events incidentally described.

In the following study, impartial records, where they exist, have usually been given precedence over the

"Joyous History." Where it becomes our only source for an episode, however credible intrinsically, the fact has none the less been noted. On the other hand, certain passages have been retained, which are not only improbable, but in part necessarily fictitious: and this for a two-fold end. In the first place, they give an excellent picture of late fifteenth and early sixteenth century life. They provide an atmosphere and *milieu* without which biography remains only a calendar of events. In the second place, whether imaginary or not, they reflect something of Bayard's living personality, his manner of speech and thought, his individual accent. That, on a given occasion, he or others actually spoke the purported words, is more than dubious; that, on the other hand, they might have done so, is almost certain. It is naturally regrettable that no English rendering can wholly convey the freshness, strength, and pith of the original. It is hoped, however, that a suggestion of this has been retained.

But de Mailles, as we have seen, is not the single authority for Bayard's life. A brief statement of other primary sources will not be superfluous. They are, first in importance, the writings of Symphorien Champier and Aymar du Rivail—the former a cousin by marriage of the Chevalier's, the second, his intimate friend.¹⁰

Champier, a physician of Lyons, attached also to the service of the Duke of Lorraine, was inordinately proud of his connection with the more aristocratic and soldierly family of Terrail, and he gloried particularly in his relationship with Bayard.¹¹ He composed in his honor a life published in 1525 entitled "Les gestes en-

semble la vie du preux Chevalier Bayard etc.," together with a Latin résumé, "*Compendiosa illustrissimi Baiardi vita*," of like date. He mentions him also in other works—for he was a prolific writer—and especially in his "*Trophaeum Gallorum*," a eulogy of French prowess, published in 1507, and in his "*Triomphe du . . . Roy Louys XII*" appearing in 1509. He might have been an invaluable authority on the life of his distinguished kinsman; but no more fatuous pedant ever existed than Champier. He is an acolyte of the New Learning, is intoxicated with antiquity. Upon the fermentation of his rhetoric, his classical allusions, opaque style, and aimless parallels with Greek and Roman worthies, there floats at times a scrap of information. Occasionally he forgets himself into sober fact, but in general contributes little.

Aymar du Rivail is an author of different stamp. The last book of his chronicle of Dauphiné, written in clear, unadorned Latin, abounds in details concerning Bayard, derived in part, at least, from personal knowledge or from conversation with the Chevalier himself.¹² Although borrowing, no doubt frequently, from the "*Joyous History*" he offers much that is new, particularly with regard to the latter part of Bayard's life. The impression made is one of accuracy as to matters within his direct experience.

The writings of Champier, the Loyal Servant, and Du Rivail have much in common and are certainly interrelated; but the degree of resemblance with regard to details of narrative is much greater between the two last than between them and Champier.¹³ The process was probably this: de Mailles took over the episodes

appearing in Symphorien's earlier book, but treated them with his own artistry and perhaps in the light of his more special knowledge. Du Rivail, in turn, carefully transcribed parts of the "Joyous History," supplementing these with a few personal reminiscences. This connection between the three principal sources is worth noting, because to adduce one in support of the other means more often than not a repetition rather than additional evidence.

It is, however, only by comparing the testimony of this group with other independent accounts, that the resemblance in question becomes more clearly apparent. As counterweight to Bayard's more special biographers, the chronicles of d'Auton and Martin Du Bellay, the Memoirs of Florange, Sanuto's Diaries, and other similar documents, are of capital value. Not that they are adverse, but they are presumably impartial. They form a steady deterrent to partizan exuberance or exaggeration. In them, it is not as *preux chevalier* or as *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* that Bayard appears, but as Captain Bayard, *Piquet* Bayard (his old nickname), Monsieur, or Monseigneur de Bayard ceremoniously, and this fact is illustrative of their more sober treatment. To such authorities should be added the work of several men, who, though not contemporaries, were still in contact with survivors of the earlier generation, and whose fathers or grandfathers had borne arms under Charles VIII or Louis XII—Brantôme and Claude Expilly. The former adds little to what he has found in de Mailles. He recalls vaguely that his father, a veteran of the Neapolitan wars, had told him anecdotes of

Bayard and "praised him to the skies," and he has talked with an old comrade of the Chevalier's in Dauphiné; but for the rest his usual frothy gossip replaces fact.¹⁴ Expilly is much more useful. Born in 1561, president of the parliament of Dauphiné, he was well placed to gather data preserved by the family of Terrail, at that time not yet extinct. Moreover, he cites as evidence a document, since lost, the memorial of Bayard's last hours, written by his personal attendant, Jacques Joffrey. His account of the Chevalier's ancestry and family, of his daughter Jeanne Terrail, of his personal appearance, and of his death, is of fundamental importance.¹⁵

A third class of evidence, and, as far as it goes, the most infallible, is, of course, contemporary papers: receipts, letters, expense accounts, and the like, many of which are published in Roman's edition of the "Loyal Servant." The location of others will be indicated below in the appropriate footnotes; but particular attention should be given to two volumes: first, Monnet's admirable documentation of Bayard's apprenticeship at the court of Savoy, which contains all that is known of this period;¹⁶ and next, a series of letters discovered by Molard in the Gonzaga archives of Mantua.¹⁷ These last throw light on obscure passages of the Chevalier's closing years, his activities as military adviser at Genoa, and his relations with the Constable of Bourbon. They are above all interesting as a reflection of enemy opinion at the very hour of his death, for three of them were written practically from the battle-field.

This is not the place to review in detail all the

sources for Bayard's life, which will be found enumerated in the Bibliography. It was essential, however, to describe the kind of documents that concern him, to point out how much can be learned and with what degree of credibility. And the upshot is this, that we can piece together more about him than about any other *homme d'armes* of similar rank during this period.

The fact is of interest. It was an era of rapid change. The age of Chivalry, of steel to steel, of aristocratic war, was fast giving way to plebeian infantry and scientific firearms. In retracing Bayard's career, we retrace also the advent of our own times; we observe from a certain angle the conflict of past and present; and we examine a not unimportant, but usually unfamiliar phase of the Renaissance. His life has, therefore, a general significance. But, after all, it remains of value by reason of its own worth, its moral stature and moral beauty.

Hence, it should be our purpose to consider him against the background of his age from a perspective gained by time and modern scholarship; but above all and beyond this to enjoy the pleasure of association with one of history's most distinguished gentlemen. For biography is not merely instructive and memorial, but an escape.

x—In the late fifteenth century, the pronunciation of this name was probably akin to that of modern English: Bê-lar, the *bê* having the same value as in our word *bay*. It was frequently written, and, indeed, by the Chevalier himself, *Bayart*, and some modern authors have preferred this form. But in the early sixteenth century, the Latinizing process, which changed the *-art* suffixes into *-ard*, had already begun, and the name *Bayard*, as it is generally written, has become so universally established that it seems merely pedantic to

revert to the earlier orthography. Cf. C. Monnet, *Bayard et la Maison de Savoie*, p. XI ff.

2—One hundred and two quarto sheets.

3—Roman attempts to prove the existence of a vanished edition of 1525. He does not, I think, establish his case. See Roman's edition of the *Loyal Servant*, Paris 1878. Intro. p. XII-XII.

4—The ruins of the de Mailles's stronghold are still to be seen eight kilometers distant from Pontcharià, Bayard's birthplace, on the right bank of the Gorge du Fay above Cheylas and Morêtal. See Mourral, *Bayard, le Chevalier sans Peur et sans Reproche*. Grenoble, 1924, p. 10 n.

5—The whole of this contract has been reprinted by Roman, *op. cit.*, p. 474-480.

6—Roman's edition, p. 144.

7—E.g. the episode of the Spanish treasurer: Roman's edition p. 114 ff., and Du Rivail, *De Allobrogibus, libri IX*. Vienne, 1844, p. 543 ff.

8—It was a traditional phrase used frequently enough at the period. La Tremouille is called by his biographer *chevalier sans reproche*. Brantôme observes that it was applied to La Crote and Fontrailles. The same was true with regard to d'Aubigny. It is a proof of de Mailles's literary skill that it became identified for all time with Bayard.

9—It should be added that de Mailles is not always responsible for such statements. A legend seems to have sprung up about Bayard during his life, and of this, the bridge episode is a case in point. It appears in the *Trophæum Gallorum* of Champier, published in 1507, and again in his *Gestes de Bayard* in 1525. De Mailles simply adapts the anecdote.

10—Du Rivail affirms this himself: *valde enim me diligebat*. *Op. cit.*, p. 578. Moreover, his eldest son was sponsored at baptism by Laurent Alleman, bishop of Grenoble, Bayard's uncle, his second son by Philip Terrail, Bayard's brother, and his fourth by Boutières, Bayard's lieutenant. See preface to Du Rivail's chronicle by Terre-basse p. XIX.

11—Cf. Mourral, *op. cit.*, p. 45 n.

12—Notably with regard to Mézières: *magnum cum eo de gestis apud Macerias colloquium habui*. Du Rivail, *op. cit.*, p. 572.

13—It is only necessary to compare the accounts by the Loyal Servant and Du Rivail of the second Neapolitan campaign with that of Champier to recognize this fact. On the other hand, Du Rivail, whose work, ending with the year 1535, is apparently later than the

Joyous History, would seem to have borrowed from the latter, published in 1527.

14—Brantôme: *M. de Bayard*. Ed. Lalanne, Paris 1864. Vol. II, p. 382.

15—C. Expilly: *Histoire du Chevalier Bayard*, Grenoble 1650. See further A. De Rochas: *La Famille de Bayard*, *Annu. hérald. France* (1892), V, p. 140.

16—C. Monnet: *Bayard et la Maison de Savoie*, Paris and Turin, 1926.

17—F. Molard: *Le Carteggio des Ambassadeurs de Mantoue (1521-1524)*, Paris, 1896.

CHAPTER II

A VALLEY IN DAUPHINÉ

TOWARD the last quarter of the fifteenth century, Europe, though culturally diverse in every age, presented a striking contrariety. In Italy, during the hundred years preceding, there had continued without pause a movement of change in thought, manners, and polity, which had now established itself and was approaching its maturest development. The light of re-discovered rationalism, the pagan absorption in a present world, individualism expressing itself in a thousand ways, had formed the Renaissance. It was a fecundating sun that kindled life to a responsive flame of joy in life. It evoked beauty and hastened decay. It brought forth indiscriminately good and evil, and while creating it also destroyed. The *miserere*, the *de profundis*, the dirge of pilgrimage, grew faint, as men perceived no need for pity, no depths to rise from, no pilgrimage to make. Scornful of phantoms the passionate present engrossed and satisfied. Art, science, grace, a new philosophy, and different ethics, sprang up once more from ancient soil, while former creeds and codes, the medieval faith with its dream of chivalry, became ancestral legend, discredited, if still poetically indulged. The sun had risen, dispersing dreams. Italy with strenuous hope acclaimed the future.

But northward the Alps are high. Though here and there some current from the south kindled and disturbed, though gradually from feudal toils emerged a hard-won nationalism, and certain minds, sensitive to realities, caught the Italian spark, in general France and Switzerland, England and Germany, remained unmoved. Then cities, focal points of trade, or courts, once gothic and parochial, but now linked in the thickening web of mutual interests, stirred with the southern ferment. Florentine agents of the Medici at Lyons brought thither more than finance; enlightened, superstitious, furtive, and adroit, Louis XI, son both of St. Louis and the Renaissance, ruled supreme at Plessis. To France also, the newer time drew close.

And yet the people, lords and commoners, firm in immemorial custom, felt no sense of approaching change. In hall or hamlet, in convent or town, they wrought and lived as had their fathers. War and church, labor in field or forest, tithes and boundaries, fairs and junketings, local concerns of borough government, christenings, weddings, funerals, filled out the long-accepted destiny of men. Progress, the modern master-word, had here no meaning, innovation no charm. As the oak grows, so, insensibly, had grown their age and attitude, moulded by experience, deep-rooted in the past. Ancestral practice determined their beliefs, ethics, and manners. Unlettered, they had no taste for intellectual venturing, no knowledge of their ignorance. The passions of life, its evil and distress, provoked no challenge of religious truth, which stood revealed and clear and ultimate above them as a minster spire. This was the sum of knowledge fit for man,

his guide and consolation; they possessed it fully and were content. Leavening somewhat the wilfulness of ambition, heat of rivalry, and unrest of greed, the cardinal motive of their being may be expressed in terms of interdependence—duty to king and overlord, duty to neighbor and underling, duty, above all, to family, kin, and name, all this implying the higher loyalty to God.

But the age was old. Even their children were destined to outlive it; their children's children attained the threshold of modern times. It was to be thus a period of transition, of startling contrasts, shock and counter-shock of hostile principles—conservatism *versus* progress, deduction *versus* induction, custom *versus* experiment, Chivalry *versus* pragmatism.

Not only those, however, who lead the vanguard, serve humanity, nay, it is doubtful whether they serve it most. The traditions of a race are formed slowly, laboriously. They are not the product of a few distinguished minds, but the long accretion of countless lives obscurely and bravely lived. They insure continuance, virility, and power. And those who guard this heritage by deed and personality, in turn bequeathing it enriched to future time, have wrought more grandly than they knew. Reverence of the past, no less than the worship of progress, has its courage and its heroes.

About the year 1486, in a secluded, upland manor-house of Dauphiné, there would sit of an evening two figures within the glow of the hearth—an old man, upright in his seat, and a lad of twelve, tall and slender, with dark, bold eyes and square cropped hair—the two of them intent upon a never-languishing theme.¹

Outside, the north wind drew from Savoy between slopes of snow; far off, the wolves bayed their hunger; but the fireside tale banished even the cry of winter. It dealt with fame; it unrolled the glory of hard-fought battles; familiar names, piously treasured, rose upon speech, like echoes of distant trumpets: Du Guesclin and Dunois, the Black Prince Edward, Chandos and Talbot, Charles of Burgundy. But the tale dealt proudly with others still more intimate, ancestral names, with Aubert slain at Varey, and Philip slain at Poitiers, and Pierre slain at Agincourt, and Pierre slain at Monthléry. Dead, dead in war, left on the field of honor as coveted, ultimate prize of valor, man after man, the roll-call of Terrail. (III)

He, the speaker, could not rank with them, his happier forebears; war had crippled without slaying him at the lost fight of Guinegatte; but still he had lived and served, and from the vantage-ground of well-nigh eighty years, looked back upon the closing epic of medieval France. From Agincourt to Nancy: the wracking effort of the English wars, succor from heaven with St. Joan of Arc, the death of Talbot at Castillon, Normandy and Guyenne made French once more; then the hard strife with Burgundy, the long suspense and final triumph. Tempered in blood, miraculously forged, France had emerged at last unified and strong, the work of famous men. And the boy listened with set lips and burning eyes. He was Pierre Terrail, to be later known as Bayard, the fearless and unstained, last and noblest on the roll of Chivalry.

He would stand within the triumph of the Renaissance, deaf to its voices; he would spend his most ardu-

ous years in Italy, would ride shoulder to shoulder with men reared in its ampler school, but receive no imprint of their attitude. He remained simple in the midst of subtleties, a believer in the face of skepticism, an upholder of principle against the doctrine of expediency. His ideals were to be few, clear, and archaic: duty, the service of honor, the responsibility of *noblesse*—nothing more. And he drew these wholly from the past. His life was to become, therefore, a constant reminder to his generation of inherited, if obscured, ideals. He carried into the newer age the ethical purport of medievalism, serving thus to perpetuate for modern aspiration its purest fire.

This is the significance of Bayard and his historical value. Save as they illustrate and define this central fact, his wars and exploits have no permanent importance. Had he lived a century earlier, they would pass unnoted in the sum of like achievements. But his date in history distinguishes him, and the study of his life becomes essentially that of a great conservative, who, in the stress of changing times, exemplified the dignity of racial tradition, and who, by maintaining the old, enriched also the new.

There are few, if any, definite facts preserved of Bayard's childhood. Even the date of his birth, though with reasonable assurance it may be placed in the year 1474, remains approximate. (IV) Born at the family castle of Bayard thirty miles north of Grenoble, he was presumably, if not the first child, at least the eldest son of Aymon Terrail and Hélène Alleman, whose offspring, Pierre, George, Philip, Jacques, Marie, Jeanne,

Catherine, and Claudia, formed the typically numerous hearth-group of the times. (V) He was named for his grandfather, Pierre, known familiarly as *Sword Terrail*, whom he was thought to resemble in face and spirit.² He apparently spent a year at the schools of Grenoble before leaving Dauphiné in 1486, as page to the Duke of Savoy.

But these are matters of no great concern. More important and easily determined are the conditions surrounding his childhood and the influences, which gave to native character its subsequent bent and direction. More pertinent also than details of *when* or *where*, is the question of education: what were the things learned in youth and to what purpose.

The scene pictured above between father and son reveals a pervasive thought common to the age and yet intensified here. In Bayard's case, it was unquestionably the most decisive of those influences mentioned. What there was of general about it was the implication of caste, the necessity incumbent upon the sons of noblemen and of soldiers to safeguard inherited glory by an equal valor, the privilege and discipline of an aristocratic sword. But at Castle Bayard, this persuasion, everywhere unifying and inspiring the military class, received particular emphasis in the child's experience by an accidental fact, namely, his father's advanced years and physical disablement.

In the year 1479, Aymon Terrail, at the age of sixty-five and with an arm permanently crippled at the battle of Guinegatte, returned home to pass the remainder of his life in tedious peace. A man of substance, both useful and prominent, he was nevertheless an old man

well beyond seventy, when his son, Pierre, could at length stand at his knee and comprehend the meaning of tale or legend. (VI) He looked back proudly to a past more real than this gray present or dwindling future, and with him also the boy looked back, not at rare intervals, as in the case of children, whose parents, still at the pitch of life, are too much engrossed for memories, but habitually. Aymon's past became, as it were, his own, coloring imagination, imposing unconsciously upon life an archaic estimate. Not that there was attached to this anything odd or extravagant; on the contrary, balance and practicality were chief among Bayard's qualities; but it produced a fundamental and permanent tendency of thought.

Not only immediate conditions of the family, however, but those of district and neighborhood, formed an old-fashioned environment. The valley of Graisivaudan, rated by Champier as one of the wonders of Dauphiné, was, and still is, the haunt of seclusion and peace. Between bold mountain-ranges, a spacious corridor, rich in vineyards, fields, and orchards, and threaded by the swift Isère, it extends from Chambéry to Grenoble. And from the knoll of Castle Bayard with its walls and turrets, the boy looked out upon a splendid distance down toward the invisible city. Houses similar to his own stood here and there dimly seen upon the mountain-spurs, holdings of Arces or Guiffrey, Alleman or Theys, Bocsozel or Beaumont, Comier, Montaynard, Boissieu, and the like. "A hundred houses of gentlefolk," writes Champier, "fine and very strong and old."⁸ These were the immemorial families of the valley. Their estates were not the im-

mense fiefs of feudal lords, but of landed gentlemen. They yielded to none in birth, but were not *grandeens*. Intermarried during generations, they formed among themselves a very pleasant, proud, and exclusive democracy, calling itself the "scarlet of *noblesse*." Blood transcended wealth. "The *demoiselle*," says Du Rivail, "who would commit a *mésalliance*, even a rich one, would be no longer regarded by any of her people." ⁴ They were king's men, with war as their chief pursuit, and they furnished the royal companies with that poor but gallant aristocracy whose shields were the ultimate bulwark of France. For the rest, management of land and hall, visits received and returned, mutual festivities and interests, composed the life of the valley. Their pleasures were refined by a deference for rank and usage; their hospitality, if rude and lavish, was not without a certain stateliness.

In brief, with due allowance for race and age, the social atmosphere of Bayard's youth strikingly recalls that of colonial Virginia or the county life of eighteenth century England. In each the long possession of land fostered a like social order. Its virtues are stability, self-reliance, and the sense of dedication to an unwritten code; it is apt to be robust, simple, manly. Its defects are unreceptiveness and prejudice. Looking out from the walls of his manor-house toward distant and familiar towers, the boy would recall a saying, which became part of his inmost consciousness. "Kinship of Alleman," it ran, "prowess of Terrail, largesse of Arces, wisdom of Guiffrey, lealty of Silvaing, friendship of Beaumont, goodness of Granges, power of Comiers, bearing of Theys, mien of Arvillars." ⁵ So,

through the centuries, distinctive traits had developed, as trees of a grove show each its individuality, but are still akin. Prowess of Terrail. His family imposed its standard, but therewith also the standard of a class and place. He would remain in spirit always one of the valley. The Graisivaudan, with its vigorous, hearty soldiers, its long traditions and stubborn loyalties, gave to his character its first and most essential stamp. Later experience might superimpose and embellish, but would not alter this primary foundation.

Another influence, and by no means the least important, should be noted as peculiarly affecting Bayard's youth. This was the religious element unusually conspicuous even for that time in the family of Terrail. His maternal uncle, Laurent Alleman, bishop of Grenoble, was one of the most venerated prelates of his day, a man of blameless life and friend of St. Francis de Paule. With him Bayard remained on terms of warmest affection. Moreover, though by no means unique among noble families to whom the church offered a suitable livelihood for younger children, it is still significant that, of the Terrail sons, Philip and Jacques entered orders, and, of the girls, Jeanne and Catherine took the veil. Such facts, no less than its military annals, represent the temper and antecedents of the family at Castle Bayard. To the sword had been wedded the church. Conventionally romantic as are the opening pages of de Mailles, the atmosphere they convey is presumably authentic in its implication of ingenuous piety and simple faith. But above all, if we know anything about Bayard's personality, it is the fact of his religion. Man-at-arms,

ranker, or captain in that composite soldiery which harried the Italian plains and to whom war meant license, he appears fundamentally no saint, indeed, but a religious man, both in outward observance and spontaneously a Christian. It was not in the courts of Savoy or France or in de Ligny's troop of lances that a like quality could be engendered. In so far as environment can foster a trait of this sort, we must look to the family hearth. And here the traditions were not only military, but ecclesiastical and devout.

No impression of Bayard can be complete which ignores this primary fact. If he reflected the waning light of Chivalry in his character and deeds, it was not merely a quaint gesture or graceful mannerism, but the result of that central flame, which had originally created and inspired the institution; it was the reassertion in life of a spiritual ideal.

Thus, to the circumstances of boyhood already outlined, must be added another no less decisive—the fact of his family's unswerving Catholicism. And it is precisely the Catholic qualities of traditional belief, unquestioning acquiescence in immutable doctrine, self-effacement in a divinely appointed hierarchy, which mark the conservative of any race or time.

It is superfluous to point out how all of the influences we have been considering wrought to a single end and how they are all mutually consistent. Not only Bayard's indifference and perhaps disdain toward the newer currents of his time, but also the rare harmony between thought and act, the serene poise, which distinguished him, may be ascribed to this early environment.

If appraised by modern standards, he was wholly without learning—one of those “barbarians,” whom Julius II anathematized and sought vainly to drive from Italy. Even if Champier’s assertion is true, that he was put to school at Grenoble by his uncle, the bishop,⁶ this could have been only for a year, as Laurent Alleman was not transferred from the see of Orange until 1484, and the plague ravaged Grenoble for a twelvemonth afterward. On the other hand, it is known that Bayard left Dauphiné for the court of Savoy in the spring of 1486. At all events, he learned to write his name in a rough fashion, which resembles the hacking of letters on wood. Possibly he could decipher usual words in print or script, but, for the rest, was practically illiterate.⁷

Modern standards, however, are by no means absolute. Indeed, the present identification of learning with book knowledge is grossly inaccurate, and even more so the popular conception of education as schooling. The development of such faculties as memory and quickness of perception is apt rather to be hindered than helped by saturation in books, which implies usually thought at second-hand and at least one remove from actuality. If we can rid ourselves, therefore, of the notion that “well-educated” must include “well-read,” it will appear that Bayard, though illiterate, was highly educated in reference to his career and social position.

It is certain, for one thing, that he became early an excellent rider, even in the opinion of his own times, when all men rode and most of them rode well. The scene of horsemanship at Castle Bayard, recorded by

de Mailles as occurring on the eve of his hero's departure for Savoy, may or may not be true; but it unquestionably preserves a central fact. Other chroniclers, notably d'Auton,⁸ bear witness to the same skill. This was an accomplishment that carried him much further on the road to fortune than would any amount of Euclid or Ovid.

He lived in an atmosphere of sport and physical exercise—hunting, hawking, jousting, swordsmanship. He absorbed unconsciously from talk, example, and practice the myriad details relating to these sciences. It was a learning far more essential to his future than any skill in books. And the question arises whether even now the average boy does not profit more in the cultivation of those sports, which make for strength of body and mental alertness, than in the pursuit of conventional knowledge, alien both to his interests and to his subsequent trade. At all events, physical training, which covered a mass of special knowledge, is to be considered the foremost element in Bayard's early education, as it remained dominant throughout. It gave him the physique, which resisted fever, wounds, and fatigue, preserving him during fifty years for the coveted, honorable death of the battle-field.

Hardly less important, however, and even more persistently instilled, was the code of social behavior, courtesy, good manners. They were the manners of fifteenth century France, of course, for though in general courtesy may be defined as a graceful tribute implied in conduct to the importance or sensibilities of others, its manifestations vary from age to age. At

that time, it connoted an alert perception of differences in sex, rank, seniority, and merit, each of which demanded an appropriate behavior. The social theory of the Middle Ages, because less artificial, was closer to the facts of human life than our own. Sentimental doctrines had as yet no force. It postulated and, indeed, was based on, a contrary principle, that of *inequality*. True to common sense, neither in practice nor legal fiction was the servant considered equal to his lord, nor woman to man, nor youth to age. The injustices of Nature lead often to human injustice; but the recognition of them makes also possible reverence and responsibility, loyalty and compassion. It was, therefore, both as an admission of degrees in the social structure and as compensation for their harshness that good manners developed. "Let the gentleman," writes Castiglioni, "weigh carefully what he says or does and in what place, in the presence of whom, on what occasion, the reason therefor, his age, profession, to what end, and the means conducive thereto." ⁹ The intricacy of the code demanded intensive training; but proficiency, that fine distinction of manner, which set a man at his ease in any circumstances, meant popularity and esteem. It was as vital to success as physical strength. Such knowledge, then, rightly took precedence of grammar, and even to-day at the meridian of democracy, it might be suggested that fewer books and better breeding would not greatly impoverish education.

In his family, Bayard was taught service to parents and guests at table and elsewhere; he learned the proper mode of address to superiors, equals, servants,

strangers, and in every case the appropriate accent. Consider, for instance, his farewell to Aymon and Hélène Terrail, an invention of his biographer, but which probably reflects the conventional formula: "Monseigneur, my father, I pray Our Lord that he give you good life and long, and to me the grace that before death you may have good news of me . . . Madam, my mother, for your good precepts with all humbleness I thank you, and hope so well to follow them as to content you by the favor of Him into whose keeping you commit me. And for the rest, after most humbly commending myself to your good grace, I take my leave of you." ¹⁰

Gothic formality perhaps; but as a whole, the effect of such training was to teach a boy respect and the grace of discipline. Above all, it fostered a sensitiveness to the nuances of human intercourse, which should be one of the primary objects of education.

Beyond sport and good breeding, however, there remained another field of instruction, which in an unlettered community replaces books. It was that wealth of legends, stories, adages, songs, prayers, anecdotes, and the like, orally transmitted, of which a great number are still preserved in various collections; genealogy and heraldry, the incidents of old campaigns and precepts of experienced captains—with all of this the memory, unfatigued by a plethora of reading, was stored. And in all of this, Pierre Terrail, as future head of his house and as the confidant of his father, would be carefully taught.

If we look back then upon Bayard's early training, we find that it tended to develop a strong physique, an

agreeable and disciplined personality, and a mind well furnished with traditional lore, fully remembered and assimilated. With or without letters, these are the elements of a sound instruction.

It is difficult to discard the boyhood episodes charmingly related by de Mailles as to how Aymon's four sons chose their professions; how friends and neighbors took council at Castle Bayard regarding Pierre's apprenticeship to arms; how he tamed his horse; and how he rode with the bishop of Grenoble to Chambéry. But they must be discarded in any sober history. They are simply romance, warm, living, and even, in a wider sense, true, but almost beyond question imaginary. We know merely that Bayard at the age of twelve or thirteen entered the household of Duke Charles of Savoy. The training of noblemen's sons in princely families was the conventional preparatory course of the day, and motives not unlike those which recommend a given school or college governed the parents' choice for their son of the princely household in question; but such a decision was probably reached in Bayard's case only after careful thought—certainly not, as stated by de Mailles, at a formal banquet. Besides, the inaccuracies of the Loyal Servant as regards his hero's youth are obvious and proven. The influence in Savoy of Laurent Alleman, whose see included not only Grenoble but Chambéry, the capital of the duchy, this, together with prominence at court of various other kinsmen, no doubt determined Aymon's choice of the duke as patron for his son, rather than the more remote princes of France, Bourbon, or Orleans.

But whether fictitious or not, there is one scene which should not be sacrificed. Though inherently probable, it strikes a more lasting note than that of mere actuality. It is the scene of Bayard's farewell to his mother.

She summoned him apart from the others behind a tower of the manor-house, and there enjoined him to be true, to serve God and man, to succor the poor, the desolate, and weak, to avoid slander, envy, pride, to be constant in prayer. We may well imagine the worn, loved face nunlike beneath its coif, as she prolonged the moment. Small trifles, such as men in after-years remember, are set forth: the purse she gave him with six crowns in gold and one in change, the little box of linen entrusted to the bishop's man, her gift sent to the servant of Duke Charles's equerry, that he might tend her son a little carefully at first. In Bayard's memory such things, poignant with tenderness, outlived many a later honor. We need no annalist to tell us whose prayers attended him to the court of Savoy—and afterward beyond that wistfully to the end.

So, up the valley toward his arduous future he rode, strong of body, sane of mind, typical of the valley, ignorant of all beyond; he rode out from the simpler past into the heyday of the newer time.

1—This scene is not altogether fanciful. We have de Mailles's authority that Bayard heard daily from his father brave accounts of former gentlemen, especially of his own house. *Loyal Servant*, p. 5.

2—*Loyal Servant*, p. 5.

3—S. Champier: *Vie de Bayard*, p. 37. Payot, Paris, 1918.

4—Du Rivail, *op. cit.* Quoted in introduction by Terrebasse, p.

5—Terrebasse, *Histoire de Pierre Terrail*, Paris, 1828, p. 492.

6—Champier: *Vie de Bayard*, p. 43.

7—The French noblemen's disdain toward letters was notorious at this period, and was criticized by the more cultivated Italians. Cf. Castiglioni, *Libro del Cortegiano*, *Classici Italiani*, Milan, p. 91.

8—J. d'Auton: *Chroniques de Louis XII*, Paris, 1891-1895, III, p. 122.

9—*Il Cortegiano*, p. 118.

10—*Loyal Servant*, p. 10-12.

CHAPTER III

THE COURT OF SAVOY

ON April 8, 1486, Pierre Terrail entered the household of Duke Charles I of Savoy.¹ It was an itinerant household frequently moving from place to place through the length of the duchy, which included at that time Geneva to the north, Turin to the south, and held, as an outspur on the Mediterranean, the city of Nice. An independent, small state, wedged between France, Burgundy, Lombardy, and the Swiss cantons, it maintained and developed itself usually by diplomacy, sometimes by arms, but above all by the vigor of its unfailing dynasty. The history of the House of Savoy is one of the most phenomenal. Even in 1486, it had held its principal lands five hundred years, and save for brief interruptions was to hold them four centuries longer, when, by peaceful agreement, it abandoned Savoy for the throne of Italy. At the time of Bayard's arrival, it had attained its acme of power, had established a jurisdiction as far as Neufchâtel, had humbled even Bern, and had occupied the present cantons of Vaud and Wallis. It guarded the key, so often thereafter an object of French ambition, to Italy. As might be expected, the preoccupations of its court were military rather than esthetic—a proper environment for future soldiers.

Relatively speaking, it was a brilliant household,

which must have dazzled a boy unused to grandeur. There were sixteen pages besides himself; there were soldiers, servants, officials, a buffoon, noblemen, and ladies-in-waiting; there was the duke, a splendor-loving, prodigal, and ambitious youth of eighteen, who the year before had married Blanche of Monferato, now duchess at sixteen, and they had been spending three months in festivities at Geneva. It was a court that savored of youth, gallantry, and high spirits, or, in brief, to use the ancient phrase, an excellent "school of virtue and honor."

But, though doubtless confused at first by this new, ceremonious world, young Bayard was not wholly among strangers. Indeed, he began his apprenticeship under singularly favorable circumstances. There were Antoine and Hugues de la Forest, his mother's cousins, the former, at one time governor of the duke during his minority and now chamberlain at court and governor of Nice, the latter, majordomo of the ducal household; Guillaume de la Forest, son of Hugues, served among the pages; Arthaud de Bocsozel, a relative of Aymon Terrail's, held the important position of *maréchal des logis*; and there was, besides, the added prestige for Bayard of close relationship with Laurent Alleman. Under such auspices the boy, though inferior in rank and wealth to some of his comrades, was certainly not wholly eclipsed or admitted on sufferance. But above all he had a personal talent amply displayed in later years, and which, as being usually innate, can almost with certainty be ascribed to him at this period: namely, the heaven-sent talent of inspiring affection. It would be absurd, of course, to

credit de Mailles's statement that "no page or lord was to be compared with him," and that the duke "loved him like a son."² Besides the fact that Charles of Savoy was but six years older than his page, there is evidence enough that young Terrail served his novitiate like others and was not immediately promoted. But for all that, two years later we find him one of four pages of honor, and, as such, he attended the duke at his reception of Ludovico Sforza. Moreover, when French and Italian rivalry at court brought about the disgrace of his relatives, Antoine and Hugues de la Forest, with the dismissal of Guillaume from the retinue of pages, Bayard was retained. But finally, a trifling matter would seem to throw light on the boy's position—the fact, in short of his nicknames.

He was first called Riquet, presumably, as M. Monnet believes, by *Le Plaisant*, the court jester. This, after several years, became *Piquet*, which clung to him long into manhood.³ The significance of both is unknown, though it is likely enough that the latter had reference to some incident of horsemanship. But nicknames, which are not merely diminutives, denote a certain humorous preëminence, whether praiseworthy or the reverse. The average colorless boy, who fades into his background, usually escapes a nickname; it is individuality, estimable or not, that achieves one. And among sixteen pages at the court of Savoy only two or three were so distinguished. In Bayard's case, that he regarded *Piquet*, at least, as creditable, is amply proved by his retaining it years afterward in official documents.⁴

In view of all this, in view of the fact, moreover,

that every source tends to confirm it, the probability is that de Mailles was essentially right, and that the place Bayard made for himself at the court of Savoy differed little from elsewhere. We thus encounter at once a salient attribute of his life, his universal popularity.

It is a matter worth the attention of misanthropes. Throughout a career spent in circumstances of the utmost savagery and license, we find a man who curiously combined the military and Christian virtues. And he accomplished this not only without gaining the reputation of a prig, but became the beau-ideal of unscrupulous adventurers, a sort of rallying cry, won their devotion, inspired their sacrifice, and at his death was mourned by the universal soldiery of Europe. He was no saint, but his faults seem rather the mannerisms of youth or profession remote from his fundamental character, its strength, selflessness, and compassion. And yet, though spiritually an exception to his age, his popularity appears equally exceptional. It would be hard to find an instance of more widespread and cordial esteem. Sir Philip Sidney died young; Sir Walter Scott belonged to another century and career. The case of Bayard, viewed in respect to the ideals he exemplified and the admiration of contemporaries, would seem to refute the popular notion that high character and strong principles invite hostility. Here, at least, the reverse was true. And as a general rule, not only honesty, but honor and righteousness, if unobtruded, are the best policy. They do not account for popularity, but they rather favor than impede it.

Of course, what does account for the general affec-

tion shown him is easily discovered. On the one hand, of noted valor and skill in war, on the other, generous to a fault, modest, a good companion, his qualities would appeal to men of any time and particularly to soldiers. It should be added that whatever promotions he received, except those of leading an attack or commanding a rear-guard action, seem to have come unsolicited. He thus avoided the bitterness of rivalries, for if all a man wants is the honor of service and risk, he is apt to be liberally indulged. But above all, he seems to have had the gift of bravely forgetting himself in the fullness of living, a trait sufficient alone to explain his attractiveness from boyhood onward; for unquestionably the chief keys to popularity are courage and unselfishness.

It should be interesting to consider briefly what may have been young Bayard's personal appearance when he entered the duke's household: what kind of a boy it was, who handed timidly for the first time His Grace's cup. Fortunately, a convincing pencil sketch of him in later life, which hangs in the Museum of Grenoble, that, together with similar portraits and contemporary description, enables one to form a probably accurate idea.

Tall, slender, his dark hair cropped across forehead and neck, a long nose tending to the aquiline, pale complexion, large eyes typically French in their slight prominence, a wide, straight mouth. Altogether not handsome, but attractive because of the smile barely veiled and ready enough to flash through. Above all, an expression of energy and awareness. No doubt the strong chin of that later portrait had not yet devel-

oped, nor the sinewy neck, nor the wrinkles stamped by sun, distance, and good humor at the corner of the eyes. But the duke, glancing curiously at his new attendant, must have noted a keen, frank young face, probably in the first days of awkwardness a trifle paler than usual.⁵

He wore the page's uniform of the time, congruous, in red and gray, to the colors, silver and red, of Savoy, an outer gray tunic with or without hood, a doublet and crimson hose, a red cap. This was everyday wear. On more festive occasions, there would be violet-colored doublets of satin, satin-lined tunics of black velvet with wide sleeves, and crimson hose. On occasions of mourning, all would be in black. Indeed, the first appearance of Bayard in authentic records is in terms of cloth and leather. For the next four years, we trace him by the number of double-soled shoes, doublets, tunics, caps, and the like, issued to him by the court steward. One can infer more, but nothing else is known. A pair of torn breeches that had to be replaced, a tunic stolen from his room, a dozen hose-laces, laboriously jotted down in the steward's account books still preserved in the Archives of Turin. The court functions and journeys of Charles of Savoy, however, are carefully noted, and also, in terms again of wardrobe, we know what pages attended him, so that it is easy to form an estimate of young Pierre Terrail's early experience.

It was an experience singularly rich in travel, stately ceremonies, and war. He spent much of these years on the road, back and forth along the highways he was so often to traverse at the head of his lances. He became

inured to the march, to the saddle, to fortuitous lodgings, to heat and cold. He became inured, as a boy of thirteen, to sights of bloodshed, pillage, and destruction. At a respectful distance he encountered great personages, who later would shape his fortunes. A life, it was, in the open, active, strenuous, and varied. Under such influences, a boy matured rapidly in those days. At the age of eighteen, he had seen more of elemental human life than have at present most men of forty. It was a harsh school, but infinitely educative.

He joined the court at La Pérouse close to Montmélian in Savoy. Two weeks later began his lifelong Odyssey. Over the Mount Cenis by easy stages to Turin, lodging now at an inn—the Écu de France at Aussois, The Sheep at Lanslebourg, The Three Kings at Susa—now in a bishop's palace or gentleman's house, and so at the crest of springtime into Italy. Then, splendid receptions at Turin for the Count of Dunois, son of the famous soldier, for Clara Gonzaga, future mother of the constable of Bourbon, Bayard's friend and enemy, who forty years later was to stand over him at his death in the glade of Roazenda. Gradually names and personalities were gathering to fill in the long *dramatis personæ* of his life.

Through the summer at Turin, and then once more the road to Moncrivello and Vercelli. In autumn, war broke out between Savoy and the marquise of Saluzzo; horses and warmer clothes were issued to the pages; and, thus, six months from home, Pierre Terrail began his military career.

The campaign lasted until April, a small affair, to be sure, in comparison with the wars to follow, at

most a thousand or so on either side, maneuvering here and there; the pages as non-combatants, of course, riding messages, serving as agents of liaison; the little marquisate properly trounced and occupied by its bigger neighbor, who in turn was forced to make truce by the mightier kingdom of France. But it was all instructive in the knowledge of men, roads, and methods: much that would prove of value in later experience. At Villafranca, for example, the boy could not have dreamed that here long afterward, as the great Chevalier, he would effect one of his most brilliant raids, or that along these selfsame roads he would march as captain of a hundred lances. It must have been pleasant as well, this life of movement, clatter, and excitement among men and horses in emulation with other boys, camp jokes and stories, rude knocks, huge appetites, dreamless sleep. Was it during these years that he acquired the taste, almost a vice with him, for restless action, the passionate love of danger that made him, in the words of Brantôme, "prefer to remain a simple captain and soldier of fortune to do as he liked and seek out peril, rather than give up his freedom for the constraint of rank, and be kept from fighting or using his hands when he chose"?⁹ Certainly his training with the Duke of Savoy was not that of a future husband or prudent citizen, and he seems never to have shown the slightest inclination for home ties. It was a superlative gipsy training in the love of men and comradeships rather than of women, in the love of open spaces, free fields, and uncertain to-morrows rather than of placid, profitable life within guarded limits.

It would be useless to review the whole of Bayard's career as a page: that on such a day his shirt was starched by order of Monseigneur the Equerry, that on such a day he received a pair of boots or a dozen white laces for his hose. There was war again the following year with the Marquis of Saluzzo, who would not admit himself beaten, a systematic burning and pillaging of castles or manor-houses, until once more France intervened. There were also festivals at court in honor of this or the other dignitary: of Maximilian's ambassador, the bishop of Sickingen, at Turin; of Ludovico Sforza at Vercelli, where Bayard in a new and splendid suit of black velvet attended as page of honor, little imagining how often, as ally or enemy, this typical Italian prince and his sons would figure in the course of his history. There were additional journeys, especially one to Nice, accompanied by ceremonies, fêtes, and spectacles of all sorts, a glorious episode of pomp and color. There were factions and intrigues between French and Italian elements in the household of the duke, who was seeking to replace the former dependency on France by a strongly pro-Italian policy. And in all of this Bayard was concerned; but to what degree and with what effect on him, it is impossible to judge. Probably, boylike, he lived on external sensations, enjoyed festival and parade or stir of war, good clothes and rich victuals, was more intent on pranks of his own or of other pages than on questions of state, was above all absorbed in the duties of his service.

These were social and athletic, and he had as much need to perfect himself in them as any boy of to-day

who, at school, prepares for his later career. His family was relatively poor; if he succeeded, it must be chiefly as a self-made man. The age, however, within limits of social caste, was no less democratic than our own. Then as now a career was open to talent, and in Bayard's case promotion depended on excellence in arms and the confidence of superiors. But competition was keen; in the pell-mell of that rougher time, it meant strictly the survival of the fittest. Fortunately he was an apt scholar. There can be no doubt at all of his physical ability, reinforced and tempered by courage. A natural athlete, he showed that mixture of self-control, judgment, and daring, without which strength is blind. Moreover, discipline at court was simply a continuation under varied and expert masters of that of the Graisivaudan. With other pages, he practised jumping, wrestling, casting the bar, the setting-up exercises of the period; and later on, a captain in the Neapolitan wars, we find him in garrison keeping his men hard and in training with these sports.⁷ There was also running, climbing, riding, tilting at the quintain, and preëminently horsemanship, the most esteemed accomplishment in a page, who became thereby especially useful in exercising and exhibiting the battle horses and for purposes of racing. Beyond this there were also the first rudiments of arms, gained half by observation or precept and half by experiment: the intricacies of armor, the advantages of various weapons, elementary stratagems of attack and defense. But side by side with physical contest, went on unremittingly the practice of social behavior, the service to gentlemen or ladies, when the page, no longer



From a 15th century manuscript, Bibliothèque de Bourgogne, Brussels.

TILTING AT THE QUINTAINE

at work in the paddock or tilting-yard, exercised his primary function of attendant or messenger. It demanded grace, tact, humility, and cheerfulness, no less than physical prowess, instruments toward success.

Though rough, it was a light-hearted age. One is constantly struck in documents of the time by their spirit of careless good humor, their references to smiles and laughter, their jokes, not always of the subtlest, but rollicking and deep-chested. Gaiety of manner was a part of good breeding and expected of a gentleman. In short, the catholic *bonhomie* of the Middle Ages had not yet given place to introspective seriousness. As a commander later on, Bayard excelled in the art of keeping men's spirits up, took life as a pleasant encounter, or, at worst, as a challenge, told a story well, indulged in banter, fired his troopers with his own buoyancy. It was not without reason that de Mailles called his life of him the "Joyous History." And yet, he was not always joyous—was, in fact, often ill, wounded, and tired. The smile or jest became then a matter of nerve and training. These qualities of getting on with men, of well-bred tolerance, and genial good nature, were encouraged as part of the pages' schooling, equally useful as the sterner virtues in the life of camp and battle that awaited them.

Of various experiences during these four and a half years at the court of Savoy, by all means the most important in its interest for Bayard was the journey undertaken early in 1489 by the duke to visit his cousin, Charles VIII of France. Relations between the two were sharply strained over the affair of Saluzzo, for the little marquisate stood under French

protection. It was to secure a definite settlement of this and several other frontier questions and to conciliate royal resentment, that the visit was planned. It was a veritable expedition. A suite of 1400 men accompanied the duke, who emptied his treasury to make as much of a showing as possible. The expense to dress, equip, and provide for the needs of this army across France must have been enormous, and there was a profusion of rich gifts besides. Toward the end of March, they set out from Chambéry, and so through Belley and Lyons up through Bourges to Tours, Plessis-les-Tours, Amboise, Châteaurenault, and Vendôme. The journey as far as Tours occupied the space of a month.

But the duke's reception in France, if not hostile, was merely polite. Entertainment *pro forma*, though adequate, was chilly. There were tournaments, festivals, and hunting parties, designed, as M. Monnet points out, for mutual display; but not once did the king invite his visitor to the royal table. If rooms were assigned him in various castles, he rented the sheets and paid his own board. Nor were the political results commensurate with his hopes. He put a good face on the matter; but, as a whole, the long-prepared, costly embassy was a failure. Having spent several months in more or less pleasant formalities, he began his return at the end of June.

But however disappointing for his master, to Bayard this journey must have been intensely fascinating. Except for Dauphiné, it supplied him with his first knowledge of France, and though patriotism in the absolute, modern sense had not yet quite evolved

from the tangle of feudalism, it was definitely as a Frenchman that he was to think and act during his entire life. At a time when soldiers, readily and without derogation, shifted their allegiance to the highest bidder, his loyalty never wavered. Even in the modern sense, he would be considered a patriot. And this was France, the center of his world. But primarily, at the royal court in Amboise or Châteaurenault, he first caught sight of many with whom his career would be cast, of de Ligny, perhaps, his subsequent patron, the soldierly Louis d'Ars, his hero, the Marshal de Gié, de la Tremouille, Bérault d'Aubigny, Genouillac, d'Alègre, and others. Above all, he saw the king! It is improbable that he saw less than that or could distinguish what in reality Charles VIII was—a sickly youth of twenty, with large head, hooked nose, and protruding eyes, a squat round body on spindle legs, timid, good-natured, his wits addled by romantic ambition.⁸ To him, in his humble blindness, he would be simply the king, not to be viewed with the blasphemous directness of de Comines and other skeptics, but as a symbol arrayed by loyal prejudice in all that the monarchy conveyed—feudal preëminence, center of *noblesse*, triumph of France. Thus, at a distance, Bayard saw the first of those royal masters, to whom he devoted the effort of his life.

The tournaments also, the privilege of watching famous lances long known to him by reputation, the excitement and splendor of it all enchanted him. It was the brilliant, sunset hour of chivalry. By 1489, the earlier romance had long since failed. What there was of permanent in the conception would remain

spiritually operative in human conduct; but its outer form, the rites and ceremonies, which had once expressed an inner meaning, were become obsolete or else frankly an excuse for pageantry and sport. The athlete of the period still jousted in the lists or took part in the *mêlée* of tournaments, and he wore perhaps a lady's sleeve in his helmet; but the tilt was a game, and the sleeve *bravura*. An occasional dandy still rode adventuring—like Antoine d'Arces, who in 1507 challenged in turn the gentry of Portugal, Spain, England, and Scotland to fight his companions and himself "either for fun or love of their ladies" (*sponte sua aut suae amicae voluntate*); but the wanderings of this company resemble those of an international team.⁹ To become a knight one no longer followed the long apprenticeship of page, squire, pursuivant of arms, or kept an all night vigil or received the consecrated sword. Knighthood itself was become almost a complimentary title, which a good many did without. A century later, the process was complete; even the accolade had passed. "Nowadays," to quote Brantôme, "this usage of petty ambition has been given up; for, if a man fall bravely on the field or survive with reputation, he is just as honorably a knight as if the ceremony had been performed, and perhaps even more so."¹⁰ But for all that, a hundred years earlier in those lists at Amboise, there still lingered the echo and tradition of knighthood. Expiring chivalry flamed up splendid in outer circumstances at its close, and, as we have already observed, had still the vigor to produce some of its most illustrious exponents. It was this that

young Bayard watched passionately; it was to this that he unconsciously belonged.

But the visit to France became memorable for another reason, namely, as the beginning of a long friendship. On his return to Savoy, the duke brought back with him a new page, Pierre de Poquières, seigneur de Bellabre et de la Marche. Thenceforward he became Bayard's inseparable comrade and shared with him some of his most noted exploits. Their names were coupled in de Ligny's company of lances, in the Italian expedition, and the Neapolitan wars. Then Bellabre, gallant and devoted, vanishes from the records. Whether or not he died following the Garigliano, it was a friendship which lasted, in any case, till the death of one of them.

It is noteworthy that, despite greater rank and wealth in the case of many, there were few of Bayard's fellow pages who attained distinction. No more then than now did birth and money replace ability, and then as now ability was rare. What of Claude Jacques de Miolans, seigneur d'Hermance, Henri de la Palu de Varembois, Jacques de Montbel de Vérel, Claude Charles de Montagny, Guillaume de la Forest? No echo of them remains except their titles. One, however, in addition to Bayard and Bellabre, rose to prominence in the French army, and from boyhood through manhood continued the earlier association. This was Gaspard de Coligny, who, after many wars, died near Fontarabbia in 1522, a Marshal of France. His son was the famous admiral and Huguenot. There should also be mentioned John Erlach of Bern, surnamed The German in the list

of pages, who for many years served as *avoyer* of his canton during critical times. And finally, there was Lucquin Le Groing, who may well have been that gentleman of Louis d'Ars's company, mentioned together with Bayard in the second Neapolitan invasion.¹¹

Such, as far as we can trace them, were the more or less durable connections formed by Bayard at the court of Savoy. It is at least probable, however, that he entertained another attachment of a more ardent kind. In any case, it seems unlikely that the Loyal Servant, however much he embroidered the episode, should have wholly invented it. Besides, in itself nothing could be more natural than a boy-and-girl affair, ripening into permanent friendship. Reduced to essentials, de Mailles's version of this idyl states that Bayard, the page, fell in love with a maid of honor at court and wished to marry her, but that poverty, youth, separation, in short all the impediments of a callous world, made light of it, and that in time she married an official in the service of Savoy. They exchanged letters and gifts, however, until his death. Probably some of this is true, but when it came to names and facts, the Loyal Servant drifted into romance. She was not the wife of Gaspard de Frussasco, Count of Montbel; there could have been no tournament in her honor at Carignano in 1499, and hence no costly prizes offered by her knight, nor sorrowful farewells. De Mailles's story is chiefly poetic. But we know elsewhere that his hero, though no husband, was a lover, and youth with its comradeships has also its moonlit raptures.

On the fourteenth of March, 1490, some eight months after the visit to France, Charles of Savoy died. As often in the case of Renaissance princes, the fable of poison was circulated; but consumption and ignorant physicians were the actual cause. He died at the age of twenty-one with 300,000 florins of debt and the surname of Warrior, perhaps a trifle easily acquired in his campaigns against Saluzzo. A valiant, improvident young ruler, his chief importance consists in having first of the House of Savoy identified its interests with Italy and away from France. He lay in state five days at Pinerolo, guarded in turn by his pages, who donned fresh mourning for the event. Six months afterward, the duchess, constrained to retrenchments by the death of her husband, reduced their number to eight, and dismissed Bayard, Bellabre, and Montbel from the court. They were besides of an age to begin their definite career, nor could the household of Savoy, grown chiefly Italian and directed by a woman, offer sufficient attractions to Frenchmen eager for military service.

Newly equipped with stout boots, black hose, a black tunic, and doublet of satin, presented with a horse and ten florins for traveling money, Bayard left Turin on the afternoon of October 5, 1490. The treasurer's entry states that he was returning to his house and Monseigneur de Grenoble.¹² Three weeks later, Bellabre and Montbel, similarly equipped, followed him as temporary pages in the suite of Phillipe de Bresse, uncle of the late duke. The days of apprenticeship were drawing to a close.

But now, looking back over the sixteen years of Bayard's youth, it is perhaps not superfluous to note what external circumstances surrounded it—the general state of continental affairs. For both he and his times throw into relief or illustrate and explain each other.

This penultimate decade of the fifteenth century is especially significant as marking with unusual definiteness the end of a historical period. It represents essentially the last of the old in southern and western Europe; the next ten years were to inaugurate tangibly the beginnings of the new. Arbitrary divisions of time are usually misleading, and, in this instance, the Italian wars, the consolidation of Spain, the Tudor supremacy in England, Austrian hegemony in the Empire, the American discoveries, were naturally the culmination of far-derived processes; but viewing merely the *stage* of history, they assume unmistakable form toward the close of the century. A faster tempo of change is felt, a new atmosphere, a different future. The ten preceding years from 1480 to 1490 seem further remote, as if belonging more properly to a completed epoch.

Except for occasional outbursts of its chronic discontent, the war-plagued Continent appeared relatively at peace. It was a lull before storm. The genius of Lorenzo dei Medici still kept in equilibrium the Italian discords; but Lorenzo's days were ending; and meanwhile Neapolitan factions whetted their swords; and Ludovico Sforza schemed busily for the dukedom of Milan, at any price, and the investiture of Genoa; and Pope Innocent with the Prince of Salerno fostered, in hatred of Naples, the dormant

spark of French imperialism. Ferdinand of Spain, absorbed by the Moorish problem, had not yet turned his ambitions eastward; but there was being forged in Grenada, as splendid weapon of later conquest, the Spanish infantry. Flanders, ever turbulent, still detained in the north Maximilian of Austria; but prodigal, warlike, strenuous, intent both on fame and revenue, the Italian wealth and laurels would soon attract him.¹³ The Swiss Confederation, grown in prestige and consciousness of military power, had not yet established to any marked degree the later system of mercenary contingents, which permitted it for a time greatly to influence European fortunes; but the pikemen were there, disciplined, eager, thousands strong, ready at the call of foreign adventure.¹⁴ In France, Anne de Beaujeu, true daughter of Louis XI, maintained the conservatism of her father, coerced Brittany, and effected its unification with the Crown; but the boy king, her brother, dreamed fantastically of states and empires, the more glorious because far off, and by the side of which domestic policies were savorless—dreams of a romantic boy destined to materialize in one of the most momentous invasions of history.

And all of this, near and remote, present and past, in the infinite concatenation of persons and events which determine individual life, affected Pierre of Bayard; while he, on the other hand, in the oncoming tumult of the age, was to live memorably, contributing a certain alien distinction to his times by the force of a timeless ideal and singleness of a valiant personality.

1—Cf. Monnet, *op. cit.*, p. 9. As far as Bayard is concerned, the following account of his career at the court of Savoy is based on Monnet's excellent book. It contains all that is known of Bayard at that period.

2—*Loyal Servant*, p. 15.

3—Both the *Loyal Servant* and Champier invent an august sponsor for this name, none other than Charles VIII of France, who, at an exhibition of riding, calls out to the page, "*piquez, piquez!*" But he had the name long before meeting the king.

4—The receipt for his pension, dated Jan. 31, 1518, begins "Nous Picquet de Bayart, chevalier, seigneur dudict lieu, etc." Published in Roman's edition of the *Loyal Servant*, Supplement, p. 3.

5—Cf. B. Le Masson: *Les Portraits de Bayard*, Grenoble, 1924. Eight photographs of various portraits, some obviously imaginary, are included. Cf. also Expilly, *op. cit.*, p. 475; Champier, *Compendiosa vita*; Du Rivail, *op. cit.*, p. 562. Bayard is described by all of them as tall and lean. Only one writer, Brantôme, who never saw him, speaks of him as of medium height. See his articles on *M. de Bayard* and *Marie Stuart* Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 389, and Vol. VII, p. 449.

6—Brantôme: *M. de Bayard*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 388.

7—*Loyal Servant*, p. 100.

8—Cf. the description of Charles VIII by Barthélemy Cocles in *Archives Curieuses de l'Histoire de France, 1re Série*, 1, I, p. 156 f. Also the striking terra-cotta portrait bust, which stands in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence.

9—D'Aixes is a most interesting figure, who deserves to be called the last of knight-errants. For his adventures, his subsequent career on the Continent and in Scotland, cf. Du Rivail, p. 547, 549, 565; Buchanan, *Rerum Scoticarum*, lib. 14; Wulson de la Colombière, *La Science héroïque*; Expilly, *op. cit.* pp. 443-448.

10—Brantôme: *Charles VIII*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 312.

11—See below, p. 132, 134, 135, 137.

12—" . . s'en va a sa messon vers Mgr. de Grenoble, son oncle." Monnet, *op. cit.*, p. 91. There is some evidence that en route to Dauphiné, he carried a message from the Duchess of Savoy to Geneva concerning the election of a successor to Francis of Savoy as bishop of that city. It is impossible either to affirm or deny this. If true, however, it is surprising that his traveling money was not increased.

13—N. Machiavelli: *Discorso sopra le cose di Alamagna, e sopra l'Imperatore*, Opere 1826.

14—De Vallière: *Histoire des Suisses au Service Étranger*, Neuchâtel, s.d.

CHAPTER IV

MAN-AT-ARMS

PHILIPPE DE BRESSE, uncle of the former duke, and himself destined six years later to be duke of Savoy, arrived in Grenoble at the beginning of November, 1490. Relations between the duchy and France continued strained, and, like his nephew before him, he sought an interview with Charles VIII in order, if possible, to allay French anger. But the king, who was at that time in Dauphiné, showed small inclination to receive him, and it was not until a month later that the interview in question took place at Lyons.

Meanwhile, Philip, after spending a week at Grenoble, loitered here and there along the border alert for the royal summons. He had with him an ample retinue and among others, as temporary pages, Belabre and Montbel. It is not unlikely that Bayard, momentarily unemployed, rejoined at Grenoble his former comrades in their attendance on this nobleman, and followed him to the court of France. Probable in itself, this would also explain de Mailles's account of the visit to Lyons, which resulted in Bayard's transfer to French service. At a distance of thirty-five years, names and dates are easily telescoped in memory, and it is more than probable that de Mailles, who knew of Bayard's training in the household of Duke Charles, should have confused the latter

with his uncle, the subsequent duke, and should have ascribed to him a journey to Lyons actually made by Philip. Furthermore, it is not unlikely that, as both Champier and de Mailles affirm, skill in horsemanship, combined doubtless with influence at court, had a certain share in the boy's promotion. Beyond this it would be hazardous to credit the Loyal Servant's picturesque account of Bayard's performance on horseback before the king and his gentlemen, of the king's approval, and other details of that pleasant scene.¹

In any case, it is reasonably certain that about this time both Pierre Terrail and his friend Bellabre entered the household of the king's favorite, the Count of Ligny. It was the latter who became chiefly responsible for his later career.

Louis of Luxembourg, Count of Ligny, the future Prince of Altamura, Duke of Andrea and of Venosa, lord of Voghera and Tortona, governor of Picardy, is a figure brilliant enough to command attention. In his early twenties, handsome, generous, and brave, he was one of the glittering younger generation with more assurance than knowledge, who were replacing in French councils the sober companions of the former king. "A *young* man," jibes de Comines of him with his tight-lipped sneer.² Undeterred by the death of his father, the constable of Saint-Pol, at the hands of Louis XI, he stood high in the good graces of the latter's son, had regained his confiscated estates, and commanded a company of a hundred lances. He was popular with men and equally with women, a dashing, splendid young lord, headstrong, impetuous, tem-

peramental. No wonder de Comines, old and shrewd, looked askance at him, sighing at the thought of wiser days. Irresponsible probably, but no doubt exceedingly charming, he would make an excellent hero of adventurous fiction.⁸

In the service of de Ligny, Bayard's specifically French education began under circumstances more varied and more dynamic than those of Savoy. As page, gentleman of his household, or *homme d'armes*, he remained connected with him for the next twelve years. It is impossible to state exactly when the future knight, who more than any other did credit to his patron, graduated from the rank of page to become gentleman-in-waiting—probably within two years at most, for he was already sixteen and had served an adequate noviciate. Being, as the phrase expressed it, *mis hors de page*, both he and Bellabre were appointed men-at-arms in de Ligny's company, but continued for a while to attend the count before finally joining their garrison.

Such, at least, in its essentials, is de Mailles's version. On the other hand, it is practically impossible to accept his charming story of Bayard's share in the celebrated *pas d'armes*, which took place at Lyons in April, 1491. His age and the fact that by then he could only have been four months in the count's service, make it highly improbable that he should have been already promoted to the rank of gentleman, let alone the unlikelihood of a boy seventeen years old matching himself in arms against a noted champion. The story, however, is one of the Loyal Servant's most diverting: how Claude de Vaudray,

a Burgundian sportsman, challenged all and sundry at the court of France to meet him in the lists; how Bayard, eager for experience, inscribed himself for the contest; how he and Bellabre, lacking funds for equipment, outwitted a relative of the Terrails, the tight-fisted abbot of Ainay, into furnishing armor, horses, and dress;⁴ and how Bayard in this his first passage of arms bore himself creditably. It is told with immense gusto and skill. But the *pas d'armes* in question was famous, and it is inconceivable that Champier, who mentions it, should have omitted all reference to Bayard had the latter actually been concerned, or that Du Rivail should have passed over so golden an opportunity to exalt his illustrious countryman.⁵ Besides, in plain language, the story, as told, is too good to be true. The pulse of invention makes itself felt, giving a symmetry and completeness to the episode usually lacking in life. Therefore, if we discard it, the facts remaining are, that Bayard probably finished his apprenticeship some time in 1492, and after a brief delay was dispatched to his garrison. Here, at least, we find a support in de Mailles's statement that he remained two years with de Ligny's company of lances before the Italian expedition of 1494.

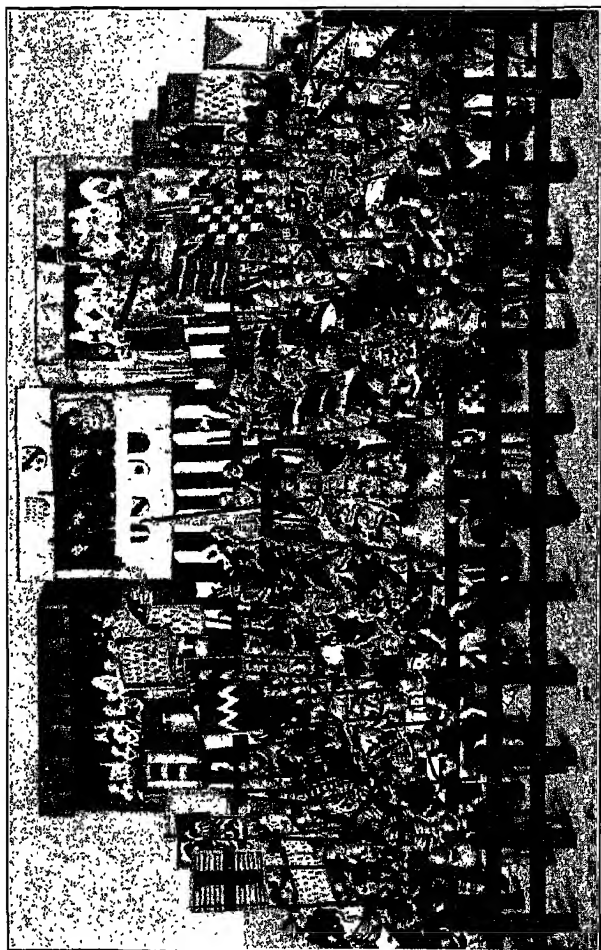
It is worth considering for a moment into what kind of life the young soldier of that day emerged from pagehood. Then as always it was the halcyon time of youth, vibrant with new-found independence, rich in promise, reckless of to-morrow; but special conditions of the age characterized and reinforced it. The love of magnificence and color, the premium set

on physical ability, the greater immanence of elemental things, gave youth a scope different from the present. Its pleasures were more intense and natural than now, though possibly less diverse. On the whole, something has been lost—a certain immediacy of impressions, an awareness of the senses. When we read of chase and tournament, splendor of battle, life of field and forest, vicissitudes of travel in the closing years of the fifteenth century, it must be confessed that, with every allowance for physical discomfort and primitive crudeness, young men lived then more vividly, more abundantly. We have nothing, for example, to replace such a moment when Bayard, the newly appointed man-at-arms, with his horses and servants, set out across France to join his garrison. From inn to inn, traveling slowly to spare the battle-steeds, a center of comment in villages stirred by the passage of the young nobleman from court, alert, open-handed, debonair. How much the glory and lilt of youth has been curtailed since then!

To particularize, however, military service at the time usually began in one of the royal companies of horse. Some fifty years earlier, Charles VII, in order to rid himself of dependence on feudal levies and the undisciplined bands of adventurers which composed the medieval army, had instituted the so-called *compagnies d'ordonnance*.⁶ These were numbered by lances, each *lance*, or man-at-arms, being accompanied by two archers, a *valet d'armes*, a page, and a servant. Thus, a hundred lances mustered six hundred horse with about four hundred combatants. Directly dependent on and paid by the king, they formed the first

rudiments of a standing army in Europe. The companies were of unequal size, ranging from thirty to a hundred lances, and were commanded by captains, who received a certain sum yearly per lance. The larger units were usually assigned to princes or great noblemen, who, though nominally in charge, often entrusted the actual leadership to capable lieutenants. This, in the case of de Ligny's troop, was none other than Louis d'Ars, one of the most distinguished soldiers of his time; and for many years Bayard himself occupied a similar post, as lieutenant of the Duke of Lorraine. Smaller squadrons were given as a reward to officers of proved ability, who were thus recipients of an additional salary from the Crown. At a rough estimate, their combined number generally amounted to about fifteen hundred men-at-arms, without question the finest cavalry of the age. During peace, they were quartered as a rule in towns along the frontiers most open to attack, such, for example, as the borders of Normandy, Picardy, and Champagne. It was into this élite corps of gentlemen rankers that Bayard now entered.

In fact, the term "gentleman ranker," if taken literally, exactly expresses his position. It was not that of private or non-commissioned officer of to-day. He and most of his comrades were noblemen, or, failing that, their very position ennobled them. They would neither have understood nor tolerated the modern intrusion of discipline into the minutiae of army life. Discipline there was, but it was rather that of *esprit de corps*, caste, tradition, and personal honor. They obeyed orders, of course, but obedience hardly im-



From the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

THE MARSHALING OF A TOURNAMENT

plied inferiority. They had archers and servants under them, were constrained to no fatigue duties, felt themselves distinguished and set apart as the very sword-blade of the army. But in spite of what now would seem an impossible laxity, the organization was certainly efficient. In gallantry, endurance, and devotion, the men-at-arms yielded in nothing to modern troops. Pride of class bound them stronger than any system or manual, and for the conditions of war prevalent at the time they were unsurpassed.

The life of a young man, popular and athletic, in one of these companies must have been exceedingly pleasant. It was the span of years when he proved himself a sportsman and good companion, made love, and spent his money freely. It was above all the season for that game of games, the tournament.

No display of physical address has ever been evolved which included so many elements calculated to fascinate both spectators and actors. Magnificent color, parade and excitement, musical accompaniment, presence of interested women, individual prowess, scientific skill; the interest in horses, armor, fencing, riding, use of lance, ax, mace, or sword; the variety of events—all this grouped into one comprehensive spectacle the features of a dozen sports. There were duels on horseback or foot with lance, sword, or other weapons, with or without lists.⁷ There was the grand mêlée or tournament proper between defenders and challengers in opposing bodies. There were the spectators themselves in gala costume, intent on individual score cards of the various players and on intricate rules enforceable by umpires.

What chiefly distinguished the tournament from any modern contest was the emphasis placed on its spectacular and social phases. It was a game enormously expensive to play, requiring trained horses, costly armor, and rich accoutrements. Rather than appear shabbily in the lists, it was better to remain outside, for one of the first requirements was extravagance. As we have already noted, declining chivalry grew always more splendid, evolving toward empty pageantry, but the effect must have been impressive beyond anything we now associate with sport. A multicolored wave from the spectators' galleries to the field itself, alive with pennons, plumes, embroidered devices, silken housings—a restless mass of splendor sparkling from infinite facets of gem and steel. Ceremonial ruled; five hundred years tradition extended behind it all, prescribing order and precedence, the speech of judges, entrance and exit of combatants, echoing in the cry of the umpires: *laissez-aller*. And uplifted again and again, the trumpets added to color the exultation of sound.⁸

Equally marked were the purely social aspects. Banquets and dances invariably followed each day's events. The feminine onlookers played an integral rôle; their colors appeared frequently in the lists; and upon one of them it might well devolve to name the victor. Trained in heraldry, they saw beneath them the devices of their houses or of connections, friends, and enemies; or were curious about some unfamiliar pennon. They watched, in brief, the strength, skill, and splendor of their social caste. For here again lies a distinction between the tournament and any modern

sport: it was unartificially exclusive; by invention and practice, it belonged to *noblesse*. Thus, the tournament—a game, a spectacle, a collective term for social gaieties—appears also the manifestation of a class, the mustering ground of still virile aristocracy.

In this pastime, the men of the king's *ordonnances* were drilled and proficient. It supplied them not only with every occasion for pleasure, but served also as military training. And with regard to Bayard, there is ample evidence, even beyond the statements of de Mailles, that he became an expert.⁹ But the tournament remained, of course, only a rare event. There was also the chase, riding and breaking of horses, the constant practice of arms, the social obligations of dance or banquet. There was, moreover, no doubt the sowing of wild oats—an escapade of wine or dice or women. And of such excesses also, it must be confessed that Pierre of Bayard was not wholly innocent. His age, though not more sensual, viewed with more indifference than our own the foibles of the senses.

If 1492 may be accepted as the tentative date of his promotion, he was then about eighteen years old and considerably maturer than a modern youth of the same age. His annual pay was three hundred livres and the maintenance of three horses.¹⁰ De Mailles adds that, at parting, the king made him a present of three hundred crowns and a battle horse,¹¹ while de Ligny lectured him like a son (*comme s'il eust été son enfant*), told him to keep honor always before his eyes, and contributed two suits of clothes and another horse. Though probably allowance should be made for exaggeration, he began his profession

well equipped. Our author details complacently the six chargers, carefully led by hand, which preceded him with servants and luggage, and the five or six hackneys, *beaux et triumpans*, he conducted himself. Accompanied for a league or so by Bellabre, who would follow later, he started at daybreak for his garrison in Picardy.

De Ligny's company, it appears, was stationed at Aire, a walled town on the hem of that disputed province torn from Flanders by Louis XI—French to-day, Austrian to-morrow.¹² It was, therefore, a typical frontier garrison of chosen lances ready at a moment's notice. And, indeed, not long before, there had been sharp fighting near-by at Béthune, when the Marshals de Gié and d'Esquerdes turned back Maximilian's last thrust over the border.¹³ De Ligny's troop had seen service at that time, and was now occupying an advanced position. Reckless, high-spirited, light-hearted, they were proud of themselves and of their captain, de Ligny's lieutenant, Louis d'Ars. They filled the small town, lodged in its principal houses, thronged the taverns, organized games and pastimes, and were generally out of pocket. Their horses clattered in street and yard; their arms jingled from every corner; they monopolized Aire, and, if distasteful to husbands, were attractive to daughters and wives. There were other companies along the border, those of the Marshal d'Esquerdes, of Jacques de Chabannes, the Scottish mercenaries, and several more, to the number of seven hundred lances; and there was interchange of hospitality in sports and visits. But for all that, when pay had been spent

and peace hung heavy, the arrival of a new recruit, fresh from court, made something of a stir. He brought the latest news and a full purse; besides they welcomed him in the interest of *esprit de corps*. The modern custom of ragging and generally snubbing the youngest subaltern seems not to have obtained. What devolved on him was good-fellowship and an open hand, for the virtue of thrift seemed rather contemptible to fifteenth century soldiers.

De Mailles's account of Bayard's arrival at Aire, with the ensuing episodes, is likely enough of a piece with the semi-imaginary first portion of his book. We detect here the same tendency to supply the lack of knowledge by charming invention and to romanticize his hero's début in the career of arms. It is more than possible that what he relates did not take place. On the other hand, his account is a vivid picture of what *may* have occurred, and is worth retaining as a reflection of garrison life at the time. Of course, it is equally impossible to deny that something of the sort happened.

A servant of Bayard's, sent on ahead to engage lodgings, stirred up the company like a hornet's nest. In de Ligny's household, he had probably been known to many of them as a good horseman and promising lance. At all events, says de Mailles, about a hundred of them mounted and rode out to escort him in. It was midsummer and a moving, uproarious dust-cloud must have announced them. They pressed about him with tumult, smiles, and a proffering of hands. They stated that Captain d'Ars was away, but would be back shortly. They assured him that his landlady was

a pretty woman. Thus, riding with the others knee to knee, he drew near the walls of Aire. They clattered in, while girls leaned from their windows curious for a glimpse of the new *homme d'armes*. "They saw him," whispers de Mailles, "but not so much at their ease as afterward."

Supper was ready at his lodgings, and guests were in force. Drinking and talk went on late into the night, and there was no lack of keen eyes to appraise him. At last they put him to the test. Tardieu, a gay, jovial man (*homme joyeux et facétieux*), spoke for the others.

"Comrade," he said, "I would have you know that in all Picardy there are no prettier women than here. You cannot have come to garrison without money, and at the very beginning you should distinguish yourself and win favor with them. It's an age since a tournament prize was offered in this town, but if you consent to please me, you will offer one between now and a week off. And don't refuse the first favor I ask of you."

"Monseigneur de Tardieu," answered Bayard, "on my faith, if you asked for a much greater thing, you would not be denied; and how should you be in this matter, which delights me as much or even more than you? And if it please you to send me a trumpeter to-morrow and we have leave of the captain, I'll arrange to satisfy you."¹⁴

The test had been satisfactorily met. Cups emptied with gusto, a stir of approval announced that his popularity had been established once more—at Aire, as at Turin and the court of France.

The holding of a tournament was a fine gesture, but a costly one. It meant tossing away most of the

king's recent bounty. All his slender means went to the making of it—over a cup of wine, with a laugh, as a trifle. But the others understood and valued it. Such befitted a soldier, who, on occasion, would fling life itself aside as carelessly. And what, after all, is more lovable than magnificent folly? It was this heedless faculty of spending not only, as in a trivial instance, his gold, but himself, his lordly munificence of life, that rendered Bayard the hero of the French soldiery.

Next day, the trumpeter set out, properly instructed, on a circuit of garrisons within three days' ride. It was a convenient manner of extending multiple invitations. He rode from town to town spreading the news, stationed himself in market-places, sounded his horn, and proclaimed as follows:

That Pierre of Bayard, young gentleman and apprentice in arms, native of Dauphiné, of the king's forces under charge and command of the high and mighty lord, my lord of Ligny, lets cry and proclaim a tournament outside the town of Aire, beneath its walls, to all comers, on the twentieth day of July. First, on horseback, without lists, in harness of war and with sharpened steel, three tilts of lance and twelve strokes of sword: and he offers the winner an enamelled bracelet of gold, stamped with his arms, to the weight of thirty crowns. Second, on foot, next day, combat with lance at a barrier waist-high, and after breakage of lance, strokes with the ax at discretion of judges and umpires: and he offers the winner a diamond worth forty crowns.¹⁵

But although, as Tardieu expressed it, neither Lancelot, Tristram, nor Gawain could have done

better, his expenses had only begun. There was scant time, to be sure, and not more than fifty *hommes d'armes* answered the summons; but the ladies of Aire and those from twenty miles round were invited, and to entertain them all during several days with banquets and dances must have emptied his purse. He had begun to practise the phrase he was fond of quoting, that what the pouch takes in, the gauntlet scatters. De Mailles proudly relates the arrival of guests, among them Bellabre, rejoining the company, and how there was a general trying of horses and entertaining of women, and how Captain d'Ars returned in time for the sport, and, in brief, that there was "grand and triumphant cheer."

It would be idle to describe what lances and swords were broken, what hits were made, and what courses run in this pleasant tournament. It seems, at the end of the first day, that Pierre himself, Bellabre, a gentleman of Dauphiné, nicknamed Tartarin, a Scotchman called David Fougas, Tardieu, and a man-at-arms of d'Esquerdes' company, had the best of it. They adjourned for supper and dancing until one at night, then escorted the ladies to their lodgings. The flame of torches in dark village streets, laughing groups, snatches of song, youth to be served—and one by one, lights at the casements flickered, were gone, and Aire slept at last.

They woke late, says de Mailles, attended mass, and afterward, he says, you would have seen young gentlemen, the ladies on their arms, stroll back, talking of love and other joyous matters, to Bayard's lodgings, where, if they supped well the night before,

they dined to-day still better. Then back at two o'clock to the heat and excitement of the field. Hannotin von Zucker of Hainault goes down before Bayard's ax. "Hola!" call the umpires. "Enough, stand back!" Bellabre and a Gascon soldier exchange their strokes, and the game goes on. But that night the most elaborate banquet of all was served. Louis d'Ars himself and the Scotch commander, Godebert Carre of Saint-Quentin, who had acted as judges, appeared at table. Talk centered on the tournament, and here one suspects a certain convention of courtesy due from guests to hosts, that all maintained it was Bayard who had done the best. Declared winner on both days, it simply meant that he was gracefully permitted to confer his prizes on whom he chose. Thus, no doubt fairly enough, Bellabre won the bracelet, and David Fougas of Scotland the diamond, as second day's prize. Then, says de Mailles, began dances and revels. "Nor," he adds, "could the ladies find enough good to say of their host, and no one was better liked in all of Picardy."

Fashionable, then, a daring rider and sportsman, popular with men and women, it is Pierre Terrail of tournament and dance, rather than the accomplished and knightly figure of the better known Bayard, whom we meet in this earlier period. But for all that, except to those who decry fashion and suspect popularity, his initial phase seems worthy of the later man. It is youth's business, after all, to be young healthily and merrily. He continued to say his prayers, follow tournaments, train horses, and share his pay.

Meanwhile, in the northern garrisons, undisturbed

by that future gathering to break over Europe, two years passed.

1—It should be noted that de Mailles merely spins into fine narrative a sentence or two he had found in Champier. The latter apparently was as vague about Bayard's youth as was the Loyal Servant.

2—P. de Comines: *Mémoires*, Bk. VIII, Ch. 2.

3—On Louis de Luxembourg, see Jean d'Auton, *op. cit.*, and especially Maulde-La Clavière's note, Vol. I, p. 7, which gives also a bibliography regarding him.

4—It is significant that the Loyal Servant speaks of Theodore Ter-rail, abbot of Ainay, as Bayard's uncle—another instance of his inaccuracy with regard to the latter's family relationships.

5—Champier, *op. cit.*, p. 222 ff., describes how a relative of Bayard's, the Seigneur d'Uriage, known later as Captain Molard, defied de Vaudray to *combat à outrance*, and how the latter good-humoredly declined. He makes no mention of Bayard. This is a good example of what was probably de Mailles's method. Struck by the episode of the tournament in Champier's book, he retains and alters it to suit his purpose.

6—This was in 1445. Compare on the subject Ed. Boutaric: *Institutions Militaires de la France*, Paris, 1863, p. 308 ff.

7—The lists were solid wooden fences dividing combatants on horseback and were introduced in the fifteenth century to decrease the danger in tilting. Wooden bars (called barriers) waist-high were also often used to separate antagonists on foot.

8—For the formalities of a tournament, see the *Traicté de la Forme d'Ung Tournoy par le Roi René*, Appendix VIII of F. H. Cripps-Day's *The History of the Tournament in England and France*, London, 1918. This book in general and also R. C. Clephan's *The Tournament, its Periods and Phases*, London, s. d. (cir. 1917).

9—See below p. 360. Appendix XI.

10—This, according to Chapellier, is confirmed by the *Chroniques barroises*. (*Notes relatives à Bayard*, Journ. archéol. Lorraine. 1880-1882, Vol. XXX p. 215, and Vol. XXXI p. 16.) At a rough estimate and allowing for difference in purchasing power, 300 livres equalled about \$600 to-day.

11—If true, this was a considerable sum. The crown or *écu* had a value of about five livres.

12—It will be recalled that Maximilian's marriage with Marie of

Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, brought the Burgundian fiefs into the House of Austria.

13—The battle of Béthune, a few miles from Aire, took place in 1489.

14—*Loyal Servant*, p. 44-45.

15—*Loyal Servant*, p. 46-49. At present, the approximate value of these prizes would be respectively three hundred and four hundred dollars.

CHAPTER V

THE ARMY THAT GOD LED

Notez qu'il ne falloit point de guide; car Dieu seul avoit guidé la compagnie au venir, et ensuyvant ce que m'avoit dit frere Hieronyme il nous vouloit encoire conduire au retour.—Comines, Bk. VIII, ch. 13.

WITH the expedition of Charles VIII into Italy, Bayard began what may be termed his public career. At least, from this point forward, the events wherein he played a rôle and through which he emerged from obscurity, fall within the scope of general historians, who here and there supplement or control de Mailles's narrative. In fact, they become our only source for what must have been one of his most formative experiences, as it was certainly the dominant event of the age. A paragraph, a statement that the matter is of too general knowledge to need retelling, and the biographer hurries on to later occurrences, which he considers more pertinent to his subject. Nowhere is an omission less excusable, for surely among Bayard's reminiscences, which form his evident authority for this period, there was something more than the cavalry standards captured at Fornuovo, something of the romance, discoveries, and vicissitudes, which mark that year of adventure.

In respect to the revolution it effected, the French expedition of 1494 is strictly comparable to our recent war. There is nothing in the following statement of a contemporary, which is not applicable to the present. "It began," writes Guicciardini, "not only the mutation of states, overthrow of kingdoms, desolation of country-sides, ruin of cities, cruel massacres; but also new habits, new customs, diseases until then unknown, new and bloody methods of war."¹ In itself the irresponsible and comparatively inoffensive escapade of a young, visionary monarch, it sowed the harvest of agelong antagonism and change. It stands definitely as portal to our modern age.

But aside from more general results, its significance to Bayard's generation was fundamental. The culture we have been thus far considering is plainly medieval. There is little to differentiate it psychologically or even physically from preceding time. France lies complacent and isolated behind her frontiers. But looking down from Mount Genevra, over which the French chivalry swarmed into Piedmont, we behold something entirely different. The Italian Renaissance at its fullest development, splendid, enlightened, and corrupt, extended before these horsemen of northern castles: its cities where art had reached a supreme expression, where the social and physical sciences were already founded, where progressive commerce had stored its wealth—eager in mental attitude, accomplished in external grace. With the passage of the French army a partition is torn asunder, spiritual forces interact, meet in conflict, meet in effervescence, to form gradually a new composite. Materially con-

querors and destroyers of Italy, the Northerners became culturally her vassals. Back they ebbed, leaving the land desolate, but were in turn its emissaries. They wore other costumes, thought other thoughts, held other faith. Both in corruption and strength, the newer system prevailed. Never again in Lyons or Grenoble, Paris or Bordeaux, would former customs be held in uncritical reverence. To eyes reminiscent of southern beauty, domestic architecture must furnish something more than solidity, dress something more than clumsy display. To minds haunted by a subtler charm, thought, speech, and social intercourse must trim themselves with Italian borrowings. Measure the distance between Villon and Ronsard, Loches and Fontainebleau, the courts of Louis XI and Francis I.

Such influence is at first external; it reflects itself in affectation and foppery. Hands trained to the sword hilt trifle with the lute; language glitters with alien expressions. More than a generation was required for a profounder assimilation, and by that time French genius adapted and refashioned rather than imitated; but in 1494 the modern process began, no longer represented by a few and precocious minds, such as de Comines, but affecting the entire nation. Not that all were equally impressed. Some were insensible, others preoccupied; some were reactionaries. And among the latter, Bayard is certainly to be placed. We shall have later occasion to present evidences for this; meanwhile it should be noted that throughout his entire life he shows not the slightest affinity with the new movement which was invading his world. Renaissance Italy throws his character

into striking relief, representative by conviction of the former code, and, as so often in battle, foremost in the rear-guard of medievalism.

But in another and perhaps more immediate respect, the expedition of 1494 exerted a determining influence upon French soldiery. It gave to later war a tempo, a special atmosphere and attitude.

The easy triumphs which marked their passage through Italy, the somewhat theatric character of the expedition itself, recovery of Neapolitan kingdoms, grandiose projects of crusade against the Turk, all the panoply and irresponsibility which made of it rather a military junketing than a serious enterprise, had certain definite effects. In the first place, it established on too insecure a basis the conviction of French superiority, so exalting the soldiers' vanity and arrogance that, as de Comines observes, "they imagined no one versed in arms but themselves." This required a long and bloody disillusionment, but it accounts in some measure for the superb courage displayed again and again in subsequent wars. Moreover, it maintained temporarily the romantic notion of war as adventure, a knight-errantry, a splendid diversion. Thus, while facilitating the advent of modernism, it gave to chivalry a last encouragement and pattern. And from this angle, it seems, the expedition primarily affected Bayard. Already a traditionalist by temperament and training, it confirmed the tendency to consider life in archaic terms. However mature in experience, in the knowledge of men, however practical in the exercise of his profession, he seems never to have outgrown the attitude which characterized his

first campaign, and which made of war an enthralling sport, a passionate temptation.

It is beyond our purpose to deal with the historical causes and developments of Charles VIII's descent into Italy; but a brief review of certain aspects is essential in estimating its effect on the military career of Bayard's generation. It should be recalled that for a century and a half preceding, France had been occupied, first, in maintaining its independence against England, and later in acquiring national unity. By 1490, through consolidation with the Burgundian and Breton provinces, it had attained practically its modern form and was unquestionably the strongest state in Europe. Moreover, as an instrument in this centralizing process, the genius of two successive kings had created a standing army, first of its kind since the Roman system. The *bandes d'ordonnance*, introduced by Charles VII and elaborated by Louis XI, gave the Crown well-nigh autocratic power, left it independent of feudal whims, and with a force devoted, trained, and readily mobilized. But almost infallibly upon a period of national consolidation and military preparedness, there follows the temptation toward expansion.² However much personal characteristics of the king or ambition of Italian princes may have hastened the movement, Charles VIII remains still the figurehead of an actually inevitable imperialism. A wiser man, more skilled in realities, might have put off the evil day or at least directed it toward less chimerical issues. As it was, the ripeness of time had set on a throne too large for him one of the strangest figures in history.



Terra cotta from the National Museum Florence

BUST OF CHARLES VIII

There is something appealing as well as pathetic in the character of Charles VIII. He reenacts the tragedy of Phaëton. With all the strength of a weak body, with all the intensity of a dull mind, he strove fervently to transcend his limitations. He is both the hero and victim of self-ignorance, the paladin of a deceitful dream. He imagined, as have so many others, that will implies ability, that desire suffices for attainment. He yearned so ardently for legendary glories that almost he achieved them, and died without comprehending his absurd incompetence. A friendly, equitable little man, dazzled by power not of his own acquiring, his crimes were youth and the misapprehension of things as they are. It would be unjust to consider the invasion of Naples as an act of wilful aggression. There can be no doubt, that to his honest, somewhat flabby thinking, the tangled thread of successions, adoptions, and testaments, which constituted his claim to the Neapolitan throne, seemed thoroughly established. It behooved an emulator of Charlemagne to assert his rights and succor the oppressed; and if this southern kingdom was remote—a fabulous, ancient land—so much the more inspiring a quest it offered. He resembles psychologically the virtuous champion of some fairy tale, and even when his bubble had burst, he kept to the end a romantic inconsequence and a romantic faith. It is amazing that he accomplished so much—passing, like a thunderbolt, through Italy, capturing Naples, cutting his way back through an army four times greater than his own, and to such a degree accelerating the forces of change that he gave a new direction to

European affairs—so amazing indeed that de Comines explains it as an instance of supernatural agency, a divine whim.

Our concern, however, is not with the leader, but with his men. Toward mid-April, Aire and other towns were astir with departing garrisons. Unfurl the standard of de Ligny with its griffons and crowned lion; unfurl the pennon of d'Ars with its bars and chevrons: an arming of horsemen, a loading of baggage carts, a closing of accounts, a tumult of farewells. All the attachments, which spring up about life in a space of years, are snapped off and stripped aside.

Out they pass, rank on rank. Shadows of lances strike athwart house fronts; men raise gauntleted hands toward windows above them. A trooping of people on either side. They rode forth into spring-time, a long rout, followed by wagons, servants, doxies, cutthroats, dogging the army, an irregular, multicolored column studded with gaunt spears. And Pierre of Bayard and Pierre of Bellabre, his friend, and John Tardieu, his friend—all the hundred companions are off on the long campaign. Other companies, joining with them, grow into an army flooding south, band upon band of cavalry, standard after standard, the strength of France.

They were delayed at Lyons for lack of money and the king's love affairs, but by the end of August had reached Grenoble.³ And here we may suppose that Pierre Terrail obtained leave for a brief visit to his family, the first in four years. He had left his province a child; he returned, a man of twenty. It is not hard to reconstruct such a scene: pride mingled with solici-

tude, but above all pride—a Terrail representing his house again in the king's wars—admiration of sisters, envy of brothers, eagerness of servants. So much to bring back earlier years and make once more vivid old tenderness. A day and night of this, then back to the army.

It was already stirring. On August 29, 1494, Charles VIII bade farewell to the queen, got himself to horse, and with a gay ballad of Andrié de la Vigne's in mind, which bade him "March, march, for the day draws near," pushed on to Embrun, said his prayers at the shrine of the Black Virgin, and two days later, followed by his cavalry and a legion of pack animals, climbed the pass of Mount Genevra.

It is a moment strangely dramatic. Behind him thronged almost the whole of French chivalry, a host of men, whose names, as a modern author aptly remarks, sound like so many battle cries. We read them in Brantôme's account,⁴ and the pages take on a splendor similar to Froissart's, the rhythm of medieval pageantry; for the Middle Ages were indeed marshaled here, as in a last blaze of sunset, on the upland meadows. Gracian of the Wars, we read, Montoison, Chaumont, Chastillon, Alègre, La Palice, de Vergy, Despert de Bonneville, Pierre de Belle-Fourrière, Baudricourt, Mauleon, Montfaucon, Chandouier, de la Marche, de la Tremouille, l'Esparre, de Toutedville, Bourdillon, Baucaire, Nemours, Nevers, Luxembourg—these among others, name on name. All the escutcheons of France march with the army, a riot of banners, devices, and quarterings. Moreover, the king journeys, not with the scanty retinue of a modern

commander, but with that horde of attendants necessary to his luxuries and position, which even a century later were become incredible, so greatly had the times changed. His baggage included the supplies of his chamber, chapel, wardrobe, pantry, ewery, and kitchen. In his suite were "chamberlains, butlers, singers, and physicians, *maîtres-d'hôtel*, kings-at-arms, heralds, keepers of the wardrobe, valets of the chamber, squires of the kitchen, waiters, pantlers, boys of honor, pages, ushers-at-arms, ushers of the chamber, ushers of the hall, ushers of the kitchen, porters, clerks of supplies, buglers, trumpeters, sackbuters, drummers, harpers, oboe and cornet players, experts in the use of two-handed sword or small-sword and shield or war-ax or poniard, jousters, marksmen with the *harquebus* or *culverin*, and acrobats." The number of mules required to transport his luggage and that of his household and army across the Alps seemed infinite. Add to these the cavalry mounts and several thousand horses used in dragging the heavy cannon.⁵ There followed besides a myriad of vagabonds, men and women, the jackals of war.

This motley world, the noble and base, the strong and vicious, streamed over Mount Genevra, a tidal wave of the past to break against the future. Famine and plague awaited them, death of one kind or another in that lovely and fatal land they ruined. Naples and Fornuovo, the battle-fields of Canosa, Garigliano, Brescia, Ravenna, Marignano, Pavia, awaited them, and mark the grave of their epoch. "For what has Italy profited," exclaims the Marshal de Monluc several generations later, "but to serve as tomb for

a host of gallant Frenchmen!" But that time was not yet, when on September 7, King Charles and his escort, a cavalcade of steel and gold, crossed into Piedmont. The French army, an effective forty thousand strong, but with a huge train of non-combatants, was at last in readiness beyond the Alps.⁶

To a young man-at-arms, the following months must have seemed a triumphal progress interrupted only by festivals. They were entertained at public spectacles and feasts in Turin by the Duchess of Savoy. The king, whose funds were low, borrowed her jewels, which he pawned for twelve thousand ducats, and pushed on. They were welcomed near Asti by the Duke of Ferrara and Ludovico Sforza. They admired the Milanese armor of the latter's suite, and were smitten by the charms of his wife, Beatrice d'Este, and her retinue of ladies. A feminine grace, as yet unknown in the North and against which transalpine ladies had no recourse save imitation, began to play havoc in their ranks. "For," says Brantôme, "our women at that time were clumsy in their dress and not as attractive as they are to-day and as the women of Italy were then."⁷

From Asti they proceeded to Casale, where they borrowed the jewels of their hostess, the Marquise de Monferrato, pawned them for another twelve thousand ducats, and, thus replenished, advanced into Lombardy. "And there," scoffs de Comines, unable to contain himself, "you can see what a way to begin war that was, unless God had directed the campaign."⁸ By October 14 they were in Pavia, a place of great attraction to French officers, not so much for its

university, nor even for its hundred towers and famous Certosa, but because of its park, the best stocked game-preserve in Europe. And their interest might have been still greater could they have foreseen that this was to be the grave of many of them, for it was here that took place some thirty years later the desperate battle of Pavia.

Through Piacenza and across the Apennines, through Pontremoli and Pisa—on November 17 their drums thundered beneath the Porta San Frediano at Florence. Still distracted from revolution, the city greeted them with a feverish ardor that ill concealed its actual dread. By Piero dei Medici's blundering diplomacy, Florence had found herself alined with Naples against France. Would her recent submission avail to turn away the king's anger? Could she trust his promises? Were they friends or enemies, who entered in such imposing arms, to find at their discretion so rare a chance for pillage? Tensely the City of Flowers watched their coming, and numerous witnesses have recorded the event.

Behind fifes and drums echoing through the narrow street, now Via San Frediano, passed the battalions of Gascon halberdiers, crossbowmen, and archers; then, behind them, the chief corps of infantry several thousand strong, a moving forest of fifteen-foot pikes, with standards and field-colors, to the tune of their flutes, the Swiss mercenaries. They were dressed in close-fitting, parti-colored hose and doublets, yellow and red, black and white. Each wore on breast and back, as insignia, the white cross of the Confederation, and here and there from hat or helmet drooped

heavy plumes. Then, after them, resplendent in hose of cloth-of-gold, a chain of gold at the neck, wearing the royal colors of violet and white, a detachment of halberdiers and long-swordsmen, followed by the chief officers of infantry, de Clèves, de Nevers, de Lornay, and the sheriff of Dijon. A continuous march, a continuous rolling of drums. But at their heels, louder, fiercer, came the trumpets and drums of the cavalry. Here are the famous *gens d'ordonnance*, the companies of de Ligny and others; here are the Bayards, the Bellabres, the Tardieus, armed cap-a-pie on their battle horses, a magnificence of steel. The banners and pennons drift by, eight hundred spears, five thousand horse. But not less striking was the renowned company which followed, chosen for height and strength, the Scottish archers of the king. In coats of mail and gold-embroidered hacquetons, equipped with arm-guards, gorgets, and steel caps, with bows and quivers, swords and daggers, they appeared to the gaping onlookers "all of them counts or noblemen at least." Their captains, de Crussol, Claude de la Chastre, and George Cockburn, followed them richly armed. Then, most splendid of all, with a tumult of clarions, a mass of white and violet, the two hundred gentlemen of the royal guard, with their pages and lackeys, on barbed horses, immediately preceding the king's retinue of courtiers and pages. And at last, between double ranks of footmen, under a silk dais carried by Florentine magistrates, appeared Charles VIII mounted on his favorite steed Savoy, the giant black, who was later to serve him so well at Fornuovo. He rode in full armor "embossed with gilded figures,

pearls, and gems. He wore a jacket of gold brocade and a long cloak of blue velvet. His large white hat with black plumes, surmounted by the crown, was tied under his chin with ribbons. The Grand Equerry carried before him the royal sword; the Provost Marshal and his men guarded his person." ⁹ There followed him a gorgeous train of ecclesiastics, ministers, Knights of the Order, several squadrons of cavalry, and then the inevitable baggage. And the Florentines, awed by this spectacle, cried *viva Francia* with a catch in the throat.

Charles had brought with him only a part of his army; but in days when broad streets were unknown, it took hours to thread twelve thousand men into the center of a city. Not until close upon sunset, having crossed the Ponte Vecchio and Piazza della Signoria, did he descend at last before the steps of the cathedral, a very little man, it seemed, by the side of his great horse, and half deafened by acclamations of the crowd. That night he slept in the recently looted palace of the Medici,¹⁰ restored with temporary splendor to receive him, and all Florence blazed with lights.

The days that followed were tense, sultry, and electric. Suspicion grew; brawls were magnified into crises. Even if the French troopers had been critics of art, there would have been little disposition to admire Florentine masterpieces. Threatened by a mob, they twice seized the bridges and massed in defense of the king. Once the Swiss were stoned, as they marched through the Borgo-Ognisanti. The destiny of Florence hung by a thread, because there were doubtless

many with itching hands, who chafed for a word to release them in a riot of pillage. At last, having concluded a treaty and refilled their war chest with a forced loan, they marched out on November 28 amid general rejoicing. As the royal banners, embroidered with *Missus a Deo* and *Voluntas Dei* passed through the gates, Tuscan wit may have joined with Tuscan piety to confess that God's will alone accounted for this peaceful exit.

On through Siena and Viterbo, the army, now at full strength, swept down toward Rome. Its artillery equipment began a new era in warfare. Some hundred cannon, an unprecedented number, no longer painfully hauled by oxen, but horse-drawn on mobile carriages, kept pace with the infantry, and in siege operations could accomplish in several hours what had hitherto required as many weeks. The Eternal City, with walls crumbling from disrepair, was doomed unless it made prompt submission, and Alexander Borgia, the pope, more fox than lion, offered no resistance. On the evening of December 31, so that darkness and the light of torches increased the terror they inspired, Charles and his main-guard entered Rome.

But Bayard probably took no part in that obscure procession which recalls a canvas of Rembrandt. His captain, de Ligny, having been dispatched from Bracciano with reinforcements for the garrison at Ostia, he doubtless accompanied him. Here, surrounded by desolate plains, the fortress of the warlike Cardinal Giuliano della Rovere, who was to be later Pope Julius II and was at that time allied with France, held the

mouth of the Tiber and cut off supplies for Rome. The garrison, now increased to five hundred *hommes d'armes* and two thousand Swiss under de Ligny and Yves d'Alègre, with the Italian *condotta* of Fabricio and Prospero Colonna, formed a small army in itself, capable of attacking the city from the east. It remained, however, inactive, and Bayard saw nothing of the Roman experience—was detained from visiting the shrines of the Apostles or having his rosary blessed or collecting pious mementos. On the other hand, he became acquainted with personalities, who were to figure largely in his career: with the future pope himself, with Prospero Colonna, whom he was to take prisoner in a daring raid years later, with Yves d'Alègre, his companion on many campaigns. A month later this detachment rejoined the royal army on the frontier of Naples.

Thus far, with a few threats and trumpeting, the expedition had flowed smoothly south; but here at last there seemed a chance for action. The pass of San Germano, held with strong forces by the Neapolitan general, Ferdinand of Calabria, and the fortress of Monte San-Giovanni, deemed impregnable, stood in their path and demanded assault. It was against the latter point that the first effort was turned. French heralds, dispatched with summons to the place, were deprived of their ears and noses, and were sent back with no other answer to the camp. Cannon were at once wheeled into position, a short bombardment split the walls at several points, and de la Tremouille led the attack. Spurred on by the king's presence, heartened by wine which had been freely distributed, the

columns surged upward at their leader's heels. His pennon and standard appeared almost at the same time on two different breaches, the garrison was hurled back, and within an hour San Giovanni had fallen.

What occurred then was merely a commonplace in transalpine warfare, but it left Italy aghast. Up and down through the narrow passages of the fortress, human quarry were hunted, were dragged screaming to the walls, and tossed down to be crushed by the fall or caught on pikes; or they were butchered in every corner. The gutters ran blood. Nine hundred men were slaughtered without mercy, and the town with its castle was pillaged from roof to cellar. It was a comparatively humane operation inasmuch as the women and children were spared. In the North such proceedings would have been taken for granted, when a town, which had refused surrender, allowed itself to be captured by storm.¹¹ It was a recognized privilege of the troops, and thus besides were other stiff-necked garrisons induced more readily to capitulate. But Italy had grown unused to these methods. The massacre at San Giovanni created a new precedent in peninsular war.

We may suppose that Bayard, like other men-at-arms, took part in the assault and received his share of booty. The subsequent butchery was of course left to pikemen and archers, but there is no reason to imagine that pity for their victims held any place in his thought. For any clear perception of a historical figure, it is necessary to realize that man is a creature of conventions, the conventions of his time. Saint

though he was, the man in the street to-day would quail at what passed unnoticed by Francis of Assisi, and haply the future will consider incredible brutality what leaves us now unstirred. Through eyes staled by custom, the heart looks but dimly at reality. Bayard showed no lack of pity in his life, a passionate, fierce pity; but no one escapes wholly from the callousness of the usual. To him, as he stood hot and panting from the assault, his vizor thrown back for air, the carnage appeared natural, a tradition of war. The defenders had made their choice and taken their chance and must pay the consequences. And he would have sunk his mace into the skull of any terror-stricken wretch that importuned him for mercy, had it been the function of a man-at-arms to kill unnoted canaille. As it was, he probably turned aside to discuss with his companions the episodes of the attack. Knights without fear or reproach are more immaculate in poetry, but more convincing in prose.

Meanwhile, the immediate effects of the capture of San Giovanni were all that could be desired. Horrified by the French artillery and ruthlessness, neighboring fortresses opened their gates, the defenders of San Germano took to their heels, the King of Naples abdicated; the war was over. In the phrase of a contemporary, Charles VIII had surpassed Cæsar by conquering before he had even seen. There remained for him only to take possession of his new kingdom.

Three fatuous months followed. It proved easier to acquire than to organize, for the hero of a fairy-tale makes a poor statesman. In other words, Naples became a sort of grab-bag for the king's retainers, who

blossomed into dukes, counts, and marquises in wild profusion. Without experience, without advisers, without capacity, the king gave himself and his followers a lordly time. They reveled in endless tournaments and banquets; they participated in gorgeous pageants, swaggered in splendid apparel, made love to dulcet mistresses, and languished in all the nepenthe of Neapolitan spring. It was the old story of Capua. They should have been administering, conciliating, consolidating; instead, they trifled. The fickle population, which had tossed up its caps for them as deliverers, began to regret its former tyrants. The Neapolitan barons grew disgruntled and seditious. The result was political confusion.

We hear nothing of de Ligny's troopers at this period except that they were involved in the capture of two enemy leaders, Virginio Orsini and the Count of Pitigliano near the town of Nola. But their chief, de Ligny, married the Princess of Altamura, a very beautiful heiress who was handed over to him by the king, and became Prince of Altamura, Duke of Andria and Venosa. All this demanded a deal of festivities wherein his gentlemen shared. And what a contrast with the homely, smoky, garrison life in Flanders, with its gawky women, beefy pleasures, and leaden sky, what a contrast, these mellow palaces, this glitter and gold and grace, these cypress gardens beneath secret balconies, this haunting music beside legendary seas! Even to men whose trade and passion was war, it must have seemed an enchantment, to be remembered later as a transcendent experience of youth, to leave a sense of nostalgia for the South,

which played no doubt a part in luring them back to Naples on subsequent invasions.

But all things cloy. Unlike the lotus-eaters, they began to feel the drag of practical affairs at home, and became restive in the midst of ease. For whatever charm Italy may have exercised on French imagination, it has seldom replaced the primary allegiance. Anglo-Saxons may colonize in Florence or Rome, but the Gaul is usually a bird of passage. What was happening to the crops at Vannes and Bergerac while they ate Neapolitan figs? Was their game and lumber secure? And what of their wives, children, or the family lawsuit? In the beginning, they had considered Naples merely a stepping-block to Jerusalem, but crusading ardor flagged. It was enough for one time to have conquered Italy; they were sated with triumphs.

But a sharper spur than homesickness hastened the return. It appeared that the whole card-castle of security behind them was tumbling down. All the alliances, which had been purchased or coerced, melted into solid coalition between Spain, Austria, Milan, Venice, Rome, to break the back of the French dragon, unless he recoiled, and that speedily, to his own land. Time was precious; but Charles lingered for a few ceremonies, and then, leaving half of his army behind him, turned north. Back they marched triumphant; but the whole figment of conquest withered as they passed. Their dukedoms and marquisates relapsed to old allegiance; their wretched garrisons, cut off from supplies, were gradually submerged; and Neapolitan life flowed on unchanged. It was like waking from ecstatic dreams to

find themselves much as before plodding along in the accustomed ranks.

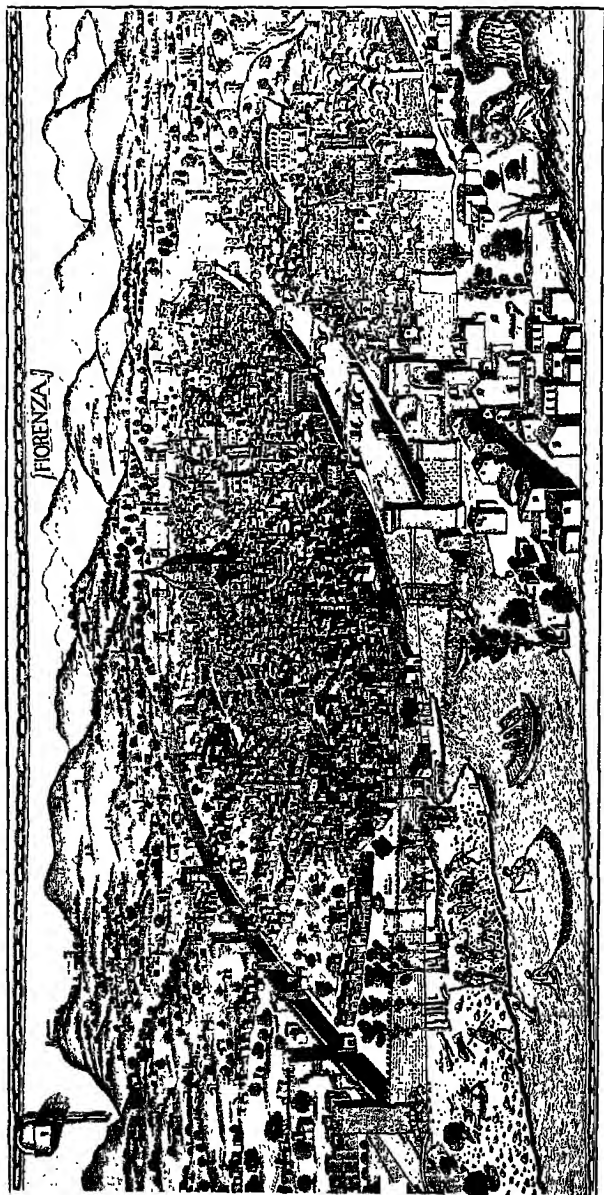
There was no time for retrospect, however. Up through Rome, Viterbo, Siena, Pisa, they tramped, accomplishing in a month what had required four. Not that their haste implied trepidation. To the sort of paladin complacency they had achieved, all other armies seemed no better than chaff. They even weakened their already reduced forces by leaving garrisons in Tuscany and Siena. They wasted time, much to de Comines's disgust, in sentimental meddling with Sienese and Pisan affairs. But their attitude was that of men who have finished an agreeable sight-seeing journey and are bored with novelties. They were simply eager to get home.

Having quitted Naples on May 20, they reached Pisa by the 19th of June. Thence to Pontremoli and the foot of the Apennines. By this time, the army was diminished to about ten thousand combatants, hardly more than an escort for the king, the artillery, and a huge queue of baggage, which contained the loot of the expedition. At Pontremoli, the Swiss, mindful of a brawl which had slain several of them on the way to Naples, broke loose, massacred the inhabitants, pillaged and burned the town. Commissary supplies essential to the army went up in flame. And thus, with insufficient man-power, little food, and an enormous weight of impedimenta, they were faced by the herculean task of dragging the latter over steep mountains along paths barely practicable for sumpter-mules.¹²

Any other army would have abandoned its artillery and destroyed unnecessary luggage. Moreover, to such

experienced strategists as were present, it seemed a matter of life and death to cross and win free of the mountains before the Venetian and Milanese troops, already massed beyond, could gain the passes. But his cannon were the apple of the king's eye, and not a stick of plunder would his soldiers give up. With the skylarking recklessness which had characterized them throughout, they started to haul and climb. The Swiss, to reinstate themselves in the king's favor after their recent escapade, harnessed themselves in shifts of a hundred or two hundred to each gun and dragged upward these bronze masses, which it required sometimes thirty-five horses to stir. They worked to the tune of their fifes and drums, group yodeling to group along the twisting defile. The July heat was appalling. Stripped to hose and doublet, the men-at-arms, their dignity laid aside for the moment with their armor, shoved and twisted at cannon wheels. It was a question literally of cutting their way, breaking rocks and bridging chasms. "Ten crowns," shouted de la Trè-mouille, black with sweat and dust, "to whoever reaches the top before I do." But the descent was even worse—a straining back, a constant effort to prevent being dragged by the weight down slopes or into precipices. We have here an example of the *raison d'être* of French nobility. It was still aristocratic, still actually authoritative and not, as it later became, merely a smug assertion of superiority.

Thus, exhausted, famished, foot-sore, and disheveled, the little army with its guns and baggage, its camp-women and followers, dribbled down at last into the desolate, boulder-strewn valley of the Taro, to look



From a wood-cut in the Berlin Museum.

FLORENCE IN THE 15TH CENTURY

out, as on a land of promise, at the broad, fertile plain of Lombardy. They found waiting for them, splendidly entrenched, thoroughly equipped, a host of forty thousand men.

The story of Fornuovo is all of a piece with the rest of this fantastic expedition. An almost fabulous atmosphere surrounds it. The very setting of the battle in the grim mountain valley, the tempest that swept and roared during its progress, the absurd disparity in numbers, all recall a scene from chivalric romance, rather than a concrete event, which took place on July 6, 1495.

On the morning of that day, de Comines, arrant negotiator though he was, despaired of talking a way past an enemy who considered himself already victorious, and went gloomily—for the Lord of Argenton, though no coward, was no Hotspur—to find the king. He plainly considered that the game was up. He had done his best to leaven with a little wisdom a crowd of young tyros bent on destroying themselves, and now, for an old servant of the House of France, there remained nothing more than to lay down his life for it—though he grumbled a little. He found the king transfigured. He could hardly credit his eyes, as he stood looking up at the side of the great battle steed, Savoy, that this was the same timid little man, too frail for the weight of armor, too bashful to express himself royally. The king was armed and radiant. "And I recalled," says de Comines, "what Savonarola had told me, that God was leading him."¹⁸

Save for d'Argenton, everybody was in high spirits. Faithful to the usual formation, the army had been

divided into three bands: the vanguard, main *battle*, and rear-guard. But in this instance, the chief strength lay with the vanguard, composed of de Gié's men-at-arms, all the artillery, and the Swiss pikemen, who were expected to bear the brunt of attack. Charles himself and Matthew of Bourbon commanded the center, de la Tremouille the rear, and, as it turned out, against these the chief effort of the enemy was launched. A joyous excitement ruled, the hilarity of men about to risk their lives in a sporting venture. D'Ars, Bayard, and de Ligny's company were around the king, perhaps envious of the vanguard. De la Tremouille, hot-headed but alert, the idol of his men, rode here and there with a laugh, a word, a gesture. The slow booming of cannon had begun. And beyond the little river which flowed between, the massing of enemy cavalry on its right bank became evident.

But de Comines, man of the world and expert in human nature, remained depressed. The odds were too great. He relied more on diplomacy than on prophecies, and suggested a last attempt at parley. "Try it," said the king to humor him. He went, but returned at a mad gallop. The Venetians were already crossing; and so fast he spurred that several of his followers were struck down without his knowledge. The inevitable was upon him, and he rode bitterly to take his place beside the king.

Such was the attitude of the great memorialist, unshared by the crack-brained company he consorted with. Here, at the last moment, oblivious of danger, was the king, lost in his romantic fiction. With the enemy closing in, he turned his attention to nothing.

more urgent than knighting a crowd of young gentlemen mad as himself. Matthew of Bourbon intervened: "Forward, sire, forward!" The ranks opened, and Charles VIII, a slight figure on his great horse, rode out in front of them facing the enemy. Whatever his follies and weakness, on that day, it would seem, he deserved his title of Charles the Magnanimous.

In a circling movement, calculated to take fullest advantage of his numerical superiority, the Marquis of Mantua, Venetian *condottiere*, had planned to attack vanguard, *battle*, and rear-guard, strung out on the left bank of the Taro, at one and the same time. Shrewdly enough, however, he had planned merely to hold engaged the stronger vanguard, while he threw his main force against the king and de la Tremouille. Strong reinforcements were held in reserve behind his entire line. Moreover, he had sent his Albanian mercenaries, the famous Stradioti or half-Turkish light-horse, in a wide detour along the hills, which would permit them to fall on the French rear when the latter showed signs of weakening. As strategy it was beyond criticism. He could not have foreseen the incalculable human elements, which were to act against him.

There preceded ancient battle usually the hush of adjustment, of alertness, when, facing each other, the two steel lines had taken position, and only an occasional trumpet broke the silence. But here, the gusts of wind or rain and thunder reechoing through the valley must have heightened with a certain eeriness the solemnity of the moment. Under lowering skies that morning, when banners had been unfurled and ranks

marshaled, the men-at-arms had crossed themselves, and the pikemen, following their custom, had kissed the earth in token of humility. To what now lay before them, their lives were dedicated, and in the courage and strength required found justification.

A sudden fury of trumpets, a closing of vizors, a wavering line of spears sunk outward like gaunt arms, movement which leaps into a roaring wave, mingled drumming of horses' feet, rattle of armor, and above all the yell of thousands "*à la gorge, à la gorge, alla morte,*" the cry of "*France, France*" or "*St. Mark,*" the cry of "*France and Bourbon, France and Luxembourg, France and Alègre,*" holding together the companies—and then a crash, deafening, renewed, reverberating, as line meets line in a tossing ridge writhing, subsiding, intermingling, and the splinters of lances are flung up along it, like fragments of an explosion. Around the king centered a frenzy of battle, like the vortex of a whirlpool. His lance shattered, he struck left and right with his sword, Matthew of Bourbon covering him with his body, his gentlemen closing in, for it was against this point that the Marquis of Mantua, intent on his capture, charged with the flower of his cavalry. Mace, battle-ax, and poniard, grapple of body to body, screams of men and horses trampled down, and meanwhile torrents of rain and the tempest raging through the mountains.

Forced by the swollen river to ford higher up, the two Venetian divisions had attacked the French rear, reinforced by the king who had ranged himself to its left, thus turning his back to the vanguard. But outnumbered five to one, the odds were desperate, had not

a curious event in a measure evened the scales. What had been thus far the chief weakness of the French army proved its salvation. The huge baggage train, drawn by six thousand pack animals, had been held up to the Italian infantry and Stradioti as their reward in the battle. Hardly were their men-at-arms engaged, than, instead of supporting them, they broke ranks in a mad dash to pillage the convoy. The thousands of Stradioti arrayed on the slopes above and prepared to envelop the French rear, upon seeing their comrades so profitably engaged, forgot war for gain and swarmed down to join them. Afterward, laden with booty, they withdrew to store it away in their own camp.

Thus, while still outnumbering their opponents, the Italian chivalry was left dependent on its own efforts, and here it stood no chance. Thinned out and thrown back by the more skilled and warlike horsemen of the companies, a number of its leaders slain, and faced by the ever raging Gallic fury, it broke and fled, cut down by the pursuers. Bayard, who had lost several horses and was again remounted, spurred in front and gained the trophy of a cavalry standard. Others in all directions were hacking and thrusting at the backs of terror-stricken fugitives. Meanwhile the vanguard had easily repulsed the Milanese attack, which broke even before the lances crossed, and troops of defeated horsemen scurried along the left bank of the river.

It was at this point that an incident occurred, which well-nigh turned victory into disaster and shows upon what slender threads the fortunes of battle depend. The king, left almost unattended by companions, who

were in pursuit of the enemy, found himself of a sudden attacked and surrounded by a troop of Italians retreating from the skirmish with the vanguard. But the little man, exhausted as he was by unaccustomed effort, displayed excellent courage and skill in arms, while the horse Savoy, wheeling, lunging, rearing, fought on his own account. Such resistance gave time for several of his guard to arrive; the assailants fled, and Charles, covered with glory, his broken vizor hanging by a thong, rejoined the vanguard.

But now, over the battle-field where three thousand men lay wounded or helpless in their armor, grim work went on. Servants and camp-followers hacked off the helmets of the fallen and dispatched them with axes, giving no quarter. "And hard they were to kill," observes de Comines, "so heavily were they armed, and I saw none of them killed where there were not three or four men to do it." It was something of a feat, he adds, to kill three thousand by hand, for not more than ten had been slain by the cannon.

It requires no vivid imagination to picture that dreadful aftermath: the strewn valley, the methodical groups of ax-men, the far-spread screaming of those tortured as they died, the sickening blows. But at last, night brought silence, except for the downpour of the rain and rolling drums of the Swiss pikemen who kept watch. Bayard presented his standard and received the king's thanks and five hundred crowns.¹⁴ Men slept where they could, exhausted, drenched, famished, but victorious. The way to the North was free.

There remains little more to tell of the expedition. By forced marches, without guides, enduring every

privation, the army that God led reached Lombardy, rescued the Duke of Orleans, who was besieged in Novara, and returned to France. The kingdom of Naples had been won and was already lost. They arrived home no richer than when they left, except in experience and strange memories. Bayard was to take part in many fiercer battles than Fornuovo and in many more serious campaigns, but the early impression of this first thrust of France toward empire never faded. It set a fashion in war both for the man and his generation.

Looking back over the personages he must have seen—Sforza, Ercole d'Este, the future Pope Julius, Piero dei Medici, Savonarola, Cesare Borgia, among so many others, the curious Renaissance medley of statesmen, soldiers, and saints—we wonder what he thought of them, or of the places he visited, Pavia, Pisa, Florence, Naples, at their height of artistic attainment. Alas, the critical faculty demands training and knowledge not to be found in garrisons. Besides he saw his world contemporaneously and not through historical tradition. To his humble, manly thinking, they were fair places and great lords. What more could he tell? To judge them, he would have had to be other than himself—a de Comines, modern, learned, and disillusioned, not Bayard the soldier.

1—F. Guicciardini, *Storia d'Italia*, Bk. I, Ch. 3.

2—See Machiavelli's *Ritratto delle cose di Francia*, which describes the French wealth and power at this period.

3—As their captain, de Ligny, accompanied Charles, his company formed, no doubt, part of the royal body-guard of seven thousand horsemen. Cf. H. F. Delaborde, *L'expédition de Charles VIII en Italie*, Paris, 1889.

4—Brantôme: *Charles VIII*, Œuvres, Vol. II p. 295.

5—An approximation. Italian reports give exaggerated figures. Cf. F. D. V. de Foletier, *Galiot de Genouillac*, Paris, 1925, p. 41 n.

6—Cf. Delaborde, *op. cit.*, p. 325 and Brantôme, *Charles VIII*, whose estimates are roughly in agreement. Italian estimates are much higher.

7—Brantôme: *Charles VIII*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 291 *var.*

8—Comines: *Mémoires*, Bk. VII, Ch. 6.

9—Delaborde, *op. cit.*, p. 459.

10—Looted by the Florentine mob after Piero de'Medici's flight on November 9.

11—Note the phrase used by d'Auton, *op. cit.*, I, p. 135, describing the attack on Forlì in 1499: *trecter les soubdaitz selon la costume de prise d'assault*.

12—On the downward journey, the artillery and a part of the baggage had been shipped by sea from Spezia, thus avoiding the mountain difficulty. Cf. Delaborde, *op. cit.*, p. 429.

13—Comines: *Mémoires*, Bk. VIII, Ch. 10.

14—Probably an exaggeration on the part of de Mailles, for the sum in present values would hardly be less than 25,000 gold francs, or \$5000. Du Rivail follows him, however, in recording both the incident of the standard and the amount received, *op. cit.*, p. 537.

CHAPTER VI

WITHOUT REPROACH

WE have been thus far considering Bayard's early years from what may be termed a postive angle: the influences which affected him, the events in which he took part, the qualities, as far as they appeared in youth, which made for his later success. Generous, brave, popular, an excellent horseman, a good lance—we find here nothing at variance with his ultimate fame and, indeed, much to presage it. But no estimate of him would be complete which ignored his limitations, and in the present chapter there will be occasion to point out what some of these were. The reverence of posterity not only exalts, but distorts. Its heroes and saints become symbols, emblems of unattainable ideals, too perfect, too lofty, too immaculate. They are removed from fellowship with tempted and erring mankind into a sterilized and impossible Elysium, "where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow." For the sake of an aureole, they are divested of reality. It is with this canonizing process that modern biographers must take issue. The greatness of great men is not lessened by disclosing their share in human frailty and circumscription, but rather thereby it becomes more convincing and significant. In a sense the hero is more heroic because and in spite of his faults.

Among historical figures, no one has suffered more by this tendency to panegyric than Bayard. The proud title of "stainless" claimed for him by de Mailles, once understood, has been since romanticized to denote what it never implied—a perfection suitable to legend, but absent in the defectiveness of life. It is with this to a certain extent that we shall have to deal if the impression of a living man, and not that of an ethical abstraction, is to be conveyed. He lived ardently in an age superficially, at least, more turbulent than our own; he followed with enthusiasm the narrow, if absorbing, profession of war; above all, at the age we are now considering, he was young. All of these factors will be found to qualify and limit the traditional conception; but they give substance instead of a halo and emphasize the strength of character, which to a marked degree offset them.

During the four years which intervened between 1495 and the next Italian campaign, Bayard probably spent some time at home. At the death of his father in 1496, there would be matters of inheritance to supervise, and, moreover, the affection he entertained for his family is well established. It was through him that his clerical brothers were appointed, the one, bishop, the other, abbot;¹ that his sister, Jeanne, became abbess of Notre-Dame des Haies; that his nephew, Jacques du Pont,² son of Marie Terrail, obtained promotion in the army, and his relatives, in general, numerous advantages. Among his dying words was the request to be buried with his father and mother in their tomb at Grignon. Indeed, the Terrails exemplify admirably the French characteristic of family cohesion,

a trait dependent on local attachments and common interests, which modern dispersion is tending to destroy. Together with this, there would be also the attraction felt universally for one's birthplace and the atmosphere of childhood.

But Château Bayard was emptier now than formerly: his father dead, his sisters married or in cloister, his brother, Jacques, in a monastery. George, who administered the estate, together with Philip and their mother, remained alone in the house grown silent and too large.³ It is significant that the Loyal Servant neglects any mention of this or similar returns to the Graisivaudan and, from what can be gathered, it is hard to escape the impression that his years in court and army had estranged the new lord of Bayard, had made him perforce an outsider. Not that he loved his family or his house the less, but a different experience divided them. On one hand, the provincialism of a rural community and local interests; on the other, cosmopolitan comradeships and interchange, the vaster horizon of ambition, opportunity and action. He would exchange visits with the neighbors or share their amusements; but he did not belong to them: he belonged to his career.

Perhaps now that he was *seigneur* in his own right and distinguished by de Ligny's friendship, there was more than one intimation from this or the other country gentleman, that, as suitor for a daughter's hand, he would not be undesirable, that such and such lands could be profitably mated to the Terrail holdings. That Bayard was subject to this kind of amiable pursuit may be inferred from the interest shown in providing a

wife for him by no less a person than the queen herself some years later. But if so, he evaded it then as always. The truth is, he wanted no wife, no anchorage, no disturbing shadow across his profession. He would have subscribed to that statement of Chorier's, that "woman is an obstacle to the glory of great captains—and that he, who in the trade of arms desires renown as his offspring, must wed only his sword." ⁴ He belonged to a generation of men whom the sport of war so thoroughly absorbed as to exclude other interests, of men who, like Florange, would return to wife and hearth once in seven years, and would feel in domesticity a certain shame. To the end he appears a somewhat lonely, incongruous figure during times of peace, but becoming vivid, like a sharp flame, at the first breath of war. It was literally his life. Ill, weakened, consumed with fever, more than once he dragged himself to the saddle upon news of an approaching campaign, and found his health on the march. This was not merely sense of duty; it was passion for the army, the intense attraction of comradeship in arms more potent than love of women.

We find here, then, the first and most important of Bayard's limitations. All that house and home represent of tenderness and affection in life is left out. Such an omission does not affect a man's work in the world, nor his fame with posterity, but, viewed intrinsically as a man, the impression he makes will be harder, narrower, less appealing. And in this respect, Bayard, for all his prowess, suffers an abatement. He is too thoroughly masculine, too exclusively the soldier and captain. And yet, as a paradox, therein consists his glory,

It is not, however, alone this phase which may challenge criticism. If he renounced the pleasures and responsibilities of hearth and wife for the sake of his career, he was by no means indifferent to the attraction of women. As in the case of many another, free love offered him compensation on easier terms. But this contradictory feature of a life, designated as without reproach, must be considered after a brief survey of the wars, which overshadow one of its most passionate episodes.

At the death of King Charles in 1498, Louis XII, his successor, inherited not only the Neapolitan claims, but advanced those of his own house—that of Orleans—to the duchy of Milan as well.⁵ A mature man, practical, thrifty, and energetic, a complete contrast to the late king, he prepared at once to enforce them. And it is worth noting, by the way, that once the imperialistic tide sets in, the difference in personality between sovereigns counts for little. Charles, the dreamer, and Louis, man of the world, were tempted alike to a similar unprofitable aggression.

By the summer of 1499, Bayard was once more across the Alps, following, with what relief, the banner of his company. He took part in the sieges of Arrazzo and Annona with their ensuing massacres, and in the taking of Alexandria. It was a brief campaign, for Ludovico Sforza offered no further resistance and fled from Milan, leaving it free for the king of France to make his triumphal entry and take formal possession of the duchy on October 16. The fleur-de-lis was displayed everywhere; the crowd, trembling for

its property, cried "France, France"; and ladies, from their windows, rained down glances more delectable, in the words of a chronicler, than sunbeams. A popular catch reflected the general sentiment:

*On dit partout que ces Lombardes
Trop plus, pour nous autres François,
Se tiennent frisques et gaiglandes
Que pour leur mariz.⁶*

*(The Lombard ladies, we are told,
Our Frenchmen's love arouses
To show themselves more brisk and bold,
Than to their proper spouses.)*

But these were superficial amenities. The air remained charged and sullen with that hostility everywhere encountered by the French in their Italian conquests. A changeful populace might for a time expect improved conditions under foreign masters; rebellious or exiled noblemen might, with a view to redress, support the invaders; but friction invariably arose. Suspicion, rivalry, disappointment, the common language and sentiment, conspired to unite opinion against the conqueror. Action and reaction, flow and ebb, describes the relations of France to Lombardy during the next fifty years. On this occasion, barely four months elapsed before the renewal of hostilities, and in the meantime there was muttering and black looks and the occasional out-flare of steel.

It was probably during this interval that occurred Bayard's first duel. Challenged by a Milanese exquisite, Hyacinth Simoneta, whose fashionable, tight-fitting

armor proved more elegant than useful, he defeated him in single combat—an event considered ominous by the Italian faction, and which redounded to his credit in the French army.⁷

Peace quickly enough proved illusive. In January, Sforza returned at the head of some thousand Swiss and Burgundian mercenaries, and the French found themselves temporarily hard beset. De Ligny, who had occupied Como, with his men-at-arms, as an outpost against the enemy, was forced to retire on Milan, hacking his way through in a perpetual skirmish with the revolted peasantry. But Milan itself, with the exception of the castle, had to be evacuated, and in February the French contingent fell back on Mortara, which stood for a time an exposed salient half surrounded by hostile communities. A great deal of cavalry skirmishing went on between there and the Milanese headquarters at Vigevano about eight miles distant, and here presumably took place the incident described by the Loyal Servant as occurring in Milan.

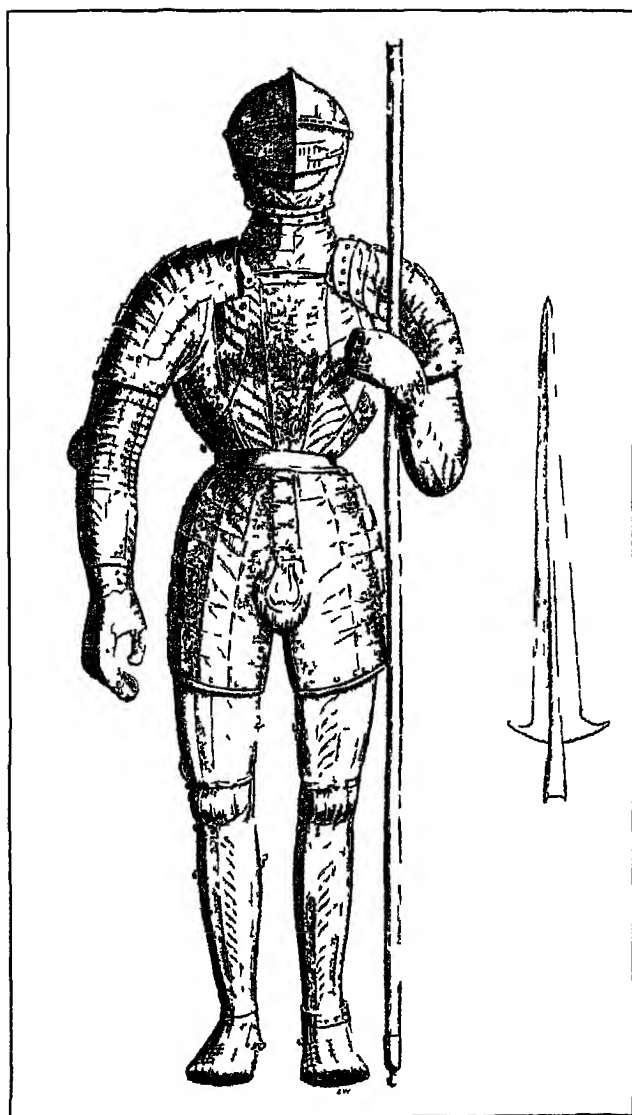
He relates that Bayard, engaged in a skirmish with Albanian light-horse, pursued them up to the gates, where the rest of his party drew rein, but that he, absorbed in the action, swept on until he found himself inside the walls. He continued his pursuit, however, until, having been surrounded and taken prisoner, he was brought before Sforza.

Now, as applied to Milan, the event is obviously impossible. As M. de Maulde La Clavière points out, to drive single-handed a troop of Albanian *stradioti* past their own lines, past the guarded gate and double walls and along the streets to the heart of the city, is,

The Chevalier Bayard

even in the case of a Bayard, more than sober history can credit.⁸ Besides, it appears that Sforza, at this time, spent barely a night in Milan. But it is hard to admit that the entire episode is fictitious. If we shift the scene to Vigevano, it becomes perfectly credible. Vigevano was not a city, but a fortress. We know that skirmishes took place there between the Albanians and French men-at-arms, and that the former, whose tactics were swift attack and flight, frequently retired within their walls.⁹ That Bayard, venturing too far, and his horse out of hand, should have been drawn into the castle by the back-wash of such a mêlée is entirely plausible.

At all events, the story affirms that Sforza and Bayard met. The scene is curious and impressive: age and youth, guile and frankness, two men both famous in their day for utterly opposed reasons, the one, representative of Italian pragmatism, the other, of chivalric faith. It will be recalled that, as page of honor to Charles of Savoy, Bayard had served the Duke of Milan at his reception in Vercelli years earlier. Doubtless also he had seen him at Pavia in 1494. Perhaps Sforza found in the hawk features and proud bearing of his captive something familiar. In any case, he showed himself generous and good-natured, took no offense at the bold replies of the prisoner, and set him free without ransom. Deeply touched and no little amazed, the other vowed that, save for his honor and the king's service, he stood at Monseigneur's disposal. Then, his horse being brought, he vaulted joyously to the saddle, drove in the spurs, and after a curvet or two, ran a course before the du^{ble}



Musee de l' Artillerie, Paris

ARMOR ASCRIBED TO BAYARD

and shattered his lance against the stones of the courtyard. Whereupon, like a released falcon, down from the fortress he dashed, and so to his own lines.

During February and March, the French barely retained their hold on Mortara; but at the outset of April, Yves d'Alègre, who had been campaigning in the Romagna with Cesare Borgia, turned back with reinforcements, and de la Tremouille, at the head of a considerable army, arrived from France. Sforza was besieged in Novara; his troops capitulated; he attempted to escape disguised, but was discovered and sent to perpetual imprisonment in a French fortress. Milan bewailed her rebellion in sackcloth and ashes, and the ladies once more rained down delectable glances from their balconies. As far as Bayard was concerned, the campaign ended in a sort of mock solemnity at Voghera, a town which had been handed over to de Ligny by the king, and which he returned to punish for having joined the revolt. The affair is typical enough to consider briefly.

With the rumor preceding him that he intended to put the town to sack, its wretched inhabitants, terrified at their lord's approach, sent out a delegation of suppliants to meet him; but he passed them stonily by and rode in, followed by his lances. Panic-stricken, the citizens then implored Captain d'Ars's intercession, and being admitted to de Ligny's presence, threw themselves on their knees, bareheaded and imploring forgiveness. They offered also the best of their silverware—"a pile of basins, cups, goblets, and the like, which the said Lord of Ligny did not condescend even to glance at."¹⁰ The whole proceeding, of course, was

mere pretense, for de Ligny, who was characteristically tender-hearted, had no intention of sacking Voghera.¹¹ It was expedient, however, to make a sharp impression on the mind of the people. Whereupon, he stormed at them in the best manner, and d'Ars humbly interceded, and the suppliants entreated, and at length obtained their pardon. But as for their gift, said de Ligny, he scorned to receive it, for they were not worthy of such honor. Instead, he handed it over to Bayard, his favorite, for kitchen use. And the latter, immediately sensing his rôle, declined to accept, as ill-omened, the property of such rebels, but divided the silver piece by piece among those present. Thus, while de Ligny had shown himself unbribable, Voghera had both paid a fine and been duly humiliated.

As an example of clemency masked in pride, as an example also of aristocratic scruples, which even then were "honored more in the breach than the observance," it is a scene worth recording. Neither the great noble nor the simple gentleman could have afforded to accept the silver. It would have meant discoloring a certain facet of breeding infinitely more valuable; it would have meant a compromise of *noblesse*. The careless gesture was better, nor had the quixotic as yet become absurd.

Their campaigns being now temporarily over, d'Ars's company went into garrison. We find it in Parma in the year 1501.¹²

Such were the public events in which Bayard took part during the conquest of Lombardy. Our concern, however, in this chapter is not primarily with these,



From a portrait by Dosso Dossi

ALFONSO D'ESTE, DUKE OF FERRARA

but with several incidents of more private nature, which it has seemed convenient to treat together against the background of the wars that dominate them. For, as we have already seen in respect to his domestic relationships, so also upon every association of his life there falls continually the shadow of the sword.

But however engrossing his profession, no man who is young and worthy of youth can be wholly oblivious to women. Soon or late in some measure the demands of sex must be served, nor was Bayard one of the rare and not altogether admirable exceptions to the common rule. He was neither a Galahad nor a Joseph. Love and indeed passion held a normal share in his life, a share second only, though at a great distance, to the more varied and more permanent interests of an active career. He remained unmarried, as a matter of taste and convenience, but he did not therewith practise the ideal of monastic continence. In short, he resembled in this respect most men of his own, and, to put it bluntly, most men of any other age. As to what degree such transgression will detract from a man's usefulness in the world and his moral worth must be determined by individual judgment; but in the case of Bayard, the unstained, as well as fearless, knight, it may well appear that his title was unmerited. Even at the cost of titles, however, our purpose should be first to see the man as he was, and, next, to examine whether his fame is justified.

It will be recalled that during January of 1500, de Ligny with a force of men-at-arms occupied Como and the surrounding villages, as an outpost against the re-

turn of Sforza. Here, in all probability, took place the meeting between Bayard and Barbara dei Trechi.¹³

She remains a name, the single echo of a once imperious hour. We know of her only that she belonged to an obscure noble family of Cantù, a hamlet near Como, that her arms were "gules an eagle barry azure and silver," and that there appears to have been a connection with the great family of like name at Cremona.¹⁴ As to how they met and under what circumstances in the short interval which preceded the French retreat, it is idle to speculate. Was their love more vivid and more compelling because of its brief tenure, the surrounding uncertainty and preparations of war? Was it merely the effect of youth, a momentary passion, or did she find in him more to love than gallantry and the protection his name and archers gave from others less considerate? Did they exchange vows at parting and for a while believe them? The past is silent, contracted now with all its fear and folly and hope into a name, the bare inscription, Barbara dei Trechi. He rode south with his company in its retreat from Como and never returned. She became doubtless one of youth's memories, half regretful, half pleasant, self-condoned because of youth.

But whatever estimate we may form of Bayard, it should be noted that he did not attempt to elude the responsibilities which devolved from this union. Over the passes into Dauphiné several years later, wrapped in the panier of a mule, his messengers gave escort to a little girl, his daughter, Jeanne of Bayard. Named for his sister, the abbess, she grew up, probably in the latter's charge, greatly beloved, bore her father's

name, and seems to have incurred no social disabilities on the score of birth. She received an ample dowry at his death, and was married by her uncles, with every token of regard, to a neighboring great nobleman, François de Bocsozel. (VII)

The Loyal Servant makes no mention of this and other like affairs, but his silence should not be misunderstood. It is perfectly evident that he would not have considered them a reproach to the memory of his hero—such liaisons were too usual, too inevitable in the shifting life of campaign and garrison at that time, nor was Bayard married—but he omits them without doubt for two reasons: first, out of delicacy for those still alive, whom the narrative might offend; and, second, because frailty of this kind on the part of a soldier could be taken for granted. He was not engaged in recording the events wherein Bayard resembled the average of his generation, but wherein he surpassed it. He admitted frankly that his captain was no saint,¹⁵ but chose to portray the features which seemed to him more typical, more significant, and permanent. Thus, as we have seen, he describes at length, a knightly friendship for a married woman, invents a tournament in her honor, where Bayard, surpassing all others, ascribes his victory to her sleeve worn in his helmet. It is she who donates the prize he relinquishes. They weep at parting. It is all courtly, poetic, and ideal, but, as we have already noted, the event, though with a possible origin in fact, is largely imaginary. It is supposed to occur in the same winter as the actual and very different episode at Cantù.

In the "Joyous History," therefore, although its

author several years before had been employed to draw up the marriage contract between Jeanne of Bayard and her husband, one looks in vain for any reference to her or Barbara dei Trechi. Nor is there any record of two other daughters, also acknowledged, who are mentioned in a letter of 1512 from the bishop of Grenoble to Queen Anne of France.¹⁸ They were the offspring of another mistress, but whose name and nationality are unknown.

We are not concerned in an apology for Bayard, nor are indeed inclined to make allowances for him on the score of different times and conditions. Human nature and passion and weakness are much the same now as then, and flesh is at eternal war with spirit, and then as now wrong was wrong. But it should be remembered that, in one aspect at least, the carnality of Bayard's generation was more humane in its consequences than our own. His children at any rate were acknowledged and provided for. They were known publicly as daughters of a great man, idol of his contemporaries, with all the prestige that implied. The age dealt frankly with illegitimacy; it did not visit upon the children their parents' incontinence, or shame them with a hypocrisy of whispers and condescension. Their mothers were not left with an unshared liability. To be sure, the bar sinister remained, but it was worn openly and, as often as not, honorably. Matthew of Bourbon, who shielded the king with his body at Fornuovo, was illegitimate. Many of the gentlemen who rode lance to lance with Bayard and were distinguished on countless battle-fields, were illegitimate and so designated. But let virtuous disapproval compare this with

our present attitude and resolve which is the more immoral.

A final instance will suffice to the understanding of this phase of Bayard's character. It shows him, with regard to such matters, both at his worst and at his best. That it is recorded by the Loyal Servant denotes how little the conventions of propriety account for his suppression of those episodes already mentioned.

Long afterward, when Pierre Terrail had become one of the king's chief captains, he returned for an interval of peace to Grenoble, lodged in the palace of his uncle, the bishop, and was generally entertained as befitted so illustrious a soldier. On the point of leaving his apartment one night for a banquet, he ordered his servant to find him a girl and bring her there against his return, said he would feel the better for woman's company, and so went out. The implication is certainly that such a proceeding would not have been considered unusual.

The servant,¹⁷ being sharp and efficient, remembered a gentlewoman with a fine daughter, though wretchedly poor, and to so likely a bargain he straightway addressed himself. Threadbare and starving, the mother consented, lessoned the girl soundly, and handed her over to the capable grasp of the archer, who returned in triumph and shut his prize up in his master's dressing-room. The banquet over, dined, wined, and on fire, the great gentleman came in toward midnight and found his henchman awaiting him. They stood whispering a moment in the outer room; then, duly expectant, Bayard opened the door. "And indeed she was fair as an angel," writes de Mailles,

"but had wept until her eyes were swollen." ¹⁸ Shrunk back into a corner, numb with fear, she had waited half the night. To understand her complete helplessness, it is necessary to recall what distance separated her from the man who had entered. She was literally nothing, a trifle valuable only for his pleasure. From her abasement, she dared hardly raise her eyes to such a lord, magnificent, famous, masterful. Even to shrink from him seemed already a presumption.

He looked at her in surprise and asked curiously what the matter was. Something in his voice encouraged her. She crept forward and sank down on her knees before him.

Of course only a brute would have acted otherwise; but the age was brutal, and she might easily have fallen into less scrupulous hands. He raised her up and drew a cloak around her; then called his valet, bade him fetch a torch, and accompanied the girl to the house of one of his kinswomen near-by, where she spent the night. It was so far merely the act of a man, who even in dissipation draws a line between experience and innocence. But the sequel shows something more; indeed it reveals the essential quality of Bayard's nature—his warmth of heart. The scene of the girl at his feet seems to have filled him with horror, as an example of the blind cruelty of life. Nor did he content himself with magnanimous feeling. Haunted by pity, he summoned the mother next day, rated her fiercely for consenting to sell her daughter, and then emptied his purse. He provided two hundred crowns for the girl's marriage portion, a hundred for her bridal chest, a hundred for the mother. The extent

of this charity will be realized if we recall that four hundred crowns meant a value equal to four thousand dollars in our currency, and that Bayard was at the time comparatively poor.

We are told that years later, when he lay dead in state before the high altar of Notre Dame in Grenoble, and the churches of Dauphiné throbbed with the *miserere* for the soul of the great knight, many voices, like these, of the helpless and stricken whom he had succored, merged in the universal prayer. They may have atoned, one believes, for his follies and much of his blood-stained honor. But at least through them, the man appears more distinguished and worthier his fame than in the wider known achievements of the battle-field.

Looking back, then, over such passages in Bayard's life, the mind returns, more fully instructed, to consider his title of reproachless knighthood. It is evident that chastity was not implied in the term. Does he furnish, therefore, another instance of a hero with clay feet stricken from his pedestal?

It is idle, of course, to seek in historic characters, however admirable, for a perfection found only in ethical idealism. The law of compensation works in a dovetail fashion, everywhere interlocking vice with virtue: chastity and narrowness, courage and intemperance, learning and jealousy, honesty and meanness, with infinite permutations. No single man, save One, has ever exhibited a righteousness which includes all categories. To demand this of great men is to imply their repudiation for the sake of a frigid mo-

rality. But if reverence for them is to be retained, pettiness must be given up, and the tendency to strain at gnats. Reproachlessness is relative not absolute.

In the case of Bayard, and indeed for any ethical evaluation, it is necessary to insist on the distinction between sins of the flesh and of the spirit. Obviously, modern puritanical inclination is to exalt the former and minimize the latter. It is worse nowadays to be incontinent than to be covetous; it is worse to be drunken than to be small. But this opinion has not always obtained. Conceit, envy, avarice, cruelty, and cowardice were considered more degrading than wine and women. And therein morality displayed a more subtle understanding of the human mind than it does at present. In the want of unattainable perfection, it is essential to decide which is more venial, the random grossness of passion or a depravity of the soul.

But there is no use defending a claim that was never made. When Bayard's contemporaries spoke of a man as *without reproach*—and it was a phrase applied not only to him—the implication was not of abstinence from sensual excess. That is a modern addition. They were not asserting that the man was never drunk and always chaste, or ascribing to him an aureole of sanctity. They meant simply a person, generous, brave, sincere, and loyal, a spirit that would not stoop to considerations of fear or profit if honor were involved, that kept itself, in short, immaculate, not of occasional mud flecks, but of rust in the steel.

1—Philip became bishop of Glandeven; Jacques, abbot of Josaphat.

2—Jacques du Pont served as ensign in Bayard's company; but he should not be confused, as has often been the case, with the still

more famous Captain Pierrepont, "Pierre Pon Daly," Bayard's lieutenant. Cf. Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 260.

3—Claudia married a neighbor, Antoine de Theys. We have already noted that Marie had become the wife of Jean du Pont of Savoy and that Jeanne and Catherine had taken the veil. Philip seems at this time to have been *curé* of the home parish. Cf. d'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 255 n.

4—Quoted by A. Rochas in reference to the baron, Albert Sassenage. *Biographie du Dauphiné*, Vol. II, p. 392.

5—It will be recalled that Louis of Orleans, brother of Charles VI, married Valentina Visconti, daughter of Galeazzo Visconti, in 1408. The Visconti, having become extinct, the House of Orleans, by virtue of Valentina's marriage contract, laid claims to the duchy, and considered the Sforzas as usurpers.

6—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 390.

7—*De Singulari Certamine Lib.* cap. 38. Andræ Alciati opera, in fol. t III Basileæ, 1571. Quoted by Terrebasse, *op. cit.*, p. 79.

8—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 226 n ff.

9—*Ibid.* p. 189-194.

10—*Loyal Servant*, p. 84. De Mailles is the only source for this episode.

11—Note his attitude toward Pisa and at Alexandria. De Comines, *Mémoires*, Bk. VIII, Ch. 2; d'Auton, Vol. I, p. 71.

12—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 9 n.

13—There is no indication that Bayard was at Como before this date, nor could he have been there again until long afterward—too long to account for the age of his daughter, married in 1525.

14—Cf. Expilly, *op. cit.*, p. 432; A. de Rochas, *Questions Relatives à Bayard*, Grenoble 1905; J. Veyron-Lacroix, *Notice sur le Mariage du Chevalier Bayart*, Bull. acad. Delphin., 1866-1867; H. Morin Pons, *La Fille de Bayart*, Lyons, 1876.

15—*Loyal Servant*, p. 339.

16—Published in Roman's edition of the *Loyal Servant*, p. 436. I can see no other interpretation for the following sentence: Et comme que l'on vous ayt dit d'ung fils, il n'y a que troys filles qui sont de deux mères donct l'aynée est seule de la première.

17—He was one of Bayard's archers, named Cordon, and appears on the roster of his company in 1521.

18—*Loyal Servant*, p. 339.

CHAPTER VII

HONNEUR ACQUERRE

It is worth noting that, like a man's character, so his reputation grows imperceptibly. Through unapparent stages, by continuous effort, unknown, then observed, then proven, and at last established, he emerges to success. The subordinate has become insensibly a leader. This, at least, is the normal, the more desirable process in the case of illustrious men. It forms a cumulative impression, which serves, as it were, to support and sanction the transcendent deed and opportune moment that bring fame. There is a tendency to forget, in the light of signal achievement, this period of more limited scope; but it is none the less interesting and pleasant in the study of any life to observe its gradual development toward eminence.

The events that first procured for Bayard an international recognition occurred all in one year. They were the combat of Eleven and Eleven, his duel with Don Alonzo de Soto-Mayor, his defense of the bridge at the Garigliano, and his share in the retreat to Gaeta. Thenceforward he was famous, not only among the French, but in Italy and Spain. Yet even prior to these more spectacular episodes, he appears to have been already distinguished within his own army. It will be recalled that he belonged not only to the company of Louis of Luxembourg, but ranked

also as gentleman in the latter's well-nigh regal household. Hence, from the outset, his position exceeded that of simple man-at-arms; he could rely on the effective influence of the great nobleman. To this should be added the fact, already emphasized, of his personal qualities, that secured him general popularity and established him above all in the favor of his immediate captain, Louis d'Ars, one of the most prominent French commanders. At all events, during the next campaign, which began in May, 1501, he is no longer an unknown. D'Auton, the official historian of the king, who may be considered impartial as far as Bayard is concerned, speaks of him even before his duel with Soto-Mayor as "one of the most renowned Frenchmen in all their army," and refers, moreover, to his great reputation as a horseman.¹ He appears also as commander of the garrison at Minervino, one of de Ligny's Neapolitan possessions, and is mentioned along with other officers, such as de Chabannes, d'Ars, de Chandée, de Colligny, etc.² Promotion has clearly begun.

The second invasion of Naples grew directly out of the first. With Lombardy added to the crown, the imperialistic wave, which had controlled Charles VIII, remained effective in the policies of Louis XII. National honor, as usual, demanded the reacquisition of what had been lost after the former conquest, and once again an army was levied for the sacrifice. But the wars that followed during the next three years, from 1501 until 1504, differed greatly in character from the pomp and parade of the first expedition. New personalities affected them, and new international

factors played a part. On the one hand, the king himself showed prudence, tenacity, and management lacking in his predecessor. He wanted no chivalric glory, but a fertile province; he remained at home, directed the shipment of supplies, and demanded of his officers in the field solid results. On the other hand, an enemy much more formidable than the divided and undisciplined Italian contingents now arose to dispute the French ambitions. It was an enemy animated like them by a newly acquired national pride, strong like them in a trained soldiery and centralized government. In short, Spain, driven by a similar imperialism, derived from similar causes, now first began its struggle for European domination, and Naples supplied the initial battle-field. But above all, the French generals were opposed by a modern strategist, a man, cold, scientific, uninfluenced by sentimental considerations of any sort, a chess player in the field of war. Their incompetence, in spite of courage and *panache*, served merely as foil to the genius of Gonsalvo de Cordoba, surnamed the Great Captain.

And yet, at first the events of 1501 ran singularly parallel to those of 1495. Toward the latter part of May, the companies, concentrated at Parma, began their march south. They were commanded by Berauld Stuart d'Aubigny of a family originally Scotch in origin, but for a generation established in France. They marched quickly, omitting the triumphal ceremonies of the last invasion, and by June 28 were advancing toward the Neapolitan frontier.³ Reinforced by Cesare Borgia, Duke of Valentinois, with his *condotta*, they pillaged several castles, besieged Capua,

and sacked it on July 25 with a barbarity that will ever remain a blot in French military annals. It was here that the Borgia acquired, perhaps undeservedly, a part of his sinister fame. Neither men nor women were spared in satisfying the vengeance or lust of the victors; the streets ran blood, the town was gutted, and in the phrase of a contemporary, "so much wealth there was to take, that each one had a rich share." ⁴ As at the example of San Giovanni some years before, the rest of Naples, cowed by this massacre, surrendered; King Frederic capitulated and exchanged his throne for a French dukedom. By August 1, the end of the campaign had been achieved.

Thus, once more, Bayard had made the hot, tedious march the length of Italy. He had made it as a veteran used to the baking armor on his back, the choke of dust, the pillage of castles. Up to this point, without the zest, it had seemed a repetition of the past. There followed some desultory fighting in Apulia, where Louis d'Ars, Bayard, Bellabre, de Montieux, de Chaux, de Tardieu, and other henchmen of de Ligny, who had remained disconsolately with the king in France, reestablished their master's claim, as Prince of Altamura, on various towns.⁵ Then, affairs being satisfactorily adjusted, garrisons were established, and Bayard, as we have noted, was put in charge of the village and castle of Minervino. He could not have foreseen that such secondary matters were to be the prelude to one of the most stirring periods of his life, for it was precisely Apulia that became the bone of contention between France and Spain.

In order to insure Spanish benevolence, Louis XII had consented to share the prize. He reserved for himself Naples and the Abruzzi, while Apulia and Calabria were to be annexed independently by Spain. Under Gonsalvo de Cordoba, this occupation had already begun; but points of dissension between the two invaders immediately arose. Questions of boundary, pasturage, and toll-rights, together with de Ligny's immense holdings in Apulia, set them at once by the ears. Squabbles turned into raids and forays, blood flowed on both sides, efforts at peace proved futile, and by the end of a year, or more exactly in July, 1502, war was formally declared.

It is unnecessary to describe the ensuing struggle except in so far as Bayard was concerned. And even here, vivid glimpses, characteristic both of the man and the period, are preferable to a studious effort at tracing in detail his connection with the development of the campaign. They may be taken as examples of what endeared the fighting man to his fellows, of what made for his distinction, and especially as illustrating the place occupied in sixteenth century battle by the young officer, not yet advanced to superior command, but no longer a subaltern.

Generally speaking, war still retained everywhere a certain Homeric quality, but the specific conditions in Apulia gave an opportunity, unusual even then, for individual skill and courage. It was a warfare hampered largely by the dearth of supplies, which made it impossible to maintain any considerable force in the field, and constrained both sides to disperse themselves in isolated positions. Raids and counter-raids,



From a 16th century print

GONSALVO DE CORDOBA

skirmishes and surprise attacks, formed, at least initially, the main type of operation. Only now and then the scattered outposts united for a general effort against some strongly fortified place, and thereafter again separated. The French, moreover, were but loosely united under the incapable and obstinate Louis d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, who had replaced d'Aubigny in the supreme command, and a good deal was left to individual enterprise. On the other hand, de Cordoba, with at first greatly inferior numbers, sought merely to hold his own, wear out the enemy by a campaign of attrition, delude him with hollow truces, and in general await both reinforcements and the opportune moment for an offensive.

On July 16, 1502, immediately after the declaration of war, the French, concentrated at Troia, marched on Canosa. It was a fortress town on the hill slopes about fifteen miles from Barletta and the Adriatic; but it depended more for defense on its garrison of twelve hundred Spaniards than on the strength of its walls. Siege operations at that time followed a well-nigh invariable pattern. The skirmishers thrown out from the town were repulsed, and the besiegers took cover, as best they might, from crossbow and artillery fire, in whatever remained of churches and dismantled houses near the walls. A place was then selected for assault; the besiegers' artillery was brought up and entrenched under cover of night; and next morning at daybreak the long pounding of the guns began. In this case it lasted continuously four days. Hundreds of shot were aimed against a restricted section of wall, which at last gave way in

spite of such efforts as were made by the defenders to repair the damage at night. And meanwhile, of course, the besieging camp underwent heavy bombardment, which did whatever harm the solid missiles of the period could effect. At Canosa, after four days, a ragged opening of perhaps a hundred paces showed in the wall, and the breach was deemed practicable.

Thus far, the burden of the siege had devolved entirely on the gunners; it now shifted to the men-at-arms. Through the companies, a selection was made, the fifth part being chosen and marshaled under their captains for the attack. They had made their confession that morning and been absolved; they had left their purses with the priest; not far in front, stamped on their consciousness, yawned the gap, like a dragon's mouth, to which they were dedicated, and wherein could be seen the bristling of arms. They were to serve as point of the wedge; behind them followed twelve hundred infantry of the commoner sort. It was still the privilege and duty of gentlemen to meet danger first.

Kegs of wine were everywhere rolled up and knocked open, "to stir the heads," as d'Auton phrases it, of those who were to march. "And so they began," he says, "to dip their noses and click their cups fast and hard, so much so that in short space the kegs were empty and their heads were full and the men-at-arms hot as lions seeking their prey and ready to begin the storm." ⁶ It is easy to picture them in the sultry dawn, still and lifeless, of Italian mid-summer, groups of men burly in their armor and as yet bareheaded while they drank. There were jokes passed and healths ex-

changed for the last time, and, on the part of some, the exaggerated high spirits which conceal nerves. The veterans, more indifferent, drank moderately and, like experienced actors behind the scenes, looked to their accoutrements. The act had not yet begun. But others, and among them Bayard, felt only exhilaration, impatience, keenness similar to that of huntsmen gathering to the chase. All the recorded battles of his life prove this. Not that he felt no fear, the involuntary shrinking of the flesh, but fear was submerged in a consuming eagerness. Naturally, the motive force inspiring him comprised various elements, such as duty, habit, *esprit de corps*; but if he with others surrounding Louis d'Ars had been questioned as to the supreme consideration before them, their answer, provided so foolish a query deserved one, would have been unanimous. It was the consideration of honor. *Honneur acquerre*, to acquire honor.

The phrase recurs monotonously in contemporary records. But it would be, we think, an inadequate opinion to consider this the equivalent of "the bubble, reputation." It is hard to deprive the term of its spiritual content. It denotes an ideal exigency that must be met, a tradition demanding obedience, a heritage to be rigidly conserved, nay, more, to be increased. *Honneur acquerre*. Even at its lowest, in terms of scaling ladders, pikes, and buffets, it still implied the contempt for sensual things as compared with intangible values; it still meant the desire for incorruptible treasure, the growing rich in abstract goods. We may deplore the grosser manifestations of this principle in life, but not the motive itself, remem-

bering that all men "see through a glass darkly," but that the chief concern is an attempt to see.

A trumpet called somewhere and was echoed by others. The ranks formed. Helmets were adjusted and buckled fast. Here and there captains harangued their men. Let them recall their honor and France, the deeds of the past, or again, the certainty of success—a strong effort and the end of war; and let these Spaniards know their masters. Heat, wine, rhetoric, mass psychology lashed to the proper pitch: and now of a sudden furiously, the drums and trumpets roared to the charge. The column moved, gaining impetus, down into the fosse, half-filled by shattered masonry, and up again, scrambling over broken stones toward the breach. Cannon opened behind and in front; the air sang with short crossbow shafts that glanced harmless from steel plate or again struck home. And from the walls and throughout Canosa, meeting roar with roar, trumpets and drums took up the contest.

Indistinguishable save in points of bearing and armor, Bayard and d'Ars, Bellabre, Villars, Le Groing, Du Chesne, and others of the élite were in front contending each to be first at the gap, now bristling with the pikes of the defenders. They carried their long, incredibly heavy two-handed swords and, being now level with the opening, literally hurled themselves through. At their heels, steadily mounting, followed two thousand men. But to understand a combat of this sort, it is necessary to bear in mind the value of the individual. A man was useful, not only for courage and skill, but for weight and muscle. By sheer weight, he crashed his way ahead,

as if in a steel thicket. Bayard, tall and broad-shouldered, had a terrific driving force, and having gained a foothold by dint of lunge and battering, he brought his sword into play, hacking a path and being also lifted forward by the surging column behind.

The French power of attack was justly famous, but the Spaniards were equally noted for their stubbornness of defense. And yet, so crushing proved the weight, that, massed as they were twelve hundred strong behind the breach, they began to bend, give ground, give way. Defeat hung on a straw, or rather, as it happened, on the will of a single man. He was Pedro de Peralta, constable of Navarre, the Spanish captain. Seeing the turn of affairs, he threw himself forward, like a battering-ram, driving his men to the breach with oaths and blows. "Back, you swine, back, you craven blackguards, and stand firm! *Que pezar de dioux!* On, comrades, for the honor of Spain!" Stiffened by his voice and example, the armed mass surged forward again, heaved itself like a wave, and swept the French back and beyond the opening. There, interlocked and staggering on the uneven footing of wrecked wall, the drive and recoil of attack and defense continued under the pitiless summer heat. Long pikes with knobs of flaming sulphur were thrust out by the Spaniards, and vessels of quicklime and boiling oil were dashed into the faces of the assailants. Scalded, burned, crazed, they still strained upward, as if attempting to lift back on their shoulders the weight of men, weapons, and fire. For three hours this went on in writhing confusion at the breach, but not an inch was gained. Then, mournful, insistent, the

French trumpets sounded retreat. A soldiery deemed invincible had met its match. Back they flowed, spent, breathless, numb, dragging themselves into shelter, and still incredulous that such an effort had met so definite a repulse.

But there was no thought of adjourning the siege. Once more the guns took up their hammering at another point of wall; once more an opening yawned; and on the second day afterward, the attack, launched with an even greater fury, began.

The Swiss mercenaries, who were the crack foot-soldiers of the army, planted their standard at the breach, but could do no more, and once again the chief labor fell to the dismounted men-at-arms. At their head, as at the first assault, appeared the same leaders: d'Ars and Bayard, Bellabre, Le Groing, La Palice, Du Chesne, and others. For what reason? They had borne the heat of the former attack; were still worn and stiff and sore; there were others to replace them. And yet, as long as a man could stand and had some dregs of energy in reserve, he would have considered it an unspeakable disgrace not to be there in the position he had wrought so hard to earn, namely, in the front rank facing the enemy. Why?—merely a point of honor, impractical and somewhat absurd. But it is just this kind of absurdity that exalts a man, makes him beloved, makes him indispensable. How often, during his thirty years of war, did young men in the rear, faint-hearted and uncertain, look out ahead to reassure themselves of that lion pennon in front, always in front, and take courage from the fact that Bayard headed the van! Their fathers had seen

it there. It had ceased to be personal and become a superstition. They knew that a man older than they, racked with fever, covered with scars, but his face alight with young eagerness, would meet the shock of spears before them, as he always had. *Honneur acquerre!* And toward the end of his life "France" and "Bayard" were coupled in the battle-shout. Such may become the profit to a nation of men who reject prudence, to do a hundredfold more than is required of them.

But the hero of this assault was Don Pedro, the Spaniard. And it is significant of the admiration for courage, which transcended national prejudice, that his French contemporaries could find no terms fervent enough to express regard for him. In the battering of the pass, for six hours he held his own. For six hours the best of French chivalry hurtled and hacked and lunged in drive after drive against the immovable Spanish ranks. D'Ars and Bayard dripped with the blood of several wounds, but continued the attack. Du Chesne was wounded, Le Groing was down, Bellabre burned horribly with sulphur on the face. From noon to vespers, the battle went on in vain. And at last, once more the trumpets sounded retreat.

An assault was planned for the following day, a general offensive by the entire army from all sides and every angle with scaling ladders. The Spaniards wisely capitulated. The French, half in esteem for their courage, half to avoid a greater loss of men, agreed. Heads up and undefeated, the brave garrison marched out, and took their way proudly to Andria. They had lost Canosa, but their defense of it had scored a

moral victory. Indeed, this half-forgotten episode is one of the most significant in sixteenth century annals. It marked a turning point: the end of French invincibility, the beginning of Spain's Italian conquests. It foreshadowed Cerignola and the Garigliano, the loss of Naples, the still distant battle of Pavia.

But we are concerned in such events principally as they explain Bayard's position and illustrate his character. With regard to the pursuit and maintenance of honor, which, if properly defined, may be considered the directing principle of his life, nothing had befallen at Canosa of which he needed to feel ashamed. Both he and those near him at the pass had done their best, and they and all cavaliers in the army felt a sort of grim affection for Peralta's men who had done better. On the other hand, as for honor, if courage, blood, and effort are its price, they had purchased more of it, and could hold themselves contented.

An event, however, which occurred shortly after the fall of Canosa,⁸ shows Bayard in success rather than failure, and it exhibits another aspect of the question of honor: namely, its implication of loyalty.

D'Ars, with the independence that prevailed in the loosely organized army, had set out on his own initiative and weakly accompanied to attack Bisceglie, a town claimed by de Ligny on the Adriatic coast about twenty miles from Canosa. Its inhabitants supported him, and awaited only his coming to rise against the Spanish garrison of occupation. Arriving with his usual dash, and helped by the Bisceglians, he captured the town gates and drove back the Spaniards, who,

taking refuge in the castle, opened fire with their cannon. Reinforcements were landed from several Spanish galleys in the harbor; the French, outnumbered, were repulsed to the gates; and what had promised easy victory now became a trap. But such an adventure was, so to speak, d'Ars's specialty. He disputed every inch of the retreat, and, as the phrase went, no one cared to venture within the shadow of his blade.

Meanwhile, the sound of bombardment had reached the ears of one of his gentlemen, Luc Le Groing, wounded at the attack on Canosa. Judging how matters stood, he hastened to seek aid, and, at first unsuccessful, turned in despair to a little French garrison at Ruvo four miles distant. Here he happened to find Bayard. The garrison demurred, not without reason, at leaving their own town defenseless; but hardly had Terrail heard that his old commander was in danger, than he mounted, and, without waiting to know the decision of the others, set spurs to his horse and dashed off, followed by only three of his archers.

It was an act that saved d'Ars from defeat and possibly from death. His men were lightly armed scouting cavalry at a disadvantage in so furious a mêlée, and they were already wavering. Bayard flung himself into the battle. Forced back to the town gates, the small band of several hundred were still able to hold this point for two hours of desperate fighting. Then reinforcements from Ruvo and Canosa arrived. The enemy was routed, the castle taken, and Bisceglie passed into French hands. The event is a typical

example of warfare during the Neapolitan campaign.

There is, of course, nothing extraordinary in the fact that Bayard rode to his friend's aid; but his manner of doing so was characteristic. It is precisely this warm-hearted impetuosity in friendship or courage that gives to his fame its peculiar simplicity and charm. There is a directness in certain lives, which renders them buoyant and refreshing. They encounter each moment, as it were, with their entire force, undeterred by hesitations and scruples. Of all qualities it is the most lovable. While others debated, counting the cost, Bayard was gone, reins free, spurs in, eyes ahead. As far as the memory of such men survives, it conveys always an impression of youth, freshness, joy.

But it was not only friendship or the desire to take part in a fight, which set him riding to Bisceglie. He rode neck to neck with dread. For what if he should not get there in time? As far as ordinary appearances went, he could have stayed to harangue the garrison, urge them to haste, and then have set out with them. But if, while he lingered, no matter how prudently, d'Ars had been overborne and slain; if he, being so near, had failed to stand with him at the last, what a forfeiture then, not of external, but of intimate honor! That was the fear that hounded him on the road, the future abatement of self-respect; for, to military sentiment at the time, it seemed better to fall at the side of one's captain even against absurd odds, than for one reason or another, however valid, to have failed to support him. As shall be noted later, it was this that so rankled in the minds of his officers after the death of Gaston de Foix at Ravenna. Bayard,

therefore, in the case of d'Ars, could not afford to delay: he had more to lose than the others.

Thus, the concept of honor meant loyalty, even quixotic loyalty. Another episode, unconnected this time with the battle-field, shows an additional phase of the same principle.

During the winter of 1502-1503, Bayard, as we have already seen, commanded the garrison at Minervino, a hill town twelve miles from Canosa. Informed that a Spanish paymaster, rich in funds, was on the way to Barletta and would pass that neighborhood, he set two detachments in ambush, the one led by his old companion, Tardieu, and the other by himself. As luck would have it, the Spaniard, crossing a mountain gorge with his escort, met Bayard's party and was promptly captured. His bags, emptied at Minervino, were found to contain 15,000 ducats. (VIII) Tardieu, disgruntled, at once put in his claim: "I had a hand in the enterprise." "But not in the prize," said Bayard.⁹ The dispute grew warm. He maintained that, as chief of garrison, he could keep or give what he chose. Tardieu appealed to Nemours at Canosa, who held a council of officers, and Bayard was sustained. Cursing his ill fortune, the hot-tempered but good-natured Tardieu gave way. "By God," he remarked, as they rode back from Canosa, "it's all one; you'll have to feed me at all events, as long as I'm with you in this country."

Once more in their garrison, Bayard stacked up the coin on a table before the tantalized Tardieu. "What do you think of it?" he said, "there's a rich morsel."—"It is that, by all the devils," sighed the other, "but

it's nothing to me—and, 'sblood, I'd just as lief be hanged, for with no more than half of that, I'd be well off and prosperous all my life."—"How!" said Bayard, "your welfare depends only on this? Why truly then, comrade, what you could not get by force, I'll give you with all my heart, and the full half of it you'll have."—Tardieu, scenting a joke, hung back; but when the 7,500 ducats had been counted out to him, "he fell on his two knees with tears in his eyes," and compared his friend to Alexander. "Be still," said Bayard, "if I had the power, I'd do much more for you." The rest of the treasure was divided among his soldiers, their commander himself retaining nothing. "What liberality!" exclaims Du Rivail, who retells the story in Latin, "it is the opinion of many that he erred in the excess of this virtue."¹⁰

The incident speaks for itself. It is one that is singularly illustrative of Bayard's manner and attitude. It serves also to give a wider significance to what was meant by the word, honor. Observe that Tardieu's attempt to exact the money called for stiff refusal; it was the chance for a generous act that could not be rejected. The moment involved something more valuable than ducats. Nor is it fanciful, we think, to find in the question, "Does your welfare depend only on this?" a deeper implication. *Honneur acquerre*, then, not only in the vanguard and in public view, but privately in secret issues of the character and heart.

At the same time, opportunities for more overt distinction were not lacking to Terrail during that winter of 1503, black as it was in general for the French

cause. Sometime in January we find him engaged with ten other chosen lances in a prearranged combat near Trani against eleven Spaniards similarly selected.¹¹ The fight took place in a carefully marked out field a hundred and sixty paces square, and rules, putting *hors de combat* any one overstepping these limits, were agreed upon. The walls of the near-by town were crowded with ten thousand onlookers.

It is unnecessary to describe the conflict in detail. Suffice it that the Spaniards sought first to transfix their opponents' horses, thus at the same time dismounting them and preserving their own lances from breakage. They reasoned correctly that the French would shatter their spears at the first onslaught, and would then be left with only their swords to defend themselves on foot against both horse and lance. In this way, nine of the French mounts were gradually disposed of, leaving only Bayard and François d'Urfé, whether by luck or superior management, in their saddles. The fight now developed curiously. The Spaniards, confident in the advantage of their spears, charged down on the French, who had been unhorsed and had broken their lances. They would pick them off at long range. But in the same moment, Bayard and d'Urfé, charging at an angle from opposite sides, broke the shock and disturbed the aim; the French on foot scattered, and the Spanish attack swept harmlessly by. This maneuver, repeated several times, led to nothing, or rather to a kind of equality between the sides; for now, as they dashed in, Bayard and d'Urfé each wrenched a spear from the grasp of a Spaniard and handed it over to their comrades on foot. Grad-

ually also the casualties of either party balanced. Nine combatants remained on each side; the Spaniards had seven horses and two spears, the French seven spears and two horses. And each held its own end of the field in an unbreakable stalemate.

The affair lasted from morning till night. Then d'Urfé and Bayard offered themselves in a duel of two against two for a final decision. But the Spaniards hung back; they had had enough. The combat was declared a draw, and having embraced each other in mid-field, the contestants marched out in pairs, one Spaniard and one Frenchman together. It was an event that naturally caused a stir in both armies, and the names of the participants were generally prominent.

Meanwhile the French interests languished. Berauld Stuart d'Aubigny was defeated and captured in Calabria, de la Palice was captured at Ruvo, and Gonsalvo de Cordoba, now reinforced, took the field. He enticed the French to attack him in a strong position at Cerignola,¹² routed them completely in spite of individual valor, and drove them across the entire peninsula toward the Garigliano. Their commander, the Duke of Nemours, fell in battle. Those who remained defended themselves as best they might, first at the river and then in Gaeta, where they stood a siege more or less rigorous during the summer of 1503.¹³ Not until autumn, when a new army arrived from France, were they able to resume the offensive.

But even then nothing was accomplished. The Spaniards, though outnumbered, still held firm along the Garigliano. The French, under incompetent lead-

ership, to which was added malversation of funds on the part of paymasters, suffered bitterly in the river swamps from fever, cold, dampness, and hunger. Men and horses died, courage ebbed, their ranks dwindled; the campaign turned rapidly to disaster. Beyond anchoring a bridge across the Garigliano, they remained inactive.

It is in connection with this bridge that we catch a glimpse of Bayard, apparently unaffected by the general depression and alert as ever. No more than a glimpse—a raid over the stream against the Spanish trenches—and significant merely as additional evidence of that spirit we have been considering, the maintenance of honor.

In ignorance that a raid had been planned, Bayard, rather than not to be found among the first, caught up a pike and otherwise unarmed, "in a doublet of gray velvet," crossed with the front rank. The attack over, and followed by a wave of Spaniards, he fell back, holding the bridge-head to permit a safe retreat. It became a very storm center and Terrail, easily distinguished, a target for blows; but his luck held. He thrust one of the Spanish leaders through with his pike and killed two of the enemy standard-bearers. In vain did Bellabre, tugging at his shoulder, bid him be gone from there by all the devils. He remained deaf to the last moment, and only then drew back step by step to the cover of the French artillery. And note d'Auton's comment: "This was indeed searching for peril, in order to find a title of honor." (*C'estoit bien cherché le dangereux peril pour ung tiltre d'honneur rancontrer*).¹⁴

But such interruptions were rare during that doleful autumn. At last in December, Gonsalvo, tired of expecting an attack, became aggressor, and crossed the Garigliano in a flank movement threatening the French rear. With nothing accomplished, their army depleted and disheartened, the feckless captains decided on retreat. There had never been a campaign more vapidly conducted. Like a flock of sick sheep, the troops stumbled back through the mire toward Gaeta. But perhaps nothing in those three years of alternating fortunes proved more glorious to Bayard personally than their dismal finale. Uninvolved in the causes of the debacle, it presented him with a joyous occasion for the kind of distinction he craved. Together with fourteen others, the most skilled lances of the army, he was chosen to serve as extreme rear-guard.

And the retreat began. The elated Spanish pressed hard. If they could break that little knot of men-at-arms with the feeble contingent of Swiss and cavalry behind them, the French would never reach Gaeta; it would mean their complete massacre. On the fifteen steel-clad riders depended the fate of thousands. They proved worthy. All day long in charge after charge, a plying of lance, ax, and sword, they checked the Spanish advance. Bayard's horse went down. He swung himself clear, and landed on foot surrounded by enemies, but refused surrender, continuing the fight. Sandricourt charged, cut him free, and gave him another mount. The battle went on. Behind them the hurrying columns struggled forward encumbered with baggage and artillery, and reached at length the

bridge of Mola di Gaeta, a choked torrent of men striving to pass and in utter rout. Here the mêlée rose to its fiercest, the tenuous rear-guard alone standing between this disorganized mass and the driving pressure of the enemy. Once more Bayard's horse was killed, and once more he swung to another saddle. Others of the fifteen were taken or slain. Bellabre, at his side, hurled a Spanish knight from the bridge into the river. Around the artillery bedded in mud and blocked by the swarm of fugitives, the royal Swiss guard fought to the last, but vainly. Threatened by a detachment of Spaniards, who had crossed below and strove to cut off retreat, the guns had to be abandoned and the bridge-head surrendered. Another wave of attack swept against what remained of the fifteen defenders, but they still held firm. Bayard's third horse, mortally wounded, managed to stagger with him to the doors of Gaeta before collapsing. But the army, at least, had been saved.

This retreat, however, could lead only to capitulation. Besieged for the second time in Gaeta, the French made what terms they could, exchanged prisoners, and took ship for Genoa. Thus ended the Neapolitan dream.¹⁵

While following the above course of events, our chief preoccupation has been to consider them in relation to the concept of honor, as it was understood by Bayard and his contemporaries. For the sake of emphasis, it has seemed convenient to reserve, as a final illustration, the account of his duel with Soto-Mayor. It will then be useful to review the conclusions that

present themselves in regard to what must be acknowledged the supreme motive force of his life, as it was of many similar lives at that period.

Sometime during the earlier months of 1502, Bayard had made the acquaintance of a very proud, hot-tempered, and pretentious gentleman of Spain, who seems to have exhibited both the traditional courage and haughtiness of his race. He was a grandee, a relative of Gonsalvo de Cordoba, an important captain. His name was Alonso de Soto-Mayor. The circumstances of their meeting were peculiar. It appears that a Gascon commander of infantry, Gaspar by name, had encountered the Spaniard on one of those forays which preceded the outbreak of hostilities, and in spite of the nominal peace had taken him prisoner. The object, of course, was ransom, but he treated Soto-Mayor with fewer amenities than his rank demanded. This took place near Bayard's garrison. The latter, inspired by fellow-feeling due between gentlemen against a commoner like Gaspar, persuaded the Gascon to give Soto-Mayor into his keeping until the final payment for his release. (IX) At Minervino, accordingly, he gave his prisoner and guest every possible liberty, shared his bed, board, and pleasures with him, observing, in brief, all the obligations of caste. For, indeed, at that time, as between a friendly plebeian and a well-born enemy, the latter would be apt to receive much greater consideration at the hands of a nobleman. Class solidarity reached beyond the political frontiers.

Bayard, however, was called away on military duty, and Soto-Mayor returned to the harsher surveillance

of the Gascon. He resented this, felt that Bayard should have prevented it, and being set free at last, expressed his opinion of French discourtesy. Outraged, besides, at his loss both in money and dignity, he looked for a chance to restore at any rate the latter. The Gascon captain, of course, was too far beneath him to be worthy of a challenge; there remained only Bayard as a target for grudge.

The desired opportunity was not long delayed. De Cordoba and Nemours, accompanied by various officers, met in June near Melfi to discuss ways and means of keeping the peace. Bayard and Soto-Mayor were present, and the Spaniard talked loudly of dishonorable treatment. His words were obligingly passed on to the other; whereupon, Bayard, arming himself, mounted and rode over to the Spanish group. Immediately witnesses were called, and Soto-Mayor spoke his formal defiance. "Señor Pedro de Bayard [etc.], I accuse you of meanness, cowardice, and cruelty, and say and declare that such you have shown toward me; and this will I maintain and prove by the force of my body against yours, if you deny it and accept the combat." Then with all due form, came the answer: "Well have I heard and understood your words, Don Alonso de Soto-Mayor, and perceive by your statement that you accuse me of things which concern the lessening of my honor—to which I reply that in all you have now said, you have falsely and evilly lied in your throat. And the contrary will I uphold and defend against you by the force of the sword even to death, saying that never did I aught to you for which you are justified in appealing to mortal combat in arms,

as well you know. Wherefore I accept the fight you offer." Then Soto-Mayor threw down his gauntlet, Bayard raised it, and the decision was irrevocable.¹⁰

Declaration of war, however, with the ensuing campaign, delayed the issue for many months. Meanwhile the accepted challenge remained, like a promissory note deposited, so to speak, in the public mind, and save for death or illness, there was no way of avoiding ultimate payment. At length in January, 1503, circumstances proved favorable and final terms for the duel were drawn up. It was to take place in a field sixty paces square between Ruvo and Trani. Appointment was made for February 1. (X)

It appears that Soto-Mayor, while showing no lack of courage, availed himself of none too creditable maneuvers. He wrote Bayard asking for a change of rôles; instead of challenger, he preferred to act as defender, the all too obvious reason being, that because of the other's skill as a horseman, more to be feared in the saddle than on foot, he wanted the choice of weapons and to fix the terms of combat. It gave Bayard an opening for objection and evasion if he had wished, but his answer was typical: in a just quarrel he cared not a straw whether he challenged or defended. Soto-Mayor promptly arranged that the fight should be on foot with sword and dagger, both to be fully armed except for the face; and he sent his opponent two blades and two poniards to make his choice. Bayard did so and kissed the cross of the hilts. He was actually weak with malaria and at considerable disadvantage; and, indeed, the Loyal Serv-



From a 15th century manuscript. Biblotèque de la ville de Paris.

DE LA BÊTE ET DE L'HOMME

ant hints, whether justly or not, that Don Alonso knew and made the most of it.

At all events, ill with fever, but unwilling to put off the duel on what might have been considered a pretext, the Chevalier made ready, and on the morning appointed set out with La Palice and a hundred men-at-arms who were to guard the field. He dressed in white as a token of humility. On entering the enclosure he kneeled down in that grim ceremony, common enough at the time, of embracing the ground; for it will be noted that such an affair had not yet lost its religious import. Then the judges ranged themselves, his second, Pierre de Bellabre stepped back, and he walked forward alone to meet the Spaniard.

Soto-Mayor was a bigger, heavier man, bulking large in front of his slighter opponent. "Señor de Bayard qué me quereis?" What do you seek of me? The customary formula with its answer, "Don Alonso de Soto-Mayor, I seek to defend against you my honor, which falsely you have attacked." And the blades crossed.

It would be difficult to overrate the interest centering in such a struggle. Aside from friendship, the warm affection felt for Bayard by his supporters, their concern for his physical condition—aside from this, the contest held, of course, a national significance. Both the participants were prominent in their respective armies, both were famous swordsmen; they represented France and Spain. Victory or defeat meant rejoicing or chagrin as far as the tidings carried, and they would carry everywhere. Moreover, the stake in this meeting was life. One of the men now so alert, so

alive within the circle, would be dragged lifeless thence, and not merely dead, but in a sense dishonored. For divine justice hovered above them, guided the blows, would decide the right or wrong of the matter. And thus, above all, the spectators witnessed here a human sacrifice to the principle they revered: courage, manhood, skill, of course, but also *noblesse*, the name and honor of gentlemen. With gauntlets clenched, straining eyes, prayers to the Virgin, St. Denis, or St. James, they watched, lips drawn tight, harsh faces harsher still.

The combat was long, its result doubtful till the end. The face, as chiefly vulnerable, formed the main target for attack. Soto-Mayor shielded his with an arm; and Bayard at last, by a suspended blow or, in other words, a feint, drew the Spaniard momentarily from his guard, then aimed full at the exposed part. He missed the face, but struck the gorgeret with such force that the blade, piercing the chain-mail, entered four fingers length downward through the throat. Dying as he was, Soto-Mayor grappled, they fell rolling together on the earth; but in the few seconds of consciousness left, Don Alonso had no time to strike home. Bayard gained the upper hand, raised his dagger. "Yield," he called. There was no answer. And Don Diego de Quiñones, Soto-Mayor's second, spoke: "Señor Bayardo, ja es muerto; vencido habeis." (He is dead; you have conquered.)¹⁷

Then Bayard knelt, giving thanks for victory, and kissed the ground three times. Still silent, the steel-clad line surrounding the field waited motionless. He rose to complete the ceremony, and in spite of weak-

ness, dragged the heavy weight of the fallen man forth from the enclosure. "Don Diego, have I done enough?" "Too much, Lord Bayard, for the honor of Spain." He had a right to dispose of the body and armor as he pleased, but of course surrendered them. "And of a truth," he said, "save for my honor, I wish that this could have ended otherwise." Then the French trumpets were raised to sound the victory; but he silenced them, and in silence the two parties rode back from the empty field.

This represented Pierre of Bayard's first attainment to international fame. Most of the contemporary and subsequent chronicles described it. Its report spread to the remotest villages, so that, as the Loyal Servant concludes, "not only among the French, but also among the Spanish, he was considered one of the most accomplished gentlemen." (XI)

But what should be the modern verdict? Or, extending the inquiry, what judgment should now be brought with regard to this question of honor which held so large a place four centuries ago? Wits have derided, moralists denounced, and common sense has bewailed its manifest folly. In the preceding pages, it appears in its divers aspects fairly enough set forth. But was it, after all, so laughable, sinful, and vain? Is there not perhaps a trace of clownish envy and self-justification on the part of its detractors?

Answer depends on the value given to material comfort and security. If prudence is finer than courage, and the main chance than loyalty, if a sense of inherited tradition entails no sacrifice or arduous discipline, and if life is more valuable than spirit, the matter is

closed. It will be contended that to kill a man in private quarrel is the act of a savage, that to kill a man for the sake of a mere lie or slander is not essentially courageous. Perhaps not. The duel certainly gave scope to the bully and ruffler, and because of its abuse has rightly been discarded.¹⁸ But what of its underlying import, that life was of less account than a name, a word, an ideal, even if we consider the ideal itself mistaken? It is this that extenuated the duel as it ennobled also the entire medieval conception of honor—a principle, not maybe the highest, but at least observed. It gave dignity and splendor to human striving, a standard and pilot star. It became the international morality of a caste, but implied also the terms upon which that caste based its supremacy. It included all ethical relationships, which were not specifically religious. Chiefly, however,—and herein was rendered an immense service,—it transmitted, as a racial tradition, the idea of what constitutes nobility, the spiritual emphasis of the word, gentleman. Therefore it remained for centuries a great conservative force, vigilant against the processes of ethical confusion. Bayard, a traditionalist in all things, is accordingly here also representative.

The word, honor, has now fallen into disuse, or, somewhat faded, has become a synonym for honesty. The mechanical, democratic present is more comfortably off without such antique luggage. But the place it occupied in speech and conduct remains vacant. Deride who will the vagaries of the ancient code, it had still a power to govern and inspire; it was at least not

chaos. And therefore even now the word, as also the aspiration itself, is not only memorial but a challenge.

1—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 123 and 122.

2—*Loyal Servant*, p. 91; d'Auton, *op. cit.* Vol. II, p. 271.

3—Only five days were needed to cover the distance from Pisa to Rome, about 230 miles, or 46 miles per day—a tremendous effort.

4—D'Auton, Vol. II, p. 63.

5—*Ibid.* Vol. II, p. 254-255.

6—*Ibid.* Vol. II, p. 285

7—His arms were: azure a chief silver with a demi-lion gules, a bendlet gold over all.

8—D'Auton, Vol. III, p. 1, speaks of the following day, but the context shows that a few days, at least, must have elapsed.

9—*Loyal Servant* p. 116. The pun is characteristic and is literally translated. Bayard was known for his jocular and somewhat bantering manner.

10—Du Rivail, *op. cit.*, p. 543-544. Cf. also Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 232.

11—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 112 ff. D'Auton's account has been followed rather than that of the *Loyal Servant*, which is less explicit and accurate. The latter makes the number thirteen on each side, thus confusing it with a similar combat, which occurred afterward, but in which Bayard had no share. It should be noted that Champier makes the same mistake—*Vie de Bayard*, p. 72. See also his *Trophaeum Gallorum*.

12—April 28, 1503. Cerignola was one of the most decisive of the French defeats. They never afterward regained their footing in Naples. D'Auton distinguishes Bayard for his conduct in the battle. Encountering a Spanish knight who rode against him, he shattered his lance to the vamplate, and hurled his assailant dead to the ground. These and similar feats on the part of others were in vain. Cf. d'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 173-174.

13—Another section under Louis d'Ars maintained itself in Apulia and the Abruzzi, but Bayard was at Gaeta.

14—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 268. Here again d'Auton's account has been adopted. The *Loyal Servant*, Du Rivail, and Champier (both in his *Vie de Bayard* and the *Trophaeum Gallorum*) tell a heroic tale of how Bayard held the bridge alone against two hundred

Spaniards. The official record is more likely; but it is interesting to note that the *Trophaeum Gallorum*, although printed only four years later, gives the more sensational version.

15—Both the *Loyal Servant* and Du Rivail affirm that Bayard refused to be included in the surrender, but rejoined d'Ars, who for three months longer continued the defense of his master de Ligny's possessions in Apulia. But this vague statement is unsupported either by Champier or d'Auton, who would hardly have failed to record so notable an act. In all likelihood, he returned north with the others.

16—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 272-273.

17—Cf. d'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 121-127, also Notes IX and X of the Appendix. In describing the latter part of the duel, however, I follow the *Loyal Servant*, Champier, Du Rivail, Giovio, Beaucaire, and other chroniclers rather than d'Auton, who states that the mortal blow was given by Bayard with his poniard after the first wound in Soto-Mayor's throat, the dagger being driven between nose and eye into the Spaniard's brain.

18—The public duel or ordeal by battle was already becoming rarer. Fifty years later occurred the last instance of it in the combat between La Chasteneraye and Jarnac. See also the interesting discussion of the reasons which moved Louis XII to forbid a duel between two Breton gentlemen in 1506. D'Auton, Vol. IV, p. 38.

CHAPTER VIII

LEADERSHIP

THE end of the Neapolitan campaign marks a definite stage in the life of Bayard. It represents, so to speak, the end of a season. Youth, with its prerogative of irresponsibility, its undiminished resources of health, friendship, and expectation, has faded into the more sober experience of maturity. He returned to find his chief friend and protector, Louis de Ligny, dead; and other companions died as a result of hardship along the Garigliano, among them, perhaps, his most intimate comrade, that Pierre de Bellabre, whose name from the first had been coupled with his in court, tournament, and battle. Henceforth, at least, no further mention of Bellabre appears. There occurred also about this time the death of Bayard's mother in Dauphiné.¹ He returned, moreover, with wounds that refused to heal, and with malarial fever that was to remain chronic with him.

Life and history are measured not by time, but by vicissitudes. As he looked back now—and in this dreary aftermath of war, there was occasion enough for looking back—how remote must have seemed the days when he first rode to his garrison in Picardy! The world that had formed him had changed; new opinions and manners had arisen; new faces replaced the

old. He was no longer a young man of festival and escapade. Of his thirty years, he had spent thirteen in arms. He found another generation striving for the spurs he had long since gained, a generation of different faith and altered tradition, that looked up to him as a veteran and relic of the past, of Charles VIII's adventures and Fornuovo. The Italian leaven had worked unceasingly. These brand-new courtiers, who addressed him respectfully as Captain Bayard, and were apt with the lute or a sonnet, these southern costumes and affectations, this flutter of learning, no longer confined to scribes, which kept at an inkhorn youths better employed in the tilt-yard—all different, strange, disturbing. And so he must have felt at this time the realization, that comes to all men, of a lengthening past and lessening future, the sharp awareness of an ended chapter.

It is, however, supremely characteristic of Bayard that he made no compromise with the processes of change. If others prided themselves on adaptiveness, he remained steadfast in his loyalty to the old. We can imagine him slightly antagonistic to the new attitude, silently scornful. Why introduce troublesome complications and feminine trappings into life, which, if correctly viewed, was simple enough? To serve God and the king and to acquire honor had been the creed upon which noblesse had thriven; it still sufficed. Why tinker with it and embellish?

It would be interesting to know under what circumstances Bayard, whose name has given such luster to fading chivalry, became a knight.² Probably upon no occasion of dramatic importance, for it remains unre-



Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

LOUIS XII MARCHING AGAINST GENOA

corded; but however that may be, it is certain that he took his title of *chevalier* with unusual seriousness. It appears, for instance, on his seal, a practice common enough some hundred years earlier, but at that time fallen into disuse.⁸ Messire Pierre de Bayart, Chevalier: the old-fashioned term is significant. He evidently insisted upon the word, which had become a courtesy title freely accorded and of no great value to men of noble birth. But such insistence denotes that for him it retained its ancient meaning; he proclaims himself openly the adherent of an old ideal. And herewith, moreover, will be recalled how easily the designation of "knight" became inseparable from his memory. To his contemporaries also, he represented a departing age.

Where and in what manner he spent the years between 1504 and 1507, we have no means of knowing. His appointment as equerry in the king's stables, which the Loyal Servant records, meant only that he became definitely a salaried officer, but this did not entail a close attendance at court. At the outbreak of the Genoese revolt in 1507, we find him at Lyons. The king had determined to repress the rebels in person, and Bayard, sick with his wounds and fever, refused to be left at home. The incident, as related by Champier, is worth transcribing.

One day [he writes] I had bidden to supper at my house both Captain Bayard and his cousin, Damoiselle Magdelene Terrail, wife of the late noble equerry, Claude de Varey, at that time pantler of the queen. Whereupon, during supper, it chanced that I said to him, "Captain, it surprises me that

you, who are so ill with fever and have a dangerous ulcer on your arm, intend to cross the Alps against Genoa with the king and take part in the perils of war."

"Certes," he answered, "that's true enough; but if need arises, one ought not to desert one's prince for any reason whatever, and I'd rather die near him than be cured here in shame."

Then said I: "But, my Lord Captain, wait at least until your arm is well, before marching and being jostled in the press, and follow the king with Monsieur the Legate d'Amboise as far as Genoa. Between here and there you could be cured both of your arm and the fever."

"Indeed," said he, "my friend, you say well, but there is one thing I dreadfully fear. You know that these clerics who follow Monsieur the Legate ride a drove of Spanish mules much given to kicking—and I have very bad shins, so that I dread the hooves of those mules and would rather be among the horses who are used to me and I to them."

"Well, my Lord Captain," said I, "we'll excuse you, for it's not the first time you have taken to jesting."

"Truly, I am not," said Bayard, "I speak in earnest just as I mean it."

And at the captain's answer, those who were present burst out laughing, because he expressed himself in a manner which is impossible to describe.⁴

At all events, to Genoa he went, and took part with distinction in the assault on the fortified mountains near Rivarolo. They were defended by the Genoese citizens en masse, whose numbers could not compensate for their inexperience in war; but so steep was the position that the assailants were forced to mount on hands and knees. La Palice led the attack, but was wounded in the throat by a crossbow shot.

The foremost lines, subjected to heavy fire, began to give way. "Turn, rascals," he choked, coughing blood, "turn—for if there is one of you I see yield a pace, I'll have him cut to pieces."⁵ Then Bayard threw himself in front and led the charge. The hilltop was reached and the hand-to-hand fighting began. "France!" he shouted, closing in, "France! Now shopkeepers wield your yardsticks and drop those pikes and spears, for you know not the trick of them."⁶ It was true enough. The Genoese broke, and were slaughtered along the mountains. Their fortifications were carried, and the key to Genoa had fallen.

This triumph of taking a city deemed impregnable did much to soften the memory of the Neapolitan disaster. Louis XII entered as conqueror; there were the usual fines and executions, and he continued his way magnificently to his duchy of Milan. The festivities during June there and at Pavia and, immediately afterward, the ceremonious reception given to King Ferdinand of Spain by the French monarch at Savona, must have reminded Bayard of his first experience in Italy under Charles VIII. Masquerades, dances, tournaments, banquets, gorgeous processions through tapestry-lined streets, under arches of triumph: the same pageantry, but with older or different actors. No doubt something of that early glamor had worn off, as he rode now among fellow captains from festival to festival. It was interesting, however, to meet on a friendly basis old enemies, such as the Spanish cavaliers who accompanied Ferdinand and Gonzalvo de Cordoba. King Louis made a point of greatly honoring the latter, and the Loyal Servant declares

that Ferdinand, not to be outdone, complimented d'Ars and Bayard.⁷

Thus far, although ranking as a captain, the latter had been without a definite command. But a year and a half later in January, 1509, he was given the charge of 500 infantry, to which there was added in the same year a permanent assignment of thirty lances, or 180 horse.⁸ From now on, therefore, he appears as a responsible leader, and it is with this phase of his career that we are henceforth concerned.

The League of Cambrai between France, Spain, the Empire, and Pope Julius II, for the overthrow of Venice had been concluded on December 10, 1508. The lands of the Republic had been parcelled out between the four allies, of whom Louis XII was to lead the attack. It was in preparation for this that Bayard and other officers were instructed to enroll their companies. In the military history of France, the event is not without importance. Up till then, except for the Swiss mercenaries, French generals had placed their chief reliance on cavalry and artillery. The native infantry, a despised arm, poorly equipped, meanly officered, grouped itself in a rabble under the nominal leadership of great lords who gave it scant attention. It filled the ditches of medieval war. Its ranks, composed of peasants or vagabonds, were utterly useless for defense, and served chiefly as cutthroats and followers of battle after the enemy lines had been routed by the lances. Men served in the infantry either by coercion or for opportunity of pillage, and were inveterate thieves. They were spoken of commonly as

adventurers, looters, clodhoppers, or lackeys (*aventuriers, pillards, rustres, laquais*).

Their dress was more filthy than clean [says Brantôme] and they wore long, wide-sleeved shirts that stayed on their backs two or three months without change and showed their hairy chests full uncovered. Their breeches were ragged, patched, and torn, and generally exposed the skin of a leg or buttock . . . They were for the most part people of sack and cord, rascals fugitive from justice, and stamped, as a rule, with the fleur-de-lys on the shoulder; or they were without ears, whose absence they hid under long, bristling locks and ferocious beards, both for that reason and to render themselves formidable to their enemies.⁹

The command of such rabble had been considered unworthy of gentlemen, and it was hence an innovation when Bayard and others of the élite were induced by the king to take charge of infantry companies. It formed a precedent, which ere long bore fruit in the development of such famous regiments as the Bands of Piedmont and Picardy. It was the beginning of the modern army.

The king had offered him a thousand men, but he considered more than five hundred unmanageable and accepted only that number. The captains of these new forces were held strictly responsible in the matter of their discipline, fitness for service, and abstention from pillage.¹⁰ Bayard's company soon justified itself. He could be stern enough on occasion and kept his pikemen well in hand; a crisp-tongued, experienced captain, no fledgling from court, but toughened in the wars, who, riding along the ranks with that dark gaze of his, had skill either to hearten or reprove. His

distinction would reflect itself on his men, who swaggered, doubtless, on the score of it among others of the camp. At any rate, they were schooled in honesty.

For he had so good a name along the march [writes Champier] that peasants sought him out from leagues around to have him quarter his men in their villages and quarreled as to who should get him, because he held strict discipline, punished delinquents, and spared the people. And not a soldier of them would have dared take a hen against the will of its owner. Wherefore, it is not surprising that he was liked by every one.¹¹

The company was made up of chosen men, and served well at Agnadello on May 14, 1509, when with others it came to the rescue of the vanguard and *battle*, already crumbling before the Venetian attack.¹² It was this flank movement of both infantry and horse that gave the victory to France. Fording ditches up to their belts and pressing forward eagerly, the *poilus* of the day gave good account of themselves. "Come, friends," shouted Bayard, "hammer the bourgeois Venetians." It is worth noting that this maneuver was commanded by the afterward famous Constable of Bourbon, at that time a youth of nineteen.¹³ The enemy general, Alviano, was captured; between six and eight thousand Venetians were slain; and with little resistance the king extended his conquest up to the very lagoons. The towns of Verona, Vicenza, and Padua were handed over to Maximilian; the pope received Ravenna and other Venetian places in Romagna; the Spaniards were given Brindisi and the Province of Otranto; while the remaining possessions of the republic, including Brescia, Cremona, and Ber-

gamo, fell to France. Of the Venetian empire in Italy, nothing remained except Treviso.

Under these circumstances, it would have appeared that the war was over and Venice definitely crushed. But the Lion of St. Mark showed his usual resourcefulness. By a surprise attack on Santa Marina's day, July 17, the German garrison in Padua were slain or captured, and the city with its entire *contado* reverted joyously to Venetian rule. At about the same time, the fortress of Legnano was also retaken, and skirmishes began around Verona and Vicenza. The backward pendulum-swing so constant in the Italian wars had begun.

Although defense of Paduan territory concerned chiefly the empire, still, as an ally, Louis XII could not refuse the appeal of Maximilian for reinforcements, and dispatched seven hundred *gens d'armes* from Milan under the command of La Palice. With these rode Bayard at the head of his new company of thirty lances.

Meanwhile, down through the passes from Austria came an army, strong in numbers but, as it showed later, weak in morale. Recruited from the various states of Germany, it counted some hundred "dukes, counts, marquises, and lords," about 12,000 horse, about 40,000 *landsknechte*, and a splendid complement of 106 cannon.¹⁴ Having joined forces at Este about the beginning of August, both French and Imperials, after a month of preliminary operations, marched on Padua which they beleaguered.

It is in connection with this siege, abortive as it proved, that Bayard's talents as an independent leader

are first recorded. The Loyal Servant was here an eye-witness, probably an archer in the company, and his account is that of an intelligent observer from the ranks. His narrative is invaluable also as a first-hand description of military camp life at the time.¹⁵

Maximilian's army settled, like a swarm of locusts, on the elegant suburbs of Padua. Quartered in three divisions, each commanding a city gate, it occupied palaces and summer villas of the Venetian nobility, defacing and plundering at will. For its support, the entire surroundings were drained of cattle and provisions, and when at length the siege was raised, supplies to the amount of a hundred thousand ducats were burned by the departing troops. Indeed, the very wealth of the province proved a source of weakness to the imperial army, for numbers of *landsknechte*, laden with plunder and driving stolen cattle before them, deserted daily, making for the northern passes. It was a land of Cockaigne thoroughly exploited by the Germans, but their two months' invasion cost Padua millions in damage.

Before the city gate opening toward Vicenza, the emperor and his French allies were installed, and here the first approaches were made. A long tape-like road, typical of the Veneto, led straight toward the portal, and was barred by four successive barricades. The side ditches made any but frontal attack impossible. To Bayard fell the command of this attack.¹⁶

At noon, beneath a blazing sun, along the causeway swept by Paduan artillery, he advanced with both horse and foot and supported by other captains. There were with him the Prince of Anhalt, La Clayette, La

Crote, de Bussy, de Meillau, de Maulevrier, and Long John the Picard. Crossbow shafts hailed, but they took the first and second barricades. The third was abandoned. Against the fourth, defended by twelve hundred men and four cannon, their advance stopped. An hour's interchange of pike and halberd blows, scrambling and grappling, followed. On his horse, in complete armor, backing here and there in the press, lending now and again a blow, cursing on the laggards, general supervisor of this clanging bedlam, the good Chevalier directed the assault. But enemy reinforcements kept arriving; the barricade held out. Evidently, to carry it, a still greater effort was necessary. "Gentlemen," he called above the uproar, "these people hold us too long; *we'll* dismount and thrust at the barrier." Here, as frequently, the decisive ounce of effort had to be furnished by the noblemen.

Vizors raised, forty *hommes d'armes* swung from their saddles, the Prince of Anhalt at Bayard's shoulder. Like a slow, steel wave, they crashed against the breastwork. But solid with men a hundred deep, it barred them still.—"My lords," he raged, "they'll hold us six years like this and nothing gained. They're reinforced with every minute. Give them a push now, and then let every one follow me. Sound, trumpeters!" Plying their pikes and throwing in every pound of weight, by sheer strength they thrust the defenders back a spear's length behind the barrier. "Forward, companions," he cried, "we have them." And putting a hand on the barricade, he vaulted it in spite of his armor. A great shout rose from behind of "France!" and "Empire!" Magnetized by example, they leaped

after him. The dike had broken, the entire assault swept in. That evening the imperial cannon were entrenched beneath the walls, and siege operations began.

It will be observed that the point of difference between this and other assaults thus far described is, that Bayard was here the directing force, coolly administering each lever of his human battering-ram, intensifying its power inch by inch until the machine stuck. But then, above all, as indicative both of his character and talent in leadership, his confidence in leaping the barrier should be noted. He *knew* that he would be followed, and the essence of success for a commander lies in this conviction.

But his qualities, as a captain, did not consist merely in directing hand-to-hand attacks. Restless, enterprising, skilful in cavalry maneuvers, a semi-independent chief in the loosely coördinated army, he had scope for his own initiative. He seems to have taken an artistic pleasure in strategy and to have infected his men with this enthusiasm. They were kept alert by the zest of to-morrow's adventure. While the siege drew into tedium and others took to cards and wine, they turned to raids and forays, united in a kind of frolicsome comradeship. Such interest there was, and chance of novelty, that men, who could have held their own commands, chose rather to serve under Terrail for the fun of it. His luxury, at the time, seems to have been in spies, whom he paid lavishly for news of enemy movements, so lavishly, indeed, that they were often loyal. At dawn, guarded by several archers, the spy in question would be set in front of the company and assured of good wages if he led them well, but other-

wise of death. Then, as if to a stag-hunt, they rode out.

In this way, by a clever ambush they surprised a Venetian captain, who, if de Mailles may be credited, was none other than the noted Lucio Malvezzo¹⁷ himself, with three hundred horsemen of the garrison at Treviso, penned him up on the causeway between themselves and the imperial camp, killed or captured most of the troop, and returned with more prisoners than their own number.

On another occasion, they set out in pursuit of some Albanian raiders who had been waylaying supplies, and whose headquarters were a stronghold fifteen miles from Padua.¹⁸ The spy pointed out a narrow bridge, which gave access to the castle and could be defended by a small detachment. Having lain in wait until the Albanians, under their captains, Scanderbeg¹⁹ and Contarini, had ridden forth on their daily foray, Bayard set de Bonnet, Mypont, and several men-at-arms to hold the bridge against their return, and himself, by a circular route, headed off his quarry on the plain below. The Loyal Servant's account is as follows:

Bayard called the Bastard du Fay, his ensign, and said: "Captain, take twenty of your archers and have a skirmish with those people there. When they see you in such small force, they'll be sure to charge. Then turn rein, pretend flight, and bring them along here. I'll wait by the side of this hill—and you'll see some sport."

No need to tell him this twice, for Du Fay knew the trade of war as well as any. So off he rode till the enemy caught sight of him. Captain Scanderbeg, glad of the encounter, came on proudly with his men, until they could see the white crosses of the French, and then charged with the cry of "St. Mark!"

Du Fay, who knew his lesson by heart, began to falter, beat a retreat, and was sharply followed up to the ambush of the good Chevalier, who came out with his men, vizor down, sword in hand, and sprang forward, like a lion, with the cry of "France!" and "Empire!"

In this first charge, there were more than thirty of the enemy brought to earth, and for a while the *mêlée* was hard and hot; but at length the Albanians and crossbowmen took flight at full gallop toward Bassano along their usual road. They gave heed to race and the French to chase, but too fast went the light-horse, and Lord Bayard would have lost his prey had it not been for the bridge that Bonnet held. He, with his companion, Mypont, and the others, barred the pass, and Scanderbeg saw well that he must either fight, or flee at random. He chose the latter, and set off across country at loose rein; but so well were the spurs driven home that sixty Albanians and thirty crossbowmen were taken together with the two captains. The remainder scattered toward Treviso.

Six days before, there had been made archer in the Chevalier's company a young gentleman of Dauphiné, named Guigo Guiffrey, son of the Lord of Boutières,²⁰ who was no more than sixteen or seventeen years old, but of good blood and determined to emulate his forebears. During the fight, he saw the ensign of Rinaldo Contarini's crossbowmen, who had leaped a ditch and was on the point of making off. The boy, eager to prove himself, and leaping at his heels, struck him so shrewd a blow with his half-pike that he brought him down and broke the pike. Then, drawing his sword, he called, "Yield, ensign, or die." The man, who had no wish to die yet, surrendered his sword, his standard, and himself to the boy, who would not have exchanged them for ten thousand crowns. He made the fellow mount, and led him straight to his captain, who had had recall sounded and was so beset with prisoners that he knew not what to do with them

From a distance, Bonnet saw young Boutières coming, and exclaimed, "Monseigneur, look, I beg, at Guigo yonder: he's taken a prisoner and a standard." And therewith the boy rode up.

When Bayard saw him, he was never happier in his life. "How's this, Boutières," he said, "did *you* take this standard and this prisoner?"

"Yes, lord, by God's will; and he showed good sense to yield, because otherwise I'd have killed him."

At which the whole company burst out laughing and loudest of all the brave knight, who was marvelous glad and said, "Boutières, friend, you've made a good beginning: God help you continue it!" And so he has, for afterward by his valor he became lieutenant of the hundred men-at-arms given to Bayard by the king, after the defense of Mézières, as you shall see in good time.²¹

Following this, Bayard called his chief officers, among them Bonnet, Mypont, and Captain Pierrepont, at that time his lieutenant, a gentle knight, prudent and bold, and said: "Gentlemen, we must take this castle. There's much booty in it which would profit our men."

"Right," they answered, "but it's a strong place and we have no guns."

"Wait," he said, "I know the way to gain it in a quarter of an hour."

Then he had the captains Scanderbeg and Contarini called. "Sirs," he said, "do you know what you must do? Have this place surrender at once, for I know you can do it—or, if not, I vow to God that I'll have your heads shorn off before the gate this very hour."

They answered that they would do it if possible and so it turned out, for a nephew of Captain Scanderbeg, who was in command, surrendered as soon as his uncle had spoken with him. Thus, my Lord Bayard and all his company entered and

found more than five hundred head of oxen and cows with a mass of other loot, which was evenly divided to every one's satisfaction.

They gave feed to their horses and refreshed themselves, for there was certainly no lack of provisions there, and Bayard had the two Venetian officers sit at his table. They were on the point of rising, when here came little Boutières to see the captain and bringing his prisoner with him. And the latter was twice as tall and thirty years old.

When the brave knight saw him, he laughed, and turning to the Venetian captains, "Gentlemen," he said, "here's a young boy who was a page no more than a week ago and will have no hair on his chin in three years, and he's taken your ensign. That's a great deal, for I know not how you consider it, but we French are not apt to give up our standards except to tried men."

The Venetian ensign felt ashamed, and seeing his honor much lessened for the nonce, answered in Italian. "Faith, Captain, I did not surrender to the person who took me out of fear of him, because by himself he is not the man to capture me. I would escape from the hands of one better than he; but I could hardly fight all your troop alone."

The Chevalier looked at Boutières. "Do you hear what your prisoner says? You are not the man to capture him."

The boy flew up and answered in a rage, "Monseigneur, I beg you to grant what I ask."

"Surely," said the other, "what is it?"

"Only this: I will give my prisoner his horse and his arms, and will take my own. We'll return to the same place, and if I beat him again, I swear to God he shall die; but if he escapes, I'll quit him of his ransom."

Never was the good Chevalier more pleased with anything, and spoke out at once, "Surely I grant it."

But nothing happened, because the Venetian would not

accept the offer—much to his discredit, and, on the other hand, much to the credit of young Boutières.

After dinner the knight and his company remounted and returned to camp with their prisoners. There was talk about this fine capture for more than a week, and great praise was given Bayard by the emperor and all his Germans, Hennuyers, and Burgundians. But especially my lord de la Palice was marvelous glad when he heard of little Boutières's doings and of the offer he had made his prisoner. No need to ask if men laughed about it through the camp! And my lord de la Palice said that he had known of old the breed of Boutières, and from that house came only gallant gentlemen.

So, the "Joyous History." No better picture could be drawn of Bayard in relation to his men, or of the hail-fellowship in his company. It reflects vividly also the customs of war at that time.

Meanwhile, there had been several weeks of artillery pounding, and a wide stretch of wall had been leveled. But, on the other hand, Pitigliano, Venetian commander in Padua, had dug a deep trench within the breach, filled it with combustibles and gunpowder, concentrated his cannon and troops, and awaited attack with confidence. The dangers of an assault were well-known, and the besiegers for a time held off; but there was no other means of taking the city, and at length Maximilian, having set the day, ordered La Palice to hold himself in readiness at noon with the French contingent, who would advance to the breach with the German infantry.

Somewhat indignant at being disposed of without previous consultation, La Palice answered that he would seek the opinion of his captains; he had no

doubt they would obey the emperor. In the meantime, rumors of an attack spread, and on all sides priests were besieged with penitents eager to pay for the privilege of confession, and who entrusted their money to the chaplains for safe-keeping.

The scene of the council, as reported by de Mailles, is of peculiar interest. It breathes the very life of the army. Above all, it shows another aspect of Bayard: both his strong common sense and his class-feeling as a nobleman. The issue, in brief, was this: the flower of French nobility was being sent to an almost certain death along with the commoners of the German army, the ditch-fillers, the *landsknechte*, while the German nobles themselves remained behind. Moreover, the siege was not primarily a French quarrel; they were serving merely as allies. Should they alone be the chief victims? And yet honor forbade excuses, encouraged the reckless gesture. This was the problem confronting the council. It is important for an accurate conception of Bayard to examine his attitude.

"Gentlemen," said La Palice, when his officers arrived, "we had better dine, for I have something to say which, if told you before, might spoil your appetites."

And this he said in jest, for he knew well enough his companions and that among them there was none who was not another Hector or Roland . . . Throughout dinner they did nothing but make sport of each other. Monseigneur de la Palice joked with Monseigneur d'Imbercourt, who repaid him in kind, but all in fun and good manners. You have heard named above all the French captains who were there, but I doubt whether in the rest of Europe one would have found as many of like quality.

After dinner the room was emptied except for the officers, to whom La Palice disclosed the emperor's letter, which he commanded to be read aloud twice, for the sake of better understanding. Whereupon each looked at the other smiling, to see who would speak first.

Then said my lord of Imbercourt: "There's no need to ponder long, Monseigneur: let the emperor know that all of us are ready. I grow tired of camp, for the nights are cold, and good wines are running short."

. . . There were none of the captains but who spoke before Bayard did, and all agreed with the opinion of Imbercourt. Then La Palice looked over at the good Chevalier and saw that he picked his teeth, as if paying no attention. He called to him: "Ha, there! And you, Hercules of France, what do you say? Here's no time for toothpicks. We have to give answer now and promptly to the emperor."

The good knight, whose habit it was always to joke, answered in fun: "If we're to believe my lord of Imbercourt, there's nothing to do but walk straight to the breach, and yet walking is so tedious a sport for a man in armor that I'd gladly dispense with it. In truth, though, if you want my opinion, here it is. The emperor's letter bids that you dismount all the French noblemen to deliver an attack along with this infantry. As regards myself, though I am poor enough, still I'm a gentleman, and as for the rest of you, my lords, you are great noblemen and of great houses, and so are many of our men-at-arms. Does the emperor think it fitting to put so much noblesse in risk and peril by the side of conscripts, who are cobblers, blacksmiths, bakers, and laborers, and who do not hold their honor in like esteem as gentlemen? ²² Saving his grace, it's a view unworthy of him. But my advice, my lord, is that you should give answer to the emperor in this sort: namely, that you have assembled your captains, as he wished, and they are quite prepared to do his will, according to the

charge they hold of the king, their master. But that he understands, indeed, how there are none in the king's *ordonnances* who are not of gentle birth, and that to consort them with infantry of low rank would be to show them scant respect. But there are many counts, lords, and gentlemen of Germany. Let him dismount them along with the men-at-arms of France, and gladly we will lead the way. Then let his foot-troops follow, if they think it suits them." ²³

Such opinions, of course, to modern thinking are simply heresy and snobbishness. Nor is this the place to endeavor a defense of the attitude which occasioned them. One remark, however, may be permitted. To a student of history, the most impressive trait of actual civilization is the wide divergence between official theory and general practice. As mankind has not yet adapted its thought or nerves to material progress, neither has it caught up with its social theories. In Bayard's world of the sixteenth century, there was closer approximation between belief and behavior; or, to put it another way, there were fewer doctrines existing paradoxical to human nature. The democratic hypocrisy had not yet been invented. If we can rid ourselves of prejudice for a moment, it will be seen that he spoke perfectly *naturally*, human nature being what it was then and still is. Any other statement would have been a pose, an incomprehensible pose then, although orthodox now. Therein lies the difference. But this is beside the point. What concerns us is to note that Bayard, as might have been expected from so thorough a conservative, felt, thought, and acted on the principle of aristocracy. If the Christian ideal, which he upheld, postulated a *civitas Dei* of equality, it

did not for a moment imply social or political equality. It did not inspire a sentimental chaos. His distinctions were traditional and sharply drawn. He adhered to them rigidly.

Of course, in this instance, the advice he gave was sound sense. It protested against sacrificing the French troops in an effort to pull German chestnuts out of the fire. His opinion prevailed. The emperor convoked his nobles and suggested that they act on foot with the French. They refused on the ground that this was infantry work, while their province was cavalry. Thus, the attack fell through. "And I am certain," adds the Loyal Servant maliciously, "that the priests were none too happy about it, for they had to return the money which had been entrusted them."

In high dudgeon, Maximilian withdrew from camp and the siege was raised. Northward flowed the disgruntled imperial bands, the *landsknechte* burning and pillaging as they went. Bayard, to whom such practices were odious, left a detachment of archers to protect the fine house which had served him as quarters during the siege.²⁴

He spent the winter of 1509-10 with his company in Verona, acting in conjunction with the imperial garrison. It was a period of frequent skirmishes with the Venetian troops quartered at San Bonifazio about eighteen miles off. And herein Bayard gained more than one adventurous triumph against an enemy leader, whom de Mailles erroneously records as Giampaolo Manfrone. It is another example of his tendency, already noted, to confuse or substitute names, for Manfrone at that time was a prisoner in Mirandola;²⁵ but

whoever the Venetian captain may have been, he was a worthy opponent, both enterprising and resourceful. He harried the foragers, cut off supplies, set ambushes, launched surprise attacks, and in general lent a zest to life during that winter. A real affection for this enemy is obvious on the part of de Mailles. Verona would have been dull without him.

On one occasion, Bayard, using the foragers as a bait to draw the Venetians, sent Pierrepont, his lieutenant, with a small force to accompany them, and himself with a hundred men-at-arms went into hiding in the small village of San Martino near-by. But the Venetian commander, already informed by his spies, considered this a game for two, and concealed a detachment of six hundred crossbowmen in an empty palace close to the French line of march. The board was now set. A detachment of the enemy, in apparent ignorance, drew near Bayard's hiding place; jubilantly his lances rode forth; and the Italians, simulating flight and hotly pursued, galloped at top speed for the palace. Once beyond it, they wheeled; the crossbowmen swarmed from their ambush; and the Chevalier's squadron found itself caught between two lines. His horse, struck by a crossbow shaft, went down; de Grammont, a lancer of the company, dismounted to assist him; they were both surrounded and captured.

But now, Pierrepont, hearing the noise from afar, rode up with his archers, and charged to the rescue. The fight went on, four against one. At Bayard's command the French dragged their way back to the high-road, and began a slow retreat, turning again to charge at an interval of every two hundred paces. But out-

flanked on either side by crossbowmen, the cluster of lances resembled a wild boar worried by dogs. Bayard's second horse went down. He was again surrounded. Headed by Du Fay, his men, "who would have died sooner than leave him," swept in so furiously that they pierced to the center of the Venetians, remounted him once more, and the retreat continued.

At nightfall they were able to shake off their pursuers, regained the village of San Martino and, exhausted, lodged themselves beyond a bridge, which the enemy did not dare attack. The Venetian infantry, worn out and refusing to march as far as San Bonifazio, went into quarters several miles off. This gave Bayard, duly instructed, his chance. Fatigued and bruised as they were, he ordered his men once more to horse, and pushed on by moonlight toward the hamlet occupied by the sleeping archers. The surprise was complete; only three men, writes de Mailles, escaped massacre.²⁶ It is needless to point out the vigilance, energy, and quickness which rendered this feat possible. They are throughout distinctive of Bayard as a soldier.

The above may be considered typical of similar engagements during the winter. But one incident of another kind is worth recording because of the light it throws on a certain less familiar aspect of the Chevalier's character.

It concerns a spy who was attempting to serve two masters, Bayard on one hand, the Venetians on the other. And this being impossible, although prepared to betray either for a sufficient sum, his fidelity inclined more to his fellow countrymen than to the

French. One winter's night he arrived with information. Bayard listened eagerly to the report, that next day the enemy with three hundred light-horse would take the road from San Bonifazio to Legnano. It was an ideal occasion for an ambush. Overjoyed, he communicated the news to several captains, among them a German by the name of Hanotin von Zucker, and arrangements were made to start against this party at dawn with two hundred men-at-arms. Whereupon the officers withdrew to make ready. But it happened that von Zucker, as he followed the dark street which led to his lodgings, passed a house belonging to a well-known Venetian partizan, Battisto Voltegio (Baptiste Voltège). The door opened, and upon that equivocal threshold there appeared, recognizable in the light of von Zucker's torches, the spy, Visentino.

Von Zucker was prompt; his hand leaped to the man's collar with the question as to what he was doing there. At a loss for words, the other stammered and shrank back. Dragging the fellow beside him, von Zucker retraced his steps to Bayard's quarters, and handed his prisoner into keeping, while he knocked at the captain's door. Already in bed, the latter rose, threw on a dressing-gown, and opened. Apprised of the matter, he shared von Zucker's suspicions, and summoning the spy they examined him. Cross-questioned, he became confused. Bayard sent for an instrument, significantly known as the *grillons*, or "crickets," a kind of thumbscrew. The man's thumbs were forced in, the cords tightened.

It is a scene readily imagined: the bulky forms of the archers with their victim writhing between them,

the broad-shouldered German captain, Bayard, his lean face stern as death.

"Now then," he said, "speak true, and even if you plotted my life, you'll go free on my word as a gentleman; but if you are caught in a lie, I will have you hanged at dawn."

So, what with pain and fear, it came quavering out—the whole conspiracy, a trap of the Venetian commander's, who had set a thousand men in ambush.

"Visentino," said the other, "the crowns I have given you have been ill spent, and in that carcass of yours lies the heart of a coward and scoundrel, though, indeed, I never esteemed you other. You deserve death but, because of my promise, you shall go free, and shall be sent unharmed from the town. But see to it, that while I am here no one sets eyes on you in Verona, or else the entire world would not save you from the gallows."

What resulted was typical. Next day, with their men-at-arms and two thousand *landsknechte* of the Prince of Anhalt, they caught the enemy in his own snare and destroyed his infantry.²⁷ But this episode of the spy shows that Bayard could be grim enough on just occasion. The admiration vouchsafed him by inferiors would be tempered with no little fear.

It has been already observed that Bayard's eminence, his place in history, is the effect, not of his influence on great affairs, not of a position occupied, nor importance of rôle, but of an almost unique harmoniousness of personality. Rarely, in a single character, has appeared so exquisite a balance of qualities making for respect, affection, and success among men. And

it is this that distinguishes him as a leader: courage schooled by experience, energy cloaked in good humor, sternness without cruelty, geniality without softness, discipline that maintains authority while inspiring love.

But, for all that, it would be unjust to assign him a place among the world's chief captains. It would appear that genius is an exaggeration, not a symmetry. The pointed bullet is the most piercing. Bayard was a brilliant field-officer, not a great tactician. He conducted no intricate campaigns, directed no decisive battles. His triumphs were in skirmish and charge and siege; they remain personal adventures. His glory is elusive, hard to define. It consists not in preëminent achievements, but in a quality of life.

1—Expilly, *op. cit.*, p. 432: Elle mourut l'an 1504, ses enfans luy ayant tousiours porté un tres-grand honneur et obeysance.

2—De la Tremouille created a number of knights before the advance against Novara in 1500. Bayard may have attained knight-hood then or on a similar occasion. Cf. d'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 250.

3—Dr. Donald Galbreath of Montreux, Switzerland, the well-known heraldist, to whom was referred the question of Bayard's seal, affirms that its type belongs rather to 1400 than to 1500, in short, that it represents a conscious archaism.

4—Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 95-97.

5—D'Auton, *op. cit.*, Vol. IV, p. 199.

6—Champier, *op. cit.*, p. 99-100.

7—This is quite possible, but it would be a mistake to infer that either d'Ars or Bayard was treated on an equality with the Great Captain. Such honor was reserved for Berauld Stuart d'Aubigny, whom, being confined to his lodgings with the gout, King Ferdinand visited in person. Cf. d'Auton, Vol. IV, p. 357 ff.

8—The Loyal Servant makes the grant of thirty lances anterior to the infantry command; but see d'Auton, Vol. I p. 53n, where M. de Maulde la Clavière shows that this was impossible.

9—Brantôme: *Discours sur les Colonels*. Cf. also on this subject Boutaric: *Institutions militaires de la France*.

10—Cf. the royal orders concerning this and acknowledged by various officers, among whose signatures Bayard's appears. *Loyal Servant*, Appendix, p. 430 ff. On March 15, 1509, Bayard was entertained at a public dinner given him by the city of Grenoble, probably on the eve of his departure for this campaign. Archives Communales de Grenoble, CC. 593.

11—Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 105.

12—Champier, *Triomphe du tres-chrestien Roy—Louys douzieme*—Lyons, 1509; Seyssel, *Histoire de Louys XII*, I, p. 353. Champier accompanied this expedition.

13—A. Lebey, *Le Connétable de Bourbon*, Paris, 1904, p. 32.

14—These figures are an approximation of those given by the *Loyal Servant*, p. 153, and by Guicciardini, Bk. VIII, Ch. 4. Estimates recorded by Marino Sanuto vary from twenty-nine to forty thousand, Cf. Vol. IX, 41 and 104.

15—De Mailles is our only source for Bayard's Paduan campaign and for the following winter at Verona; but there is no reason to doubt the essential accuracy of this account, which, in its main outlines, is supported by the history of Guicciardini. In the matter of details, however, it is more than possible that an occasional confusion or exaggeration appears. After a long space of time, the memory is apt both to telescope and magnify events. Several passages will be indicated, which are probably a result of this process.

16—*Loyal Servant*, p. 159 ff.—It is worth noting that no report of this action is recorded by Marino Sanuto, who was himself in Padua during a part of the siege. Presumably, it was considered merely a routine step in the establishment of the leaguer.

17—*Loyal Servant*, p. 165 ff. This discomfiture of Malvezzo, who had distinguished himself in the recapture of Padua from the Imperials, and who died a year later in command of the Venetian forces, is extremely doubtful. No other historian or contemporary document mentions it. Nor is it the only occasion, as we shall see later, that de Mailles substitutes glibly a well-known enemy name for one of lesser note. As to Bayard's activities in general at this time, however, there are no real grounds for challenging his biographer's statement, though certainly invention colored and pieced out the vagueness of memory.

18—*Loyal Servant*, p. 171 ff. He gives the name of this place as Bassano, but either there were two Bassanos, or this is another instance of substituting one name for another which had been confused or forgotten. The only Bassano recorded was the castle and town surrendered to the imperial forces on, or shortly after, June 6,

1509 (Marino Sanuto, *Diarii*, Venice 1879-1903, Vol. VIII, 368), and already mentioned in the *Loyal Servant* in its proper context, p. 152. Bassano was therefore occupied at this time by friendly troops. Search has been made in vain for any other stronghold to which this episode could apply.

19—Here the account of the *Loyal Servant* is supported by contemporary record. There was a Scanderbeg, or Schandarbecho, mentioned as chief of a squadron of *stradioti* on Oct. 13, 1509. Cf. Marino Sanuto, *op. cit.*, Vol. IX, 256.

20—An old comrade of Bayard's killed in the Neapolitan wars.

21—Boutières eventually attained to much greater rank than this: captain in chief of a hundred lances, governor of Turin, provost of the king's household, the instructor in arms of the Baron des Adrets, the Marshal de Tavannes, and the Marshal de Monluc. He commanded the main attack at the battle of Ceresole. Cf. *Mémoires* of Monluc, Ed. Courteault, Vol. I, p. 219 ff. It is interesting to note that his seal follows the model of Bayard's.

22—The point here is that they are not so reliable in battle.

23—*Loyal Servant*, p. 180 ff.

24—The siege of Padua was raised on Oct. 2, after lasting about a month. (Marino Sanuto, *op. cit.*, Vol. IX, 226). It should be remembered that this is the *Loyal Servant's* version of how the leaguer ended. It does not accord with Guicciardini's account, where, after a fruitless assault delivered by the *landsknechte* and a few men-at-arms, the emperor retires in discouragement (Bk. VIII, Ch. 4). This is probably authentic; but there is no reason to doubt that the council described above took place toward the end of the siege.

25—He had surrendered the castle of Brisighella on May 2 or 3, 1509, to the papal forces and had become prisoner of their leader, Ludovico della Mirandola (Marino Sanuto, Vol. VIII, 161). The terms of his exchange were still being debated a year later (*id.*, Vol. X, 153). But he was active in the campaign of the summer of 1510, and hence the confusion may have arisen. The identity of Bayard's actual opponent remains problematic. It may have been Paolo Contarini, who is mentioned as defeating with his light-horse some French lances on Dec. 6, 1509 (*id.*, Vol. IX, 369). Pitigliano was in command at San Bonifazio together with the Venetian Proveditor General, Piero Marzello (*id.*, Vol. IX, 314).

26—The numbers of the Venetian losses, as given by de Mailles, are without doubt an exaggeration. It is impossible that 600 cross-bowmen were killed in this attack, or that 1000 perished in a subsequent engagement mentioned below. Such victories would certainly

have had greater celebrity. No mention of them or of Bayard appears either in Marino Sanuto's diary for this period or in the *Cronica della Citta di Verona* by Zagata and Rizzoni, although constant skirmishing between foragers from Verona and the Venetians is referred to.

27—Loyal Servant, p. 194-203.

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW AND THE OLD

IN February, 1510, the League of Cambrai, cemented as it was by no worthier principle than international cupidity, began to crumble. Pope Julius, having acquired his share of the spoils, withdrew his interdict *against Venice, and became forthwith her champion.* Spain, similarly content, waited watchfully. The empire alone, still dependent on French gold and troops to enforce its conquests, remained loyal. At high tension, suspicious and undecided, European ministries scanned the future with misgivings. It was under these circumstances that field operations were resumed in April by the French and German allies.

One is frequently curious as to what Bayard, affected by all this tangle of policy, fighting now on one side, now on the other, his companions of to-day the enemies of to-morrow—as to what he thought of political matters. Nowhere does any inkling of an opinion transpire, and the conclusion imposes itself that he was not greatly concerned. The average man, particularly in France, had not yet been trained to political interests. He left statecraft to the few who directed the national councils, content in his profession, which, if it were that of arms, set an additional value on blind obedience. Literally, to Bayard and his companions, the king could do no wrong. They were not close enough

to the royal person for criticism and disillusionment. Their loyalty remained naïf. They entertained for the king, their source of livelihood and distinction, their father, their rallying cry, an affection which condoned his failings, which put the best possible construction on every act and motive. His enemies were persecutors or envious or ungrateful; he, on the other hand, strove only to enforce his right or defend himself, a humane, long-suffering prince. Let them fight to-day with Austria against Venice, or to-morrow with Venice against Austria, or against the pope and Spain, or with any combination against any other combination, back and forth—the king still acted for the best in an evil world; or, if possibly misled by faulty councilors, did he not all the more require his henchmen's devotion? This was presumably the essence of Bayard's political reasoning, and doubtless he would not usually trouble to reflect thus far. His concern was to act efficiently, savoring to the utmost the sport, excitement, and effort of a campaign, undistracted by other than military considerations. Besides, it will be recalled that war, with its clash of interests, its shifting alliances, had become a state of affairs so chronic that, like the climate, it was taken for granted. Hence the placid indifference to constant political volte-face, which impresses the modern reader as so amazing in the annals of that time. It mattered little to soldiers of an absolute monarch, such as Louis XII, where, in company with whom, or against whom, they fought, so long as, in the king's name, they fought. With regard to politics they remained, perhaps fortunately for them, apathetic.

Chaumont d'Amboise, lieutenant-governor for the king in Milan, joined with his army the imperial and French forces under the Prince of Anhalt at Verona, and with this coalition of troops thrust once more toward Venice. Unfortunate Vicenza, whose fate it was to be occupied and reoccupied alternately by the opposing armies, surrendered and was held to a fine. In May they took Legnago by storm, and Monselice on June 21; but, too weak in numbers for an attack on the Venetian strongholds of Padua and Treviso, these exploits were of little permanent advantage.¹

The campaign was marred by several incidents that illustrate the increasing brutality of the Italian wars, a brutality culminating at a lurid pitch in the sack of Rome some fifteen years later. It is explained by the degrading influences of prolonged hostilities, but especially by the constantly greater proportion of foot-troops to cavalry in the composition of the armies. These foot-soldiers, as we have seen, were drawn from the lower classes of the population, and, though rapidly improving in efficiency as fighting men, their chief motive for enlistment remained unchanged, namely plunder. Without the social importance of men-at-arms, without rank or personal reputation, the incentives of loyalty, promotion, or family honor had small place among them. Hence, they served merely for pay and the chance of loot, and became shortly the land pirates of Europe. Of these, the Gascons and *landsknechte* had the worst reputation, though neither Swiss nor Spanish were far behind. An example of their methods is recorded at Vicenza.

They entered to find the city well-nigh vacant.

Such of the population as were able had fled, taking with them their valuables. To the invaders were left but scraps and pickings, a sop wholly disproportionate to their expectations. Having wrung out what they could, they remained disgruntled and ripe for mischief. At this juncture came tidings of a party of two thousand Vicenzians, men and women, who had taken refuge in the so-called cave of Masano. It was an extensive cavern near-by, which had been hollowed out in the process of stone-quarrying for the city, and was approached by an entrance so narrow as to be capable of defense against any number. Report, fabled of enormous wealth collected there by the refugees, and thither flocked the Germans and Gascons.²

Forbidden entrance, they attempted force. In vain, the wretches, massed inside, pleaded that they had nothing, that all had been left in Vicenza. The soldiers must look for themselves. But to surrender their last defense to these barbarians would mean untold horrors in that unlighted, congested space—an invasion of wolves among sheep. The party in the cave clung to its refusal. Unable to force a way and mad with rage, the soldiers now heaped up whatever combustibles they could find against the cavern mouth and set them ablaze. It resembled the bowl of an enormous pipe, to which the cave formed a blocked stem. Into it drew the smoke. Laughing, the pikemen waited outside.

Meanwhile, within this ghastly pit, class war broke out. The richer victims, who were prepared to buy an escape, were held back by peasants guarding the door and shouting that one could die as well as another,

rich or poor. The struggle was over quickly; the voices died out. Two thousand people, men, women, and children, were strangled in the smoke. Then the soldiers entered.

They found a spectacle, which, had they been responsive to any human suffering, might have left even them aghast. A multitude of dead in every attitude of agony, babies prematurely born, mothers shielding their children in the final anguish, husbands and wives in their last embrace. As it was, in an orgy of greed, they stripped the bodies naked. But one thing, at least, to the credit of pity and indignation is recorded: to wit, that Bayard in black fury, when he heard of this atrocity, had strict search made through the camp, discovered several of the ringleaders, and saw in person to their hanging before the cave entrance. It is significant both, that no one else took the trouble, and that so few could be brought to justice. At all events, when the last convulsions of these cutthroats had ended, and as he stood there, one can fancy with what tight-lipped anger, there crept from the cave a phantom, a half-grown boy. He had discovered a fissure in the rock, through which came a breath of pure air, and had kept his face pressed to it, the single survivor. It was he who gave the account of those hideous shambles.⁸

A little later at Monselice, the foot-soldiers again distinguished themselves both in courage and ferocity. This time it was an event of war, which covers the multitude of such crimes. Having attacked with great gallantry, the pikemen set on fire the keep which served as last refuge for the garrison and, refusing

all entreaties, surrounded it, burning alive some hundreds within, or, as the wretches flung themselves down to escape the flames, catching them on their spears.

Accustomed as men became to the even greater horrors of our recent war, there is no ground for surprise at the occurrence of such incidents. Human nature can be counted on to remain true to itself. But such things should be remembered as an antidote to romantic conceptions of the past. They keep level the balance in an estimate of Bayard and his times. War was then as now lawless and foul. It is, of course, to the honor of certain characters that in spite of lifelong acquaintance with such practices, they retained a sensitiveness to the dictates of pity and mercy, that their spirit withstood environment; but the moral quality of such exceptions renders even blacker the curtain against which they stand.

At the beginning of September, Clermont of Montoison with Bayard, as second in command of several hundred lances and three thousand foot, left the main army, and hastened to garrison Ferrara against the pope.⁴ The duchy under French protection was greatly coveted by Julius, and exposed to invasion both by the papal forces and their Venetian allies. Hostilities had begun before the arrival of these reinforcements; they continued intermittently, as far as Bayard was concerned in them, for the next eight months.

There is something almost grotesque in the picture of the good Chevalier at Ferrara—a situation rich in ironic contrasts and nuances. Bayard, guest and admirer of the Duchess, Lucrezia Borgia; Bayard, one

of that brilliant, corrupt court, that exhibited all the talents and all the vices of the Renaissance; a henchman of Alfonso, expert in metallurgy and intrigue; a companion of Ariosto, the modern, urbane satirist, the superb poet; Bayard of old-fashioned, pious Dauphiné in the magnificent castle at Ferrara, conversing with suave courtiers, idealizing cynical ladies, stretching his limbs, stiff from armor, in some Italian dance, or strolling, amid a bevy of silks and satins, through sophisticated gardens of the Belvedere, or vaguely impressed by the frescoes of Schifanoia. Beneath them in the castle, beneath the dancing and banqueting, somewhere forgotten in their perpetual dungeon, lay Giulio and Ferrante, brothers of the duke, whom he and his brother, the Cardinal Ippolito, had blinded. The latter, for jealousy in love, had looked on while his lackeys pierced with stakes the eyes of Giulio, who had been preferred to him. The whip of the duke had dealt similarly with Ferrante convicted of treason. But above, in the splendid halls, such grievous memories passed with a smile, a shrug, a whisper. Elegance and wit, good taste and flawless manner dissembled both past and future. Art, gallantry, and learning suggested no equal skill in poison and ambushade, in plot and treachery. Beneath them, men were racked and starved and maimed, but that was another world. Here grace and epigram and genius interwrought to form the exquisite fabric of polite intercourse. And here, a little awkward, somewhat provincial and out-of-date appear Bayard and his French companions. Supple fashionables smiled to each other behind the back of the tall foreigner, who carried himself so

proudly and displayed with antiquated frankness such complete ignorance of modern enlightenment; but their smile changed when they met his gaze and remembered his reputation, a man very punctilious and invincible and alert.⁵ Moreover, knowledge of war was more essential than of letters just then, and the very life of the little state depended on these martial Philistines. No doubt scrupulous deference was shown them, and they enjoyed every attention. They were received with acclamations by the people; Lucrezia Borgia showed herself particularly gracious.

The Loyal Servant grows lyrical at thought of her.

Above all [he writes] the good Duchess, who was a pearl on this earth, gave them special welcome and prepared for them every day banquets and festivals in the Italian manner marvelously splendid. Nay, I venture to state that in her time and long before there has not lived a more triumphant princess. For she was beautiful, good, gentle, and courteous to all. She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, French, and to a certain extent excellent Latin (*quelque peu très-bon latin*), and she could write in all these tongues. And there is nothing more certain than that, although her husband was a bold, wise prince, this said lady by her charm has been the reason that he performed good and great exploits.⁶

The former tradition of Lucrezia Borgia has been long since rejected as an invention of contemporary slander and morbid legend. She appears to have been actually a docile, somewhat vacant pawn in the game of her father and brother. Probably de Mailles portrays her here with too partial a brush. But his description is both contemporaneous and uncolored by

hostile prejudice; it represents the impression made on her French guests.

Thus, exquisite, queenly, above reproach, a pearl among women, the sister of Cesare Borgia dazzled the eyes of Bayard and his historian. Duke Alfonso was a brave, virtuous prince, the banquets marvelously splendid. It is not the first time that the reader becomes aware of an almost complete absence of the critical sense. Was it discretion? Was it naïveté? We think undoubtedly the latter. Of course much that would shock modern sensibilities seemed natural to Bayard; but if his biographer reflects his mentality correctly—and it appears obvious that he does—there can be no question that one of his chief tendencies was to like and admire rather than to analyze and judge. He preferred to believe in the honor, courage, and sincerity of men and in the beauty and virtue of women. Nor is it far-fetched to see in this one of the principal reasons for the universal affection he inspired. Even a rogue is apt to prove honest toward the man who deems *him* so, and every one puts his best foot forward at the flattery of confidence. It may be considered stupid or credulous, but this unconscious talent for accepting people on the most generous terms is always characteristic of the great gentleman, and is, besides, an important factor in the art of life. Bayard spent eight months at Ferrara, but it is doubtful whether for one instant he perceived the import of that complex culture it represented, or the unscrupulous opportunism of the personalities around him. And yet, he was useful, popular, and contented there—an alien, lovable, upright figure engaged in the performance of his charge.

Needless to say, the time was not spent merely in festivities. Sharp campaigning went on against the Venetians and papal forces. The Duke of Urbino, papal commander, was driven from Lugo to Imola; then, in a counter-offensive, he regained his hold on the Ferrarese portion of the Romagna. Modena fell, Reggio was threatened. The Venetians invaded the Polesine north of Ferrara, but were thrown back with great loss, and their proveditor was captured. The duke and his allies returned in triumph to Ferrara, then thrust out to the west and south against the pope, captured and burned Cento, and hurried back again to meet another wave of Venetians in the Po valley, defeated them, and turned once more to face the pope. It was a war of come and go, battle, skirmish, and raid in all directions, broken by an occasional breathing space amid the pleasures of Ferrara.

Of all this, de Mailles relates nothing, and one is forced to rely on the pages of other chroniclers. It is curious, for instance, to find Bayard appearing in the obscure, little known account of Sardi, the Ferrarese annalist, whose record—so involved and faded it is—seems merely a whisper of the past, a rustle of withered leaves. There, like a phantom's phantom, we find "Capitano Baiardo" recapturing the castle of Sfezzano from the enemy.⁷ We learn elsewhere that the pope, not content with invoking the temporal arms, wielded the spiritual as well, and roundly excommunicated Alfonso d'Este and all his captains, so that Bayard, whether it disturbed him or not, must have found himself under anathema.⁸ Moreover, impatient at the duration of war, Julius II left Bologna,

where he had been directing operations, and took the field in person, a man of eighty, infirm in all save will. It was the dead of winter, marked by exceptionally severe cold and snow; but neither the elements, nor age, nor sickness could deter the turbulent Vicar of Christ from waging war on his fellow Christians. He moved from Bologna to San Felice close to Mirandola, which was being besieged by his army. The Loyal Servant wisely confines his account to this later and more picturesque part of the campaign.

It was now that Bayard, intent as ever with scouts and spies, conceived the ingenious plan of ending hostilities by kidnapping the pope. A full vein of humor enlivens the narrative here, and the enterprise was seasoned, no doubt, with an undercurrent of frolic. Situation, personalities, and setting recall an exploit of Robin Hood's.

There came a spy to Bayard in the Ferrarese camp at Bondeno with news that His Holiness, insufficiently guarded, would leave San Felice next day for the siege at Mirandola. Bayard hastened with his scheme to the duke and Montoisson. He would take a hundred men-at-arms "without page or varlet," ambush himself in a vacant palace near San Felice, snap up the pope as he passed, and head back at full speed toward Bondeno, whence reinforcements should await him midway. Enthusiastically Alfonso and Montoisson agreed. In the pitch darkness of a January night, the troopers, fully armed and on their battle horses, stole out across the deserted plain, found the palace ten miles away, ensconced themselves, and waited. We can imagine what keen eyes peered out at dawn toward San Felice.

Nor had they long to watch, for Julius II was an early riser. Soon the distant gates swung open; the head of his escort, light-horsemen and clerics on their mules, appeared. A thick snow began to fall, but far off at the column's end could be discerned the papal litter. The escort advanced, drew near. Suddenly out from the palace swept a torrent of steel. "France! France!"

If we may trust de Mailles, political and ecclesiastical history might well have been altered at that moment, when Bayard with his men, hustling and jostling through the ranks, amid cries of "*alarm!*" staying to take no prisoners, raced toward the coveted litter, had not a trivial incident protected the pope. Deterred by the tempest of snow, he had already turned back to await its conclusion, and the shouts in front hastened his retreat. He entered the gates not a moment too soon, and the Loyal Servant slyly adds that His Sanctity leaped from his litter and heaved shoulder to shoulder with those who were hauling up the drawbridge. Like his contemporary, the English Lord Marmion, Bayard may well have "shook his gauntlet at the towers." He had failed, through no fault of his own, in bringing off a stroke, which would have been talked of to the end of time. Raging and crestfallen, he collected several bishops as prisoners but, except for like subordinates and a drove of sumpter mules, returned empty-handed to meet the expected reinforcements.⁹

As for the pope, he took care to provide himself with an ample guard on his way to Mirandola, but afterward pursued the siege with such vigor that the place

capitulated, and the Holy Father, disdaining gates and doors, had himself carried in through a breach in the walls.

It is unnecessary to do more than trace the subsequent campaign. If the Loyal Servant and Champier are to be credited, it was entirely owing to Bayard's strategy, exhibited this time in a battle of considerable importance, that the papal forces suffered a sharp defeat on February 28, 1511, at the Bastia del Genivolo.¹⁰ This indispensable key to Ferrara from the south was besieged by overwhelming numbers, and reinforcements within twenty-four hours were demanded by Tassone, ducal commander.¹¹ Under Bayard's direction, rescue was sent both by water and land. Having negotiated a difficult passage across a canal between the Po and the Bastia, the Ferrarese took the enemy by surprise in a brilliant attack delivered front and rear. The papal troops were utterly routed, and suffered infantry losses variously reckoned between six hundred and five thousand. But other chroniclers are stonily silent as to the Chevalier's share in this event, and until less partial testimony is forthcoming, it seems wise to assume that the Duke of Ferrara and Montoisson, both of them veteran commanders, were at least equally responsible for the victory.¹²

A few days later, however, Clermont of Montoisson, old and gallant, the falcon of war, as he was called, an interesting, vague figure of those times, died of fever, and Bayard remained in command of the French lances at Ferrara.¹³ Save for another assault on the Bastia by the papalists, who were again defeated, the spring seems to have passed in comparative quiet as far as

he was concerned. Not until May does he appear to have rejoined the main French army under Triulzio in its advance on Bologna. There he led the van-couriers and gained no little reputation in the subsequent rout of the Duke of Urbino, which led to the occupation of the city on May 20, and to the temporary suspension of hostilities.¹⁴ But it was during this spring, while he served as chief captain of Alfonso d'Este, that an incident occurred, trivial in itself, but curiously illustrative of Bayard in relation to what may be termed the spirit of Ferrara. Once more it concerns the pope; this time, however, in no humorous vein—a coldly sinister episode.

Julius II, baffled in his designs on Ferrara, put off the lion for a moment to assume the fox, and sent one Agostino Guerlo, a plausible, subtle man, as secret agent to Alfonso d'Este. It was the French alone, the barbarian exploiters of Italy, that Julius hated, not Ferrara—so Guerlo tuned his message—nay, His Sanctity was moved to serve the duke, forget all grievances, promote him *Gonfaloniere* of the Church, give him his niece in marriage to his eldest son, if only—and here, the opaque, gentle glance of the emissary must have probed and halted—if only he dismissed the French and forsook their questionable alliance. Glance fenced with glance; they understood each other perfectly. Alfonso understood for one thing, that if they left the city it might well mean the destruction of this band of soldiers, separated from their army by the papal troops; but that was beside the point. He was himself a fox of the keenest insight, and the very succulence of the proffered bait misgave him. He decided swiftly,

but, of course, gave no sign. He would reflect, consider; and leaving Guerlo expectant, proceeded at once to lay the matter before Bayard. The good knight crossed himself at the idea of such treachery to his king, but realized, of course, that the duke was too sincere, too loyal to entertain the thought of it for a moment. Alfonso agreed—but what if it might be possible to convert the pope's envoy into a friendly instrument, pay back His Holiness with his own coin? Why that, returned Bayard innocently, was well thought on.

Hence, closeted once more with Messer Agostino, the duke made use of his suavest manner. He regretted the impossibility of accepting His Holiness's offer, because of the difficulty he experienced in relying on the latter's word, for the pope had remarked on several occasions that there was no one he hated more than the duke, and that he would have Ferrara by the Body of God. Thus, cut off from the French, he, Alfonso, would fall between two stools. But even if it were advisable, how to dismiss Monseigneur de Bayard and his lances so easily? Were they not stronger in the city than he? Would they not, before leaving, wait for instructions from the king or Marshal Triulzio? And would not the French, warned of Ferrarese defection, take prompt measures to punish it? Messer Agostino's intelligence would, of course, appreciate the duke's so critical position. On the other hand, he felt drawn to Messer Agostino personally, a man of remarkable talent. He felt sorry that he should waste himself upon an insecure and ungrateful service. Had he ever considered the violence of the pope's temper,

which might easily vent itself in who could tell what fashion regrettable for him? Had he ever reflected that the pope was old and might die suddenly, leaving him without a patron? Had he pondered these things? Whereas, thank God, the House of Este was rich, and he, the duke, was young and appreciative of able servants—such, for example, as helped rid him of his enemies. How, for instance, would Messer Agostino relish an income—say of five hundred ducats? That, and a gift in hand—say of two thousand ducats? They understood each other perfectly, and Agostino leaped from Peter's net to Este's hook. His Magnificence, alas, spoke truly. He, Guerlo, had long perceived the flaws of papal service—had long desired His Highness's protection. And, as a matter of fact, his office brought him close to the pope. They were frequently alone. He often served him at table. In short, he could promise his death within a week—but afterward would His Highness remember?—"Ah," said the duke, "on my honor!"

Alfonso d'Este found Bayard on the walls superintending the cleaning of a gun. The duke was in high spirits, and they walked together along the ramparts. Well, he had gained his man; the pope would be taken in his own gin, for the fellow had given assurance that His Holiness would not live out the week.—"What!" exclaimed Bayard, surprised, "how does he know that? Has he talked with God?"

Not immediately, not in so many words—for the matter required tact and innuendo—but gradually the truth penetrated even the soldier's simplicity, that Julius II would die poisoned.

The Chevalier Bayard

He drew back and crossed himself ten times. Then, staring at the duke, he said: "Alas, monseigneur, I would never have dreamed that so gentle a prince as you would consent to so great a treason, and if I believed this true, I swear on my soul that before night I would warn the pope, because never, I think, would God forgive so horrible a thing."

"How!" cried the duke, "has he not plotted the same end for you and me? You know well that we have already hanged seven or eight of his spies."

"I care not," returned Bayard, "he is God's lieutenant on earth, and never would I consent to his death in such a way."

The duke shrugged his shoulders and spat, "By God's Body, Monseigneur de Bayard, I would like to have killed all my enemies in such a way; but since you are not agreed, we'll leave the matter. And yet, except for the grace of heaven, we'll regret it."

"So we shall, if God wills," answered the other, "but I beg you, monseigneur, to hand me over the gallant who wanted to carry out this trick, and if I do not have him hanged within the hour, may I be hanged in his place."

"No," said the duke, "I have promised him safety, but I'll send him away." ¹⁵

This vivid scene exemplifies perfectly the spiritual distance which separated Bayard from his surroundings at Ferrara, and from many of the men with whom he associated in Italy. The disgust of the duke for such frivolous scruples would be naturally ineffable. One feels a bit sorry for him, blocked at a crisis in his affairs by so unexpected an obstacle. And what did Lucrezia Borgia, that pearl among women, think, or the courtiers to whom he may have confided the episode? Probably with their amused contempt, there mingled a trace of indulgence, nay, even of tenderness,

such as worldlings may feel toward the illusions of children. And they eyed curiously the tall soldier, as he passed among them, he who had shed more blood than any there, but who shrank aghast from what had become for them a commonplace of policy. So alien, he seemed, and ignorant of life's expedencies, so confident in the enduring adequacy of a demoded faith.

1—Sier Hieronimo Marin, *podestà* at Treviso, reports Bayard among other captains as on a raid before the gates of that city on June 30, 1510. He commanded ninety horse.—Marino Sanuto, Vol. X, 684.

2—It seems uncertain as to who were the chief offenders in this atrocity. The *Loyal Servant* blames the Gascons, and Guicciardini with other Italian writers the *landsknechte*. Probably they acted together. Marino Sanuto, Vol. X, 423, sets the number of victims at six thousand.

3—*Loyal Servant*, p. 206-208; Guicciardini, Bk. IX, Ch. 1; Ricotti, *Storia delle Compagnie di Ventura in Italia*, Vol. II, p. 229-230; Marino Sanuto, Vol. X, 437.

4—*Loyal Servant*, p. 211 ff.; Marino Sanuto, Vol. XI, 277.

5—Il estoit un peu bizzare et haut à la main quand il falloit et alloit du sien.—Brantôme, *M. de Bayard*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 389.

6—*Loyal Servant*, p. 239.

7—G. Sardi, *Istorie Ferraresi*, Ferrara, 1642, p. 216.

8—Guicciardini, Bk. IX, Ch. 3.

9—*Loyal Servant*, p. 225 ff. Save in de Mailles, no record of this event remains. It may or may not have happened. Dumesnil (*Histoire de Jules I*, Paris, 1873) repeats it on the *Loyal Servant's* authority, and evidently accepts the story as authentic; but Giassi, master of ceremonies of the papal chapel, makes no mention of it in his contemporary diary, and such an omission is striking (cf. *Le due spedizioni militari di Giulio II*, Bologna 1886). Furthermore, the detailed accounts preserved by Marino Sanuto (Vol. XI, 721 ff.) of the pope's journey from Bologna to Mirandola are equally silent, though all report the unusual snow-storm. In brief, one is compelled to believe that, although such a plan to capture the pope may have been attempted, it was either abandoned, or it failed on account of the severe weather, and that neither Julius II nor his suite knew

anything of it. The attack on the escort, the trepidation of the pope, the capture of the bishops and sumpter mules are in all likelihood mere embroidery.

10—Marino Sanuto, Vol. XII, 11 ff.

11—G. Sardi, *op. cit.*, p. 217 ff.

12—Cf. *Loyal Servant*, p. 230-238, and Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 109 ff. No mention of Bayard at this point is made by Guicciardini, Sardi, Giovio, or Marino Sanuto. In view of this, no reason is evident for Roman's statement, that "cette victoire, due à l'énergie et à la résolution de Bayard, est . . . son plus beau titre de gloire." *Loyal Servant*, p. 239 n.

13—Expilly, *op. cit.*, p. 449.

14—Cf. Guicciardini, Bk. IX, Ch. 5; *Loyal Servant* p. 251, and Roman's note, giving a portion of a letter from Triulzio to the king, where Bayard receives honorable mention.

15—*Loyal Servant*, p. 241-246. The above episode is found, perhaps naturally enough, only in the pages of de Mailles.

CHAPTER X

GASTON DE FOIX

BRESCIA

IN the year 1511 to 1512, the French fortunes in Italy attained their zenith and declined abruptly to their nadir, from which no subsequent victories were ever able completely to restore them. It covers also the brief, memorable career of a young prince, nephew of the King of France, brother of the Queen of Spain, eminent strategist and general at twenty-three, with whose name, as denoting a certain period and temper, this chapter may fittingly be inscribed: Gaston de Foix.

Of all nicknames attached to great men, none is more apposite than the one accorded him by Italian historians themselves: *folgore di guerra*, thunderbolt of war. It evokes not only the rapidity of his success, its crushing effects, its vivid brilliancy, but implies also its short duration, the silence and void which succeeded him. Bologna, Brescia, Ravenna, each the name of a distinguished triumph, ten weeks of glory, and then—blankness. The favorite of kings, idol of men and women, rich, handsome, capable, he had exhausted the possibilities of life before most men begin to live. Thus, although our concern is merely with one

of his chief commanders, the events of Bayard's life at this time are, as it were, subsidiary sparks to the Duke of Nemours's flaming apparition, and contribute their share to the splendor of his achievements.

The phrase, ascribing to Bayard a rank among the first of de Foix's captains, has been used advisedly. In the summer of 1511, whether because of the position he had occupied at Ferrara, or because of his conduct at the taking of Bologna, he received an important promotion. Thus far captain of thirty lances or occasional leader of infantry, on July 31 he was appointed to command the Duke of Lorraine's company of a hundred lances, or six hundred horse, his own original troop being incorporated in this larger contingent.¹ He had thus attained the rank formerly occupied by d'Ars as de Ligny's lieutenant. Since the Duke of Lorraine was merely an absentee commander, the entire leadership devolved on Bayard, and roughly approximating such rank to modern conditions, the position implied was something between brigadier- and major-general. It gave him a definite importance in councils of war and a place close to the person of the commander-in-chief.²

It was in this capacity that, under La Palice, he engaged in the Friuli campaign of that summer and autumn against the Venetians, besieged Treviso and, according to de Mailles, having crossed the Piave with de Fontrailles and the German contingent toward the latter part of September, took Gradisca in the name of the emperor.³ It was an expedition of no great importance, which ended abruptly in the recall of the French to Milan to take part in more urgent service.

In the preceding year, the Swiss cantons, impelled by various motives, wherein pride, cupidity, disgruntlement, and the persuasions of Matthias Schinner, cardinal of Sion, played an equal part, had abandoned their traditional alliance with France, and concluded a five years' agreement with the Holy See "for the safety of the Church."⁴ Consequently, the first of those invasions from the Alps into the Milanese, which were to occur periodically until 1515, had taken place that same autumn; but badly organized and without supplies, it had been halted not far within the frontiers. The invasion of November, 1511, was a more serious matter. An army of sixteen thousand men, at that time reputed the best infantry in Europe, but with only a small complement of artillery and without cavalry, penetrated up to the suburbs of Milan. De Foix, with his forces scattered at Brescia, Bologna, and elsewhere, could do no more than fall back, embarrass the enemy's service of supplies, and await reinforcements.

It was at this time that de Conti, a comrade of Bayard's, fell in a skirmish with the redoubtable pikemen, but was revenged the following day by his friend, who, at the same spot, defeated a battalion of some five hundred.⁵

At length, owing partly to the rigors of the winter, partly from lack of provisions and of support by their papal and Venetian allies, the Swiss withdrew, burning and pillaging as they went. The danger had been temporarily averted, but with a cost to the duchy of many villages.

It is singular to reflect that, for the next five years,

the armies of little Switzerland were to determine the balance of power in western Europe. There, as elsewhere, political development followed the normal and regrettable course. First, independence, heroically purchased by thrift, devotion, and valor; then, comparative prosperity, a growing sense of power, brilliant military success; then, imperial dreams, a brief period of triumph; then, defeat and disillusionment. But the fact remains that, for a while, popes, emperors, and kings rivalled each other in suing for the graces of the small republic. We shall encounter the Swiss again on more critical occasions; meanwhile their appearance, as a hostile factor in the French military situation, should be noted. The apprehension their dense, machine-like phalanx caused even such men as de Foix and Triulzio is significant. The *hommes d'armes* of France were to encounter no worthier nor more dangerous enemies.

Hardly had the northern peril been avoided than from the south approached an even greater menace in the allied papal and Spanish armies commanded by Raymondo de Cardona.⁹ Advancing from the Romagna with an effective of nearly eighteen thousand and with numerous artillery, they laid siege to Bologna about the middle of January, 1512. Against them, de Foix collected an approximately equal number at Finale; and it is at this time, during the process of concentration, that we find Bayard on the staff of the young general. Those scenes of court and camp, battle and siege, of which the Loyal Servant is so faithful a portrayer, are nowhere more vivid than in this portion of his account. They bespeak the personal recol-

lections of one who dwells fondly on what he has himself witnessed.

Gaston de Foix and Bayard revisit Ferrara, where they are once more royally entertained, and the former wears Lucrezia Borgia's colors. Then they appear at Carpi as guests of its lord, a relative of Pico della Mirandola. During the laughter and drinking at supper, conversation among the captains turns to a famous fortune-teller and astrologer of the town, who is summoned. He foretells the battle of Ravenna, ill-omened for the Duke of Nemours, and foretells the deaths of La Palice, Richebourg, and Bayard. He draws La Palice and Bayard to one side, urging them to guard well Gaston de Foix on the day of the battle, "for hardly will he escape." "Gentlemen, what is he telling you?" asks Nemours. "Oh, monseigneur," says Bayard, "La Palice seeks to know whether a certain lady prefers him to Viverols; but he's told that she does not, and he's angry about it." 7

The fun at table, the banter of the officers joking each other on the score of their fortunes, the entrance of a swaggering captain, named Caumont, who insults the astrologer and is foretold a death on the gallows. An actual tumult of voices, glitter of lights, pulsing of life, seems to rise from the pages, which at this point are as immediate and human as Chaucer's. They serve as interlude before the next act, which ends grimly at Ravenna.

Meanwhile the enemy guns were hammering Bologna, and a Venetian army had advanced against Brescia. The French power seemed in full ebb, but Nemours still lingered at Finale. Having as yet given

small proof of himself in war, his inertia might appear only another example of a royal favorite's incompetence. It was actually the compression of a powerful spring suddenly to be released. On February 4, in darkness, through a storm of snow and sleet, he marched with fifteen thousand men the twenty miles from Finale to Bologna, and effected an entrance without the knowledge of the enemy, who were attacking from an opposite direction. The latter, finding that the city was not only rescued, but that they themselves were at eminent disadvantage, raised the siege and retired precipitately into the Romagna at some loss of baggage and supplies.

But de Foix, after the briefest possible delay necessary for ordering affairs at Bologna, turned north. The Venetians, under Gritti, future doge of the republic, had taken Brescia, the French stronghold in Lombardy, second only to Milan.⁸ By forced marches, which comprised the crossing of several rivers, the Po and the Mincio, along roads deep in mire, through cold and storm, the will of Gaston de Foix lashed his army forward. There was need of haste. Although Brescia had fallen, its castle, commanded by the brave de Lude, still held for France, but against overwhelming odds and without hope, except for an aid so prompt as to be well-nigh impossible. The impossible occurred. In little over a week, Nemours's forces covered a marching distance of about 130 miles; but not only this, they fought victoriously two battles en route.

We have a glimpse of Bayard at this point, sick with his periodic fever, unable to stand the weight of armor, riding at the head of his company "in a gown

of black velvet." 9 They had done thirty miles the day before in an attempt to cut off Giampaolo Baglioni, Venetian *condottiere*, from reinforcing the enemy at Brescia. Their speed had even outdistanced rumor, to such an extent that Baglioni, mistaking their van for a detachment of the German garrison at Verona, drew up his troops and waited for what he deemed an easy triumph. The lances he saw were the vancouriers led by Bayard and Théligny. They must have sighted each other at about the same time—bridle-reins tense, eyes narrowed, a stir leaping from rank to rank. Gone are thoughts of fever at the breath of this sovereign game. Bayard swings from his hackney, borrows a cuirass buckled hastily over his gown, and mounts a battle horse. The enemy opens fire with artillery, killing among others Théligny's ensign; the lances are lowered, the charge begins. And messengers ride in hot haste to hurry reinforcements, which arrive band after band. Hopelessly outnumbered, the Venetians broke at last. "It was a gorgeous defeat," remarks de Mailles complacently, "and very profitable." The enemy lost his infantry and artillery, some twelve hundred men and ninety men-at-arms. Sharply pursued, Baglioni swam the Adige and escaped.

But without losing a day, de Foix pressed on, defeated the light-horse of Meleagro da Forlì, captured him, and on February 17 appeared in the suburbs of Brescia. Bonfires were lighted on the castle walls, and a salvo of twenty shots plunging into the city testified to the joy of the garrison. Surrounded, without hope of rescue, their last resource some thousands of Venetian soldiers and armed peasants, the wretched in-

habitants, who had merely acquiesced in Gritti's occupation of the town, awaited their doom. De Foix gave them a loophole of escape.

By the customs of war, a city taken by storm was sacked. The soldiers expected it, lived for it, would have mutinied if this essential privilege had been denied. Once let them scale the walls, and any commanding general was powerless; but beforehand something could be done. A trumpeter was sent offering immunity of life and property to all in Brescia save the Venetian troops. Andrea Gritti refused to accept these conditions, and sent back an insolent answer. The townspeople were not even consulted. Black as was the taking of Brescia, no small blame attaches to the self-will and presumption of the Venetian commander who, knowing the rules of war, insisted on sacrificing an innocent population to his over-confidence.

Having made a selection of veterans for the assault, de Foix led them without opposition into the castle, situated apart from the town and slightly commanding it. The remaining troops were posted outside the city to cut off fugitives or themselves to attack if an occasion proved favorable. A council of war then determined the order of battle.

It was simple enough. Columns of men, descending from the castle, would batter their way across the ramparts of what was called the "citadel," guarding that section of the town. On Bayard's advice, dismounted horsemen in full armor would mingle with the foot-troops to provide greater weight and resistance. He offered himself with his lances, as point of the wedge. "And believe me, monseigneur, the com-

pany I command will do honor to the king this day, and render you such service that you will take note of it." We are told that de Foix's captains exchanged glances at the proposal, for it meant advancing against the most concentrated fire at point-blank range; nor was Bayard refused the place of honor.

The ranks were formed: seven thousand Germans and Gascons under Molard, a friend and relative of the Terrails in Dauphiné; Bayard's company on their flanks; de Foix with the mass of men-at-arms following them. It was at this point—about seven o'clock on the morning of February 19—that the trumpeter mentioned above was sent with final conditions. On his return with a negative answer, there remained only to give the signal for attack. "Gentlemen," cried de Foix, "nothing is left but courage and to show ourselves good men. March in the name of God and my lord Saint Denis!"

The huge drums of the period, trumpets, and clarions burst into a roar; all the bells of the city, furiously rung, answered them. It was slippery under foot from a drizzle of the previous night, and the descent from the castle being steep, Nemours with others drew off their boots for a better purchase. Meanwhile, amid the tumult of sound, the battle-cry of thousands on both sides, Bayard's division was approaching the ramparts. They were defended by skilled mercenaries of the Romagna headed by Venetian officers. Having covered the intervening space, wave after wave of Gascon and German archers, mingled with men-at-arms, burst against the barriers. The cry of "Bayard!" shouted by his company, rose with that of "France!"

and "St. Mark!" and rang back to where the Duke of Nemours was advancing. The battle had been joined.

An attack at that time appeared vastly different from an infantry engagement of to-day. Aside from the mass formations and the multiplicity of apparel and colors, what would probably most impress the modern observer would be the bristling disorder of weapons and insignia crisscrossing above the ranks—spears, halberds, long-swords, and standards—resembling in profile the tangled blades of ruffled grain. What would impress him also would be a different quality of sound, the stab and riveting of firearms being replaced by a vast clangor of steel on steel, supplemented besides by a surging roar of voices, thunder of drums, constant blare of trumpets. And on this occasion was added the ceaseless tolling of bells from a city rich in towers.

It proved no easy assault. Again and again the assailants were thrown back; and meanwhile in Brescia, all non-combatants, women, children, and old men, thronged the churches invoking with their priests the divine mercy. We can picture them huddled there, conscious of the din without, trembling, hoping, pleading.

For two hours, Bayard had battered at the ramparts. Line after line was thrown back. The defenders were fighting for their lives and for more than that—the honor of their women, for their children and parents, for the sum of their little world. On the other hand, thirst of gain or of honor or promotion sent Nemours's veterans again and again against the barriers. But the fight was too unequal. Aided by the impetus of their descent, seasoned in long wars, led by

the ablest commanders of the time, they made headway. Bayard gained a footing on the redoubt. "In!" he cried, throwing himself ahead, "In, companions! We have them—forward, they're beaten!" And driving against the enemy ranks, he hewed a way that was quickly followed.

But surrounded for a moment, he was a target for blows. A Venetian pike found a gap in his harness, buried itself in his thigh, and snapped short.—"Comrade," he shouted to Molard, "push on your men, we've taken the city. As for me, I'll stay here. I'm done for." His archers closed around him, drew him free from the press, and ripping their shirts from their backs, attempted to staunch the blood. It appeared that he would die without confession. They wrenched the door of a near-by house from its hinges, and carried him off in search of appropriate shelter.

The flood of men, which had been checked by the ramparts of the "citadel," now swept in a mass toward the near-by city gates, entering pell-mell with those they pursued before the portals could be closed, brushing aside all resistance, and putting to flight the defenders of adjacent street-openings. But the Venetians were not yet conquered. Falling back in all directions, they drew to a center in the great square of the Broletto, and there, to the number of eight or ten thousand, made their stand.

Nemours, following with his captains and men-at-arms, crossed the blood-stained redoubt and was told of the death of Bayard.—"Ha, friends," he is reported to have cried, "shall we not avenge on these peasants the death of the most accomplished knight on earth!"

The Chevalier Bayard

There was not a man there who would not be stirred by the tidings—comrades with him in twenty battles, companions at court, at table, on the march, proud of his fame, indebted to his friendship. And in the fierce mêlée that followed, the thought of him added fury to the blows, a more trenchant hatred. But especially upon his own lances, torn with grief and rage, the duty devolved to exact payment.

The fight that now roared in the square of the Broletto lasted a half hour. The French, swarming through the narrow converging streets, were assailed with stones and boiling water flung from the house windows, which did more damage than the Venetian pikes. Densely packed, the defenders of Brescia fought as only those fight who have nothing to hope. And in the crowded cathedral close at hand still rose, with all the agony of despair, the *miserere*. Perhaps a longer resistance might have been made had not a troop of Albanian light-horse, seeking escape through a postern of the Porta San-Nazaro, fallen into the hands of Ives d'Alègre. He had been patrolling outside with his bands and thus effected an entrance for the cavalry. His charge, delivered from the rear, completely broke all further defense. Massacre followed. Bodies of the dead and dying were heaped up in the square or strewn along the streets. Men were slain like cattle in every district of the town. Not until the last combatant had been dealt with did the French break ranks. Then the longed-for sack began.

It lasted a week. In vain did city magistrates throw themselves at Nemours's feet, pleading the innocence of Brescia. He would not, and, indeed, could not, re-

strain the now maddened soldiery. Besides forbidding on pain of death the violation of nuns and such gentlewomen as had taken refuge in convents—an ordinance bitterly resented by the troops—he stood aside, and left the town absolutely at the mercy of the plunderers. It is hard to conceive of a more ghastly doom. No laws obtained, no rights of any kind were sacred. The population had been handed over as chattels to a host of bullies on fire with greed and lust. They had become sponges to wring gold and pleasure from. Those who fled to the churches were killed or mishandled there as well as in the streets outside. The churches themselves were rifled—the saints' relics, the consecrated wafers tossed out and trampled on the ground for the sake of the precious metal that contained them. From house to house went the soldiers, installing themselves, doing what they pleased, taking what they pleased, estimating how much could be extorted from its inmates. When a house had been gutted of its portable valuables, they imposed a ransom. If it was not forthcoming, they applied torture, and often, no doubt, men and women died in torments for not revealing a treasure which had no existence. But even the payment of ransom, the surrender of the last groat, purchased no immunity. One gang having departed, another arrived, demanding another ransom, making use of similar methods to obtain it. Of what these were, Brescian chroniclers leave no doubt.

"Some they kept suspended day and night," writes Cavriolo; "others they tortured with cords twisted about the temples . . . others they flayed with knives; others they sprinkled with hot lard; others they

burned alive." A woman, fastened to the tail of a cow, is whipped naked through the streets. An old man is drawn from his bed, mutilated, and then strung up to be slowly burned above his own hearth. Some of the torments used are unmentionable. Not content with churches, monasteries, and houses, they invaded even the hospitals, stripped the sick of their clothes, and spread contagion through the city. The nobles and their wives, who had taken refuge in religious houses, fell as booty to the captains and were held to enormous ransoms. Cavriolo adds:

But what pen can trace the wretched picture of the conquered city? Or what speech is adequate to describe the atrocious, miserable scenes? From every corner, shrieks and cries; carnage everywhere, bodies heaped up, the wounded under the dead, and under the unburied dead the wounded buried. Mothers fleeing with children at their breasts. Plunderers, laden with spoils, coming out of desolate houses. The earth horribly soft with the blood of citizens and enemies. So, with the victors' wrath venting itself upon an innocent population, fell our wretched city of Brescia, not less in honor and dignity than any other of Lombardy, but in riches, save for Milan, greater than them all. So vast was the ruin, wherein for seven continuous days the lives, honor, and wealth of the unfortunate Brescians were exposed to the cruelty, insolence, and greed of the soldiers. As to the number of dead in the battle and plundering . . . it was estimated at seventeen thousand men.

It was against this background of untold horror that occurred one of the gentlest and most gallant episodes of Bayard's life. The essence of the man, what

he actually was, apart from the glory and dust of his ceaseless warfare, is revealed for a moment here in all its charm.

His archers, carrying him on the improvised stretcher, were attracted by the stately appearance of a house not far off, and selected it for their present need. If Gambara is right, it was the Cevola palace, situated in the Mercato Nuovo, and belonging to a family of considerable station and opulence,¹⁰ which at that time consisted of a husband, wife, and two daughters. The man of the house, whether he considered his own safety of more importance than that of his women, or from whatever motive, had taken refuge in a monastery, leaving the mother and two girls alone. All that day they had waited in the most abject fear. It is easy to realize what must have been their terror to see a group of the dreaded archers below and hear their pounding on the door. The girls fled to the attic and concealed themselves under a heap of straw. The mother alone went down hopelessly to open. Smeared with dust and blood, brutal, indifferent to her, the men thrust past with their burden.

"Lock the door," Bayard told them, "station two men there, and guard with your lives that no one enter except my people. When these are known as my quarters, I think that none will try to force an entrance. And because you stand to lose some booty by tending me, take no heed, you shall lose nothing."

The woman stood there limply and unregarded; she now led the way trembling to her best room, where the knight was laid on the bed. She realized that she had nothing to expect; the roving glances of the arch-

ers, as they estimated the elegance of the house, boded no good; but, clutching at a straw, she hoped that they might be satisfied with plunder. It was not a favorable moment, for he was drawn with pain, but despair brought courage. With clasped hands she sank to her knees, a forlorn, panic-stricken person, whom he had as yet scarcely noticed.

"Noble lord," she said, "I present you with this house and all it contains, because I know well it is yours by right of war. Only, may it be your pleasure to save my life and honor, and that of two young girls, my husband's and mine, who are ready for marriage."

She hung on his answer, which came heavily. "Madam, I hardly know if I can survive this wound; but as long as I live no harm will be done to you and your daughters any more than to me. But keep them in your rooms, so that no one sees them, and I promise that not a man of mine will disturb you. Be assured as well that you have here a gentleman, who will not plunder you, but will render any courtesy he can."

If he lived! Everything depended on his living. He called in anguish for a surgeon, and we can well imagine with what eagerness she ran, accompanied by an archer, in search of one. He came; the cloth was cut away from the thigh revealing a deep wound, from which protruded the broken shaft of the pike.

"Pull out the iron," said Bayard.

The Brescian, an old man, shook with terror. "Lord, I fear that you will faint if I pull it out."

"No, I will not," said the other, "I have known what it was before to draw iron from human flesh. Pull boldly."

The physician was in hard straits, and had reason to fear. If Bayard died under his ministrations, it would be only natural for the archers to vent their grief by hacking him to pieces. But he had no choice. Both he and the Chevalier's barber laid hold of the shaft and pulled. We are told that the knight felt "marvelous pain"; but it appeared that no arteries had been cut, and that the wound would not prove fatal.

Put to bed, he was attended also by Master Claude, the Duke of Nemours' surgeon, and began a slow recovery. At least once a day, Gaston de Foix visited him in person, urging him to mend quickly, and, like one who comforts a sick man with fine prospects, told of the battle to which he was leading the army, a battle that bade fair to be a marvel. And Bayard fumed with distress. "If there is a battle," he said, "believe me, monseigneur, that not only for the king's service and love of you, but for my honor, which goes before all, I shall have myself carried there in a litter rather than miss it."

Meanwhile, the sack went on. A universal moan of torment, woven of infinite madness, rose from the dying city. To left and right of the guarded house, they could hear it—destruction, brutality, anguish—and the little household, shut in from this sea of misery, huddled in dread behind the shoulders of the alert sentinels. Group after group of cutthroats, drawn like flies, would come swarming up to be met by the archers. Monseigneur de Bayard's lodgings! The women from within could hear how that name sobered them, and how they would draw away respectfully. More-

over, it was not long before the man of the house was fetched back under guard from his monastery, which had proved less safe than he thought. As they pondered it, this might denote merely that Bayard had no intention of letting his host's ransom fall into other hands; but at least they were alive and unharmed, which was a great matter during that week in Brescia.

Gradually silence spread through the town, the silence of death. The air, fetid with unburied corpses, had become so noisome that for their own sakes, from pillagers the troops became grave diggers. It required three days to clear the streets of dead. Contagion, spreading from the looted hospitals, threatened pestilence. The town, gutted and dismal and broken, offered no further booty; and on February 27, de Foix, having left d'Aubigny in charge of a garrison, gave orders to march. Hundreds of wagons, laden with plunder estimated at three million crowns, followed the army. It left Brescia in peace at last, if desolation is peace; but never afterward did the city completely recover from this ruin.

Incapacitated with his wound and unable to stir, Bayard, except for impatience and the fear of missing a battle, spent not unpleasantly six weeks of convalescence. His hosts, grateful for their rescue, evidently made him feel at home. The young girls, who were skilled in singing and could play the lute, entertained him, or brought their needle-work to his room. Probably he told them of his wars and perhaps of Jeanne, his daughter in Dauphiné, and no doubt there were decorous compliments and small gallantries. He could throw wide to them, fresh from the convent, a world

of action, of courts, princes, and tournaments; but, on the other hand, could himself enjoy the charm of their innocence and youth. They became fast friends. Fear of him lessened. Indeed, hope began to waken that, unlike other captains, he would not impoverish them when he came to demand a final settlement, that his graciousness would extend even to an abatement of ransom.

The coming of spring, however, brought renewed impatience. He kept himself informed of every movement of the army, which had now entered the Romagna and was heading south in almost daily contact with the Spanish and papal forces under Cardona. De Foix, spurred by letters from France, where an English, Swiss, and Spanish invasion threatened, pressed for a decisive action, which would leave Rome at his mercy, and, by crushing the League in Italy, disengage the French frontiers. Cardona, on the other hand, as carefully avoided battle, playing for time and keeping himself in easily defended positions. Thus, eyeing each other, the two enemies drifted toward Ravenna, which the French attacked, as a means of forcing an issue. Battle, accordingly, there would be, and Bayard chafed the more. He got out of bed at last, and finding that he could hobble weakly about the room, called his surgeon to witness that he was now wholly or at least *nearly* cured, and that staying here would do him more harm than good. At length the physician consented. The wound, he said, though open, had healed internally, and was not so located as to be rubbed by the saddle. His barber could continue the dressings. "And if any one," observes the chronicler,

"had given him ten thousand crowns, he would not have been as happy." He paid the surgeon with a full purse, dressed, ordered his bags packed and his horses in readiness within two days, and set about getting himself in condition by limping up and down his quarters.

It was on the morning of departure, as he sat resting, that his hostess craved an interview. She realized, from the French practice in other houses, that her husband's property belonged to him, and that he could claim well-nigh their entire capital. Hoping that he would be content with a year's income as a gift, she entered anxiously, accompanied by a servant with a little steel casket, and knelt before him. She knew, she said, that God's grace had sent him to their house at the capture of the city, and that they owed him their lives and the honor of their daughters. They owed him as well for the courtesy of his men, who had taken nothing without payment. And she knew, of course, that all they had was at his disposal. But recognizing his generosity, she wondered if he would not, she had come to beg that he might, take pity on them, and surpass his usual kindness by accepting this small present. Then, opening the box, she showed it filled with gold ducats.

Bayard laughed. "My lady, how much is there in that box?"

The poor woman, who feared that he was angry at seeing so little, answered, "Lord, there are only two thousand, five hundred ducats; but if it is not enough we will find you more."

Then he said, "On my oath, if you gave me a hundred thousand ducats, you would not do me so much kindness, as

the good cheer I have had with you and the good tending you have rendered me. And I assure you that wherever I am, while God gives me life, you will have a gentleman at your service. As for your ducats, I thank you, but do not want them. I have always loved people much better than gold, and you must not think that I leave, caring less for you than if you had this city to bestow and had given it me."

Mingled with astonishment, the woman now felt shame—the shame of having resorted to a slightly shabby artifice unnecessarily. Under pretext of a voluntary gift, she had sought to stave off the payment of heavier tribute, and even her gift had been returned. At the moment when her city and friends had been impoverished by this man's confederates, when she had been prepared for the worst and, at best, had hoped for moderate indulgence, such an unparalleled attitude set her at a loss, was indeed, by contrast with her misconception of him, almost a reproach. She and her family were rich; they were fair booty by the rules of war; and he was comparatively poor. Mortified and now really grateful, she would not accept his refusal, she would consider herself affronted and unhappy if he declined her gift. She plead with him, and at length courteously he gave way.

"Well, then," he said, "I accept it for love of you; but summon your two daughters here, for I wish to bid them farewell."

The good lady, overjoyed that her present had at last been received, went in search of her daughters . . . and brought them to Bayard, who, while they had been preparing, had divided the gold into three parts, two of a thousand ducats

each, and one of five hundred. Upon entering, when they had kneeled to him, the eldest said: "My lord, we two poor girls, to whom you have done such honor as to guard us from all harm, come to bid you farewell with humble thanks to your lordship for the grace we have received, and whereof in requital, as we can do no more, we are bound to pray God for you."

The good Chevalier, who had tears in his eyes at seeing so much sweetness and humility, answered: "My *demoiselles*, you are doing what I should do. I would thank you for the good company you have given me and for which I feel myself grateful and indebted. You know that we men of war are not usually provided with fine gifts to present to ladies, and I regret deeply that I have none to offer as it is right I should. But your mother here has given me twenty-five hundred ducats, which you see on this table, and of these I give each of you a thousand, as part of your marriage portions, and in return I beg only that you pray God for me."

Then he poured the gold into their aprons, whether they wished it or not, and addressing his hostess, "Madam," he said, "I take the five hundred ducats for my share to distribute among the poor convents of nuns, who have been plundered, and I give them in trust to you, who will know better than any where lies the greatest need."

Then, in the fashion of Italy, he touched the hands of all of them, who knelt weeping. And the lady said: "Flower of chivalry, to whom none may be compared, may the blessed Savior and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who endured death and passion for sinners, reward it you in this world and in that to come!" . . .

After dinner with the gentleman of the house, he at once ordered his horses, for it chafed him much to be away from his beloved company, and he feared greatly that the battle would take place before his coming. When he had left his room to mount, the two fair daughters of the house came down, and

gave him each of them a present, which they had worked during his illness—the one, two bracelets handsomely wrought with gold and silver thread, the other, a purse of crimson satin most skilfully made. Greatly he thanked them, saying that he prized these gifts from such dear hands at the worth of ten thousand crowns; and, the more to please them, had the bracelets fitted on his arm and put the purse in his sleeve, assuring them that as long as they lasted he would wear them in their memory.¹¹

Thus, with the road once more before him, he turned south through the splendor of Italian spring, riding hard, in spite of his wound, through Mantua, Bologna, the Romagna, impatient of delay, fearing he rode too late. His haste served him well. At last, as the goal of longing, he saw far off, across a desolate plain, the walls of Ravenna and close by the French pavilions and well-known standards. He was back to his own again. Shouts of "Bayard!" that grew to a thunder of cheering from pikemen, archers, and men-at-arms, rose as he crossed the camp. No other sound on earth could have been half so welcome. He dismounted amid the throng of his company. It was the evening of April 7, 1512, three days before the battle.

RAVENNA ¹²

De Foix's strategy in threatening Ravenna had produced the desired effect. It had forced from superior positions the enemy, unable to accept without struggle the loss of so important a city, and had lured him to its rescue on terrain, where French numerical superi-

ority could be used to the best advantage. At the moment of Bayard's arrival, the situation was in general as follows:

Camped between two rivers, the Montone and Ronco, which flow from the south and join close to the walls of the city, de Foix, with an army of about 25,000 French, Germans, and Italians, was preparing an assault. But several factors conspired to render his position critical—on one hand, a stringent dearth of supplies, and on the other, the equivocal policy of the emperor who, as first step in withdrawing from his French alliance, had written letters recalling the *landsknechte*, chief infantry corps of the army. Indeed, it was only by subterfuge that their defection was stayed off. The letters in question had been delivered to Jacob Empser, a German captain strongly pro-French in sympathy, who showed them to Bayard and de Foix, at the same time agreeing to keep them secret as long as possible, but urging immediate battle. The Duke of Nemours had, accordingly, either to take Ravenna and thus satisfy his troops with food and plunder, or, better still, to gain a decisive victory in the field, which would entail not only the surrender of the city, but leave open the road to Rome. Brilliant success alone insured his army from disintegration. Inaction or delay would be fatal.

On Good Friday, April 9, after a brief cannonade, he launched his foot-troops against the walls. But the breach proved insufficient, and so resolute the defense of Marcantonio Colonna, the papal commander, that, after several attempts, the assailants desisted. In the opinion of observers, this turned out fortunate, for if

Ravenna had been taken, the army, distracted by pillage, could never have been rallied to meet the imminent battle. That very evening, the Spanish van was signaled approaching from the south. De Foix immediately summoned a council of war; reluctance on the part of some to risk everything on a single engagement was overridden by his opinion and that of Bayard; the cannon were withdrawn from their trenches; the siege was raised; and, turning their backs on Ravenna, the French prepared to encounter the enemy.

Cardona's tactics seem to have been execrable. Advancing from Forlì with an army of seventeen thousand, he had crossed the Ronco and continued along its right bank. By a swift march he might have entered the city from the side of the Pineta, reinforced his troops with Colonna's garrison, inevitably raised the siege, and placed the French in a hopeless position. Nor does it seem likely that the latter, separated from him by the stream and facing awkwardly, could have prevented it; and, at all events, they would have had to ford the river under direct fire. As it was, he halted several miles up stream, and fettered himself with a trench, defending his front and right, which was so hastily made that it proved insufficient against attack and served merely to hamper the deploying of his troops. Nor did he afterward make the slightest effort to debate the passage of the river by Nemours, who was allowed peacefully to cross and take up whatever position he chose between the Spanish and their objective—namely, Ravenna.

On the early morning of April 10, Bayard, though

still weak from his wound, made a successful reconnaissance against the enemy, and, to dignify the occasion, ordered unfurled for the first time the battle-standard of his company, the crimson and silver banner of Lorraine, which, we are told, heartened them mightily. It was a reconnaissance designed to test the Spanish morale, but it happened also to serve as a rescue party for the Baron of Béarn, commander of de Foix's lances, who, jealous of his friend's privilege in striking the first blow, had gotten the start of him and been thrown back in considerable disorder. Thus, to Bayard's surprise, he was met by a crowd of horsemen dashing along in full flight with the Spaniards at their backs. "Turn again, men-at-arms, turn," he shouted, "here's good support," managed to rally them, and plunging with his troop into the enemy squadron, joined in a helter-skelter skirmish back across the Ronco and past the Spanish outposts, "overthrowing tents and pavilions and riding down every one in the way." Then, with the camp buzzing about his ears, he had retreat sounded and escaped without loss. "Monseigneur de Bayard," remarked Nemours with an implication not lost on the crest-fallen baron, "it is men like you who should go on raids, for you know how to go and come back prudently."

The rest of the day was spent in preparations; but early the following morning, Easter Sunday, the French army, partly by bridge across the Ronco, partly by fording, passed the river, and in a wide, crescent-like formation bending always more and more to the left, advanced south against the Spanish trenches.

Ravenna has been called "the first of modern battles." It was actually a curious blending of the past and future. Here, indeed, for the first time, artillery was used to an unprecedented degree and proved the deciding factor. Here also the infantry, and particularly a new type, the bands of Spain, asserted its growing importance as against the waning preëminence of cavalry. Moreover, in numbers engaged, in stubbornness of fighting, in comparative losses, it marks the beginning of a new military epoch. It startled Italy and the world, as at some strange portent. And yet here once more, chivalry, though not easily, maintained itself; the steel-clad knights still charged with lance and plume and banner, were still justified in assuming the priority of their rôle. And about the battle, in that wide, somber plain fringed with its pines, there clings a certain medieval after-glow, which was destined rapidly to pale in the succeeding years.

The Duke of Nemours, in complete armor, except for his helmet, and wearing heavily embroidered the blazons of Foix and Navarre, left his pavilion at sunrise and, looking eastward, called the attention of his staff to the redness of the sun. "My lord," answered one of them, "do you know what that betokens? It means that to-day will die some prince or great captain—either you or the viceroy." ¹⁸

With a laugh at the jest, for Cardona's reputation as a commander was small, Gaston de Foix mounted, and with his cousin, de Lautrec, Ives d'Alègre, Bayard, and others, rode to oversee the crossing of his army, and then, to pass the time, turned further up-

stream toward the enemy camp. A troop of Spaniards, similarly idling, appeared on the opposite bank of the narrow river, led by an old enemy of Bayard's in the Neapolitan wars, Pedro de Pas, the dwarf. Recognizing each other, they exchanged courtly phrases of esteem.

"And who, Lord Bayard," said de Pas, "is that nobleman so handsomely arrayed, to whom all of you show such honor?"

"He," returned the knight, "is our chief, the Duke of Nemours, nephew of our king and brother of your queen."

Hardly had he finished when the captain, Pedro de Pas and all who were with him put foot to ground, and, addressing de Foix, "Lord," they said, "except for the honor and service of our master, the king, we declare that we are and wish to remain your servants forever."

The Duke of Nemours, as one full of courtesy, thanked them and said: "Gentlemen, well I see that by evening we shall know which of us has won the campaign. But hardly will the battle pass without great shedding of blood. If your viceroy would please to settle this quarrel with his person against mine, I undertake that all my friends and companions shall agree, and if I am beaten, they will return to the Duchy of Milan, leaving you in peace; but if he is beaten, you will return to the kingdom of Naples."

When he had ended, straightway there answered him the Marquis della Palude: "Lord, I believe that your gallant heart would easily lead you to do what you say; but I do not think that our viceroy would have such confidence in his person as to accept your challenge."

"Well then, farewell, messeigneurs," said the duke, "I shall cross the stream, and I vow to God that never will I recross it in my life before the field is yours or ours."¹⁴

Thus, attended by omens and with a parade of knightly courtesies, began "the first of modern battles." Meanwhile, the Duke of Ferrara, master-gunner of his time, who commanded the vanguard, had been making a wise disposal of his artillery. According to Guicciardini, he had it shifted from the tip of the French right to the tip of their left wing; but the Loyal Servant affirms—and from a study of the respective positions, it would appear correctly—that several pieces were withdrawn back across the river and so placed as to command the Spanish left. Perhaps both may have been done, thus producing a criss-cross fire. At all events, the purpose of these maneuvers will be shortly apparent.

In three parallel lines, each composed of cavalry on the right, infantry on the left, and each with its left flank protected by the river, the Spanish vanguard, *battle*, and rearguard faced north within the space limited by their shallow trench. Thus, the cavalry and infantry formed two almost continuous columns, the latter under general charge of Pedro Navarro, while the horsemen of the vanguard were commanded by Fabrizio Colonna, those of the *battle* by Cardona and the Marquis della Palude, those of the rearguard by Carvagial and the Marquis de Pescara. The artillery had been ranged in front of the vanguard. This formation constituted a mass bulky in width and depth, but an easy target and with no freedom of movement.

The French line of attack was very different, though influenced by the Spanish tactics. In a thin, crescent-shaped curve composed of the vanguard and *battle* acting together, it advanced south. Its right flank next

to the river and its entire front, which extended beyond that of the enemy, consisted of 6000 Germans under Empser, 8000 Gascons and Picards under Molard, and several thousand Italians under Scotti—in short, a continuous line of infantry. On its left, facing the Spanish cavalry, marched eight hundred lances of the vanguard commanded by the Duke of Ferrara and La Palice. Then, still further to the left at a considerable interval, so that the tip of the crescent now overlooked the rear of the enemy front, was stationed the *battle*, led by Nemours and composed of his company together with those of Lautrec, Alègre, d'Ars, and Bayard to the number of about five hundred men-at-arms.

The Spanish purpose was to await attack within the line of their camp, defended not only by the trench and artillery, but by a system of carts, each mounting a small gun and provided with scythes attached to the axles. The French, on the other hand, declined to be placed at so marked a disadvantage. Having advanced under concentrated fire, they halted at a distance of about two hundred paces; and the battle opened with an artillery duel, designed on one side to repel attack and, on the other, to force the enemy from his entrenchments. Almost at once the action assumed the double aspect, which it retained until its final stage—that of infantry against infantry and cavalry against cavalry. For almost two hours the cannonade went on. Faced by practically all the Spanish guns, the French foot suffered terribly. Of their sixteen thousand, two thousand fell before hand-to-hand fighting began. The Spanish infantry, lodged next to the



TOMB OF GASTON DE LOIN BY BAMBAJA

stream and extended on their faces, protected also by their trench and the river levee, escaped unharmed from the French bombardment, which fell directly on the cavalry. This proved the deciding factor of the battle.

Exposed to certain extermination, having lost a third of his brigade, and unable longer to restrain the maddened men and horses, Fabrizio Colonna, crying that it was better to die sword in hand than remain there to be killed uselessly, gave orders to sally from the camp. But instead of advancing straight against the French vanguard, he wheeled to the right and charged the squadrons commanded by de Foix.

In his letter to the bishop of Grenoble, Bayard describes the attack as follows:

Desperate from the effects of our artillery, there came about a thousand of their men-at-arms charging on our *battle*, where was Monsieur de Nemours in person, his company, that of Monsieur de Lorraine,¹⁵ of Monsieur d'Ars and others, to the number of about four hundred men-at-arms, who received the enemy with so good a heart that better fighting was never seen. Between our vanguard of a thousand men-at-arms and ourselves, there were large ditches and besides it was otherwise detained from reinforcing us, so that our said *battle* had to bear the brunt of the said thousand men. In that place, Monsieur de Nemours broke his lance between the two lines, and pierced-through one of their *hommes d'armes* a yard behind the back.

But though outnumbering them, the enemy cavalry was no match for the French. They had already begun to retire, when a part of the vanguard, summoned

by d'Alègre, arrived with the archers of the guard and the company of Robert de la Marck, turning their retreat into a rout. Cardona, the Spanish viceroy, who had remained inactive throughout, now fled with all the lances of the *battle* and with those of the rear-guard under Carvagial. The Marquises della Palude and de Pescara threw their forces vainly into the fight. The French wave swept them down. They were taken covered with wounds. Colonna, surrounded and struggling against huge odds, but unwilling to surrender, gave his sword at last to the Duke of Ferrara.

"Are you wounded, lord?" asked Bayard of Gaston de Foix, who was covered with blood.

"No, thank God," he answered, "but I've wounded a good many others."

"Heaven be praised then," said the knight, "you have won the battle and are this day the most honored prince alive."

Urging him to remain where he was and to check the troops from pillage until later, Bayard and Louis d'Ars set off in pursuit of fugitives to prevent their rallying, and so fiercely he spurred along Cardona's track, that the viceroy, halting to change horses, was unable to do so, and must needs ride on, leaving his remount in the hands of the French. Champier records that Bayard presented this steed, as a trophy of battle, to the Duke of Lorraine, and that he himself had seen it at stud in the latter's stables at Nancy.

But meanwhile a much deadlier and more protracted fight had been going on between the infantry divisions of the two armies. Left to their own defense by the advance and subsequent defeat of the cavalry,

the bands of Spain were more than holding their own. In spite of inferior numbers, if they had been left to cope merely with the opposing foot, they would unquestionably have triumphed. Attacked by the celebrated *landsknechte*, they not only held them back, but pierced to the center of their formation. On the opposite flank, they completely scattered the Gascons and Picards. During the battle practically all of the French infantry captains fell—Jacob Empser, Fabian, and Philip of Fribourg commanding the Germans, Molard, Maugiron, Grammont, Bardassan in command of the Gascons. At one time, it appeared as if the valor of these isolated troops would alone offset the flight of the cavalry and save the field. Then at last came the charge of the French lances led by Ives d'Alègre. But even this was insufficient to break their resistance. Instead, they repulsed the attack; and Alègre himself, unwilling to survive the death of his son, Viverols, who had been killed shortly before, plunged headlong into their ranks, and died covered with enemies. Another famous soldier, François de la Crote, mortally wounded and urged to retire, called out, "No, no, I'll make this place my churchyard and my horse my tomb, for he must serve me yet, and he and I will die together." And Brantôme adds that they went down at last, his horse dead above him.¹⁶

But a few thousand men already exhausted by fighting could not indefinitely hold off an entire army. Another storm of cavalry, led by de Foix, burst over and destroyed them. The most of them were cut to pieces within their entrenchments. Several battalions, however, in perfect order, thrust their way to the path

along the stream, and with colors flying began a slow, defiant retreat.

It was at this point that Gaston de Foix, exasperated by their indomitable coolness and feeling that the credit of victory would be somewhat impaired if they were allowed to escape so easily, charged them with merely a handful of followers. It was an act which can be ascribed only to the excitement and exultation of triumph. He was surrounded and unhorsed; in vain de Lautrec cried, "Spare him—he is our viceroy, the brother of your queen"; in vain de Foix and his little company surpassed themselves in arms—he went down, his face alone covered with fifteen wounds. "And thereby he showed well," observes the chronicler, "that he had not turned his back."

Still unbroken, the Spanish column marched on. About six miles to the south they encountered Bayard returning with forty men-at-arms from the pursuit. But both sides were exhausted; the Spaniards handed over their standards, opened their ranks, and he passed on through them, each content to avoid bloodshed. "Alas," exclaims de Mailles, "he did not know that the good Duke of Nemours was dead, nor that it was they who had killed him, for rather would he have died ten thousand times than not avenge him, had he known."

So ended the field of Ravenna, and those who think contemptuously of former battles in comparison with modern war, will do well to recall that the sixteen thousand men who died there represented over a third of the total combatants—a proportion considerably greater than one is apt to find in the engage-

ments of to-day.¹⁷ The Spanish army was practically annihilated. Moreover, its chief captains, with the exception of Cardona, had been taken prisoners. There was among them a young man, now gravely wounded, but destined to become famous, with whom Bayard doubtless formed an acquaintanceship, little thinking that in the fullness of time, himself a prisoner, he would die in the tent of this soldier, the Marquis of Pescara.

But the victory proved worse than a defeat for the French army. The death of Gaston de Foix left it nerveless, purposeless, and crippled. Bayard's letter written from the camp at Ravenna on the Wednesday following reflects something of the prevalent state of mind.

Monsieur [he informs his uncle] if the king has gained the battle, I assure you that we poor gentlemen have indeed lost it; for, while we were giving chase, it happened that Monsieur de Nemours, having encountered some infantry who had rallied, determined to charge them, and, being weakly accompanied, was killed. Whereupon, all grief and mourning which has ever been could not equal that which reigned and still reigns in our camp, for it seems as if we had lost the battle. And I assure you that it is the greatest loss of a prince within a hundred years, and if he had lived to a normal age, he would have done things that never prince did. And well may those who are here affirm that they have lost their father, and as for me, Monsieur, I shall live only in grief, for I have lost more than I know how to express.

A blind, passionate force, no longer unified by a common affection, without plan and without stamina,

the heterogeneous army dropped asunder. La Palice, elected to the supreme command, had neither prestige nor authority enough to formulate an aggressive policy. He could only await instructions from France, and meanwhile, brave and competent though he was, could not even maintain order. The foot-troops got out of hand and pillaged Ravenna, leaving it permanently ruined. It was the last of their exploits. Laden with plunder, the *landsknechte* withdrew under orders from the emperor.¹⁸ A new Swiss invasion threatened to break over Lombardy. And after a restless delay of several weeks, the retreat toward Milan began.

In the cathedral there, they buried Gaston de Foix and with him his splendid and futile achievements. Ten thousand soldiers in mourning followed the body; before it were dragged in the dust forty enemy standards; above it was raised a mausoleum by the sculptor Bambaja. This tomb may be taken to symbolize the grandiose close of an epoch, the end of French domination in Italy.

1—H. Lepage, *Bayard, Lieutenant de la Compagnie de Lances du Duc Antoine, et son Séjour à Nancy*. Journ. Arch. Lorraine, 1881.

2—After the capture of Bologna, Bayard returned with the Duke of Nemours to Ferrara, where we find him, an expert in such matters, acting as umpire in a duel between two Spanish gentlemen, Alzevedo and Santa-Croce. It was a sanguinary affair fought with rapiers. Lucrezia Borgia, in pity for the wounded Santa-Croce, saved, by her entreaty, the latter's life. *Loyal Servant*, p. 252-256.

3—Although Bayard and Fontrailles may have shared in this enterprise, the credit for its success was deservedly given to the Duke of Brunswick and his German troops. De Mailles is alone in mentioning Bayard's presence on the Friuli expedition. If his account is accurate, the Chevalier must have rejoined La Palice's main forces

along the Piave immediately afterward, for Gradisca fell on Sept. 26 or 27, and Bayard appears to have been in the camp before Treviso on Oct. 3. Marino Sanuto, Vol. XII, 597 and Vol. XII, 19.

4—De Vallière, *op. cit.*, p. 126.

5—*Loyal Servant*, p. 258; F. Giovio, *De Vita Leonis X*, lib. II.

6—A league between the pope, the kings of England and Spain, and the Venetians, had been published in Rome on Oct. 5, 1511.

7—*Loyal Servant*, p. 259-263.

8—The works consulted on the Brescian campaign are Guicciardini, Cavriolo (*Historic Bresciane*, Brescia, 1585, also the edition of 1630, to which is appended a description of the sack by Cesare Anselmi of Bologna, who was an eye-witness), Gambarà (*Geste de' Bresciani*, particularly the notes drawn from Casuro and Conino, Brescia, 1820), the *Loyal Servant*, and Champier.

9—*Loyal Servant*, p. 274.

10—*Geste de' Bresciani*, p. 260 ff. He points out that this was the only one of three families in the Mercato Nuovo at that time, who had two daughters without other children. Moreover, Cevola became equerry of the King of France (possibly through Bayard's influence?).

11—*Loyal Servant*, p. 291-298.

12—On the Battle of Ravenna, the works consulted are: Guicciardini; Marino Sanuto; the *Loyal Servant*; Bayard's letter to the bishop of Grenoble (Roman, p. 432-435); Villani, *Life and Times of Machiavelli*, London, s.d.; E. Hardy, *Bayard*, Paris, 1881; Ricotti, *op. cit.*; and, though less reliable and more summary, Florange; J. Bouchet, *Mémoires de la Tremouille*, Paris, 1820; Champier, *op. cit.* It is impossible to rely entirely upon any one of these sources. Guicciardini is superficially clear, but, upon a topographical examination of the terrain and as compared with others, becomes incomprehensible. The *Loyal Servant* is more vague, but more convincing. Bayard's letter, written shortly after the battle, supports in general his biographer; but is a sketch made up of impressions rather than a deliberate description. The following account, particularly that of the battle, is a composite of the various sources, considered in relation to maps of the battle-field.

13—Cardona, Viceroy of Naples.

14—*Loyal Servant*, p. 317-318.

15—The one commanded by Bayard himself.

16—Spelled also La Crotte. Cf. Brantôme, *M. de la Grotte*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 418. It will be recalled that La Crote was also titled "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."

17—Villari's estimate Vol. II, p. 6. The sum of the armies was not more than 40,000.

18—So, the *Loyal Servant*. Guicciardini sets this defection at a slightly later date.

CHAPTER XI

THE END OF THE OLD RÉGIME

THE military genius of France during the Renaissance rarely found its complement in administrative ability. It appeared characteristic of the nation that it should lose by incompetence, corruption, and frivolity what had been gained by brilliant strategy and heroic valor. The spirit, which has produced so exquisite and subtle a civilization, seemed at that time to have been inept for the problems of imperial development, to have been incapable of imposing its will for long upon foreign populations. Robust and resilient on its own soil, responsive to the demands of war, it became fatuous and instable when confronted by the necessity of understanding and tactfully coercing an alien mentality. She failed where Spain and Austria succeeded, namely in the annexation of Lombardy, and there is little to account for this except the fact of temperamental inaptitude. During the spring of 1512, after a fretful existence of hardly more than ten years, the French duchy of Milan collapsed, nor could any subsequent effort, however costly in blood and treasure, avail more than temporarily to restore it.

The twenty thousand Swiss, who entered Trent and joined with the Venetian army toward the end of May, swept all before them. La Palice, with forces reduced by the German defection and exhausted by the cam-

paign of Ravenna, attempted at first to delay their progress; but, starved by insufficient support, could do nothing except retire southwestward from Lago di Garda toward Piedmont. The only semblance of a stand was made at Pavia. But the castle fell, the Swiss and Venetians entered, and the French continued their retreat across the Ticino.

It is in these circumstances that we find Bayard fighting a rear-guard action through the streets of Pavia, charging and recharging at the head of a group of lances, in order to gain time for the main body of troops to pass the river. At the head of a temporary wooden bridge, the fight rose to its fiercest. He had hardly crossed, when the flimsy planking broke under the weight of a cannon; the bridge went down; those on the town side either flung themselves into the river or were massacred by the Swiss; but at least the retreat, which might have become a disaster, had been effected.

Struck by a shot from the castle, which stripped the flesh from his shoulder, Bayard still kept his saddle. We are told that the moss of trees and fragments torn from shirts were the dressing used. He managed to survive it, and with the rest of the broken army, relics of so many victories, dragged at last into Alexandria.

Thence began once more the dreary passage of the Alps. Within a month Cremona, Bergamo, Milan, Pavia, Parma, and Bologna had fallen back, as it were, into the past. Maximilian Sforza, son of Ludovico, ruled once more in Milan. Bologna had reverted to the pope. Even Ferrara, staunchest of the

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French allies, had been coerced into hostility. Except for Brescia, the castles of Milan, Cremona, and a few others, which remained, like isolated and storm-beaten rocks, nothing of all her conquests held for France.

As the toil-worn columns plodded up and up over Mount Genevra, lean and bronzed and vacant on rawboned, lifeless horses under the glare of June, one is curious as to whether a man like Bayard would ponder the futility of all this. Here, after well-nigh twenty years of constant war, he was following the same track, which had closed the fruitless expedition of 1495. And since then, what labor, sacrifice, marching, and counter-marching, skirmish, battle, siege, and ruin! What hecatombs of men, desolation of cities, what cost in energy, valor, and pain! And to no purpose: the alchemy of effort had left no gold of permanent achievement. The barren pass of Mount Genevra was no more barren than the long campaigns which ended there. Did he reflect on the purport of such useless striving as we, from our vantage-ground of time and history, are forced to do? Had he been capable of this, his character would, no doubt, appeal more strongly to modern sentiment, but he would have belonged neither to his caste nor age. Insistence on the value of individual life, speculation as to the ultimate purpose of events, is far more usual now than then. Not that such theories greatly affect our national and international conduct, which is shaped apparently by blind forces indifferent to reason, but they have become an intellectual refuge, a sort of shelter from the cold of reality. Our wars are equally fruitless and

equally beyond control, but we have the luxury of regret, the still delusive hope of progress. Bayard, on his tired horse following the retreat, was unassailed by theoretical compunctions or idle queries as to the value of war. As a soldier, he had done his best, and had loved, without defining it, honor. And if war's ostensible objects had been lost, if everything ended here in the emptiness of defeat, this personal fact remained. War might, or might not, be futile—it would not have occurred to him to raise the question; but the point is, that neither he nor any valiant soldier is affected by the answer. Individual reaction to events, not the ultimate value or tendency of events themselves, gives rating to character. What a man is in his profession, not the profession itself, distinguishes or condemns him—just as pressure and heat, the blind tumult of forces, may engender the diamond.

Thus, unconstructive and sterile as the military career may seem, its annals are enriched by human personalities. They are not attainted by its monotonous disillusionments nor exalted by its falsely romantic glamor; their greatness consists in the qualities of justice and mercy, courage and devotion, which have developed in this service. Such are the considerations which make the life of one like Bayard worth remembering: a simple, unquestioning acceptance of the world, a clear perception of right or wrong, as they concerned him personally, and, for the rest, self-forgetfulness in the absorption of the task at hand.

He reached Grenoble about midsummer, a great man in the little town, lodged in the episcopal palace,

much fêted and embarrassed by society, which strove to lionize and perhaps to domesticate him. The social world protested at so flagrant a bachelorhood. Even the queen took a hand at match-making, and the diplomacy of his uncle, the bishop, was called on to extricate him from her august insistency. He much appreciated her interest in the affairs of so humble a servant, wrote the bishop, but felt himself as yet unable to meet the expenses of marriage. Then besides, a new campaign was brewing in Guyenne, where he hoped to render Her Majesty some trifling service—he had, indeed, no other desire on earth. As for marriage, he preferred not at present, but commended himself to Her Majesty. It is a letter of respectful evasions.¹

He was exposed, however, to more serious perils during that summer. His health, never robust save during action, when he seemed to live by nervous energy, broke down once more, and he fell victim to his old enemy, the fever—typhoid, if we may judge from his uncle's description of it as "a slow stomach fever."² Threatened with death, a humiliating death in bed, his state of mind is doubtless correctly interpreted by de Mailles, as follows:

"Alas," said he, "my God, since it is Thy good pleasure to remove me from this world so soon, why didst Thou not graciously let me die in company with the gentle prince, Duke of Nemours, and my other comrades at the day of Ravenna, or why did it not please Thee to grant that I should make an end at the assault on Brescia, where I received so grievous a wound? Alas, I would have died much more joyfully, for then, at least, I should have followed my good forefathers, who

have always remained on the fields of battle. My God, I have passed through so many great dangers of artillery in battle, assault, and encounter, from which Thou hast done me the grace to deliver me, and now I must needs die in my bed, like a girl! Howbeit, though I desired it otherwise, may Thy holy will be done. I am a great sinner, but I have hope in Thy infinite mercy. Alas, my Creator, I have greatly offended Thee in the past, but could I have lived longer, I had hoped by Thy grace, presently to amend my evil life." Thus voiced his regrets the good Chevalier without fear and without reproach.

Not to die on the battle-field, not to make an end befitting the soldier: it speaks volumes with regard to Bayard's attitude toward war and also toward life. Duty to the end, crowned by an appropriate death. The soliloquy, moreover, is eloquent of his conception of God. It will be observed that this is wholly confident, without misgiving and without a trace of mysticism—the relation of child to father. It is the conception of a mind, pious, manly, and simple, which has retained the literal teachings of boyhood nor found it necessary to refine upon them. It represents the very essence of Christian doctrine; and even the debate with God, as to why he should be deprived of death in battle, heightens the childlike and sincere impression.

Heaven and hell, God, the Saints, and the devil, were very close to Bayard's world. The Churches Militant and Triumphant were still one, and the saints especially intimate. On this occasion it was Monseigneur St. Anthony, active against fevers, whom Bayard addressed not without respectful censure.

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"Ha," said he, "glorious Confessor and true friend of God, St. Anthony, all my life have I loved and relied on thee, and thou leavest me here to burn in such great heat, that I long only for speedy death. Alas, dost thou not recall, how, during the war against the pope in Italy, I lodged in one of thy convents at Rubbiera and kept it from being burned? And without me it would have been set on fire, but in memory of thy holy name, I lodged there, although it was outside the fortress and exposed to the enemy, who day or night might have assailed me without impediment. And yet I preferred to remain a month in such case rather than that thy house should be destroyed. At least, I pray thee to relieve me of this heat and make request to God for me, either that shortly he remove me from this wretched world, or give me health."⁸

However crude such faith may seem to modern skepticism, it was nevertheless in such as this that medieval Christianity found its chief support. And indeed, to negation, any faith seems crude. At all events, Bayard prayed, his uncle, the bishop, prayed, as did also the good people of Grenoble. The queen sent her own physician, Master Pierre. And the knight recovered. It would be gratifying to record that Bayard thereupon devoted himself wholly to good works; but he seems to have acted very much like others who escape from sickness. The banquets and fêtes went on, and it was at this point that occurred the incident of the girl summoned to his lodgings, which we have already described.

There was, moreover, an urgent incentive to life. The Duke of Longueville, Lieutenant-General of Guyenne, Duke Charles of Bourbon, and the Dauphin, François d'Angoulême, as titular chief, were

advancing south with an army of twenty-five thousand to repel a Spanish invasion into French Navarre. All the well-known banners were afloat, the old companions thronging behind them in the endless quest of honor, and Bayard responded to this tonic.

Indeed, France had need of every man and of all her strength. The reign of Louis XII, initially glorious, had passed its meridian and was sinking toward its problematic close. The land was on all sides girdled with enemies, Spanish to the south, Swiss and imperials to the east, English to the north. Early in the year, the French ambassador had been dismissed by Henry VIII; in June, naval raids were constant along the Norman and Breton coasts; and meanwhile a huge British armament was preparing to invade Picardy. The Swiss were more than ever insolent and menacing. The Spanish, using Navarre as a pretext to strike at her French protector, had occupied Pamplona and, under the Duke of Alva, had now advanced north of the Pyrenees. Fortunately, distance, dissension, and delay prevented the hostile coalition from acting together and gave time for the French to meet successive attacks from various directions. However, in spite of this advantage, they were almost everywhere, if not beaten, at least defeated, and the country survived rather by diplomatic adroitness and concessions than by success in arms. For Bayard it must have been, save for his last campaign, the most depressing period of his life. Gone were the old invincible days, when the French cavalry, peerless and arrogant, dictated victory on every battle-field. They had met their match in the Swiss and Spanish infantry,



Bonniot



La Palice



Montmorency



Lautrec



Florenge

From the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS OF BAYARD

were hampered by ever improving artillery, were baffled by numbers which new-emerging nationalism could on all sides bring against them. It was a period of readjustment in which chivalry perished—a succession of retreats, failures, and bitter disappointments.

The campaign in Navarre proved a wretched, profitless affair.⁴ Unable to cope with the superior forces of Longueville, the Duke of Alva retired from his position at St. Jean Pied de Port and reëntered Spain by the pass of Roncesvalles. Meanwhile, La Palice and the King of Navarre, proceeding by the more arduous valley of Roncal toward Pamplona, attempted to cut off his retreat. They failed in this, but besieged the city on November 3, being reinforced by the arrival of Bayard and Suffolk from the main army with four hundred lances, seven thousand German mercenaries, and four pieces of heavy artillery.⁵ A breach having been effected, several assaults were given, but repulsed. The town, amply defended by the Duke of Alva, appeared impregnable, and Spanish reinforcements under the Duke of Nagera were approaching. Besides, late autumn weather and dearth of supplies rendered field operations hazardous, if not impossible. The siege was raised, and with nothing accomplished La Palice began his retreat. Whether the route followed was that of Roncal or Roncesvalles is uncertain; but at all events it seems to have been excessively difficult. December had shut in; the passes, snow-filled and steep, the total lack of provisions, turned the march into a flight from starvation. And always on flank and rear hovered the Spanish skirmishers. As usual, Bayard commanded

the rear-guard on which depended the safety of the army. Through blind gorges, over weary summits, cold and hungry, a twisting file of lances, they plodded head down; lost their artillery, but otherwise made good a retreat which was none the less heroic for being little chronicled.

We have a glimpse of the good Chevalier at this time, worn out after a day of skirmishing, but in his accustomed campaign spirits, visited at his bivouac by Richard de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk. The latter, surnamed from his faction, the White Rose, was an English exile in French service, and commanded the German mercenaries. Famine in camp had reached a point where men were dying of exhaustion and being abandoned, and the duke, on returning to his quarters, had been told that there was no food for any of them—even for him. Disconsolately he sought out Bayard and begged for supper. "Why, of course, my lord," replied the latter with ironic courtesy, and, summoning his chamberlain, bade him hasten the cooking and see to it that they were served with all the delicacies of Paris. Then the two hungry captains laughed together over their crusts of millet bread.⁶

At last, on December 6, worn and ravenous, the army reached Bayonne, where a number are said to have killed themselves with overeating. Spanish Navarre had been ingloriously lost. "It was a trying journey," concludes the Loyal Servant.

An episode, illustrating the trials which beset commanders of that day, is worth repeating. It occurred during the siege of Pamplona, when Bayard had been sent with a detachment of men-at-arms and foot-

soldiers against the castle of Tiebas, which guarded the highroad to Castille.⁷ His force consisted of his own company and that of Bonneval, roughly six hundred cavalry, a battalion of French infantry, called *aventuriers*, eight hundred German mercenaries, and four siege guns. The castle, defended by a hundred Spaniards, refused to surrender and was accordingly bombarded. A breach was made and the attack ordered, when at that moment the German interpreter announced that his men refused to march. They maintained that a "union rule" prevented them from taking part in an assault except for double pay. It was a strike called at the most embarrassing moment. But although Bayard had never heard of the alleged rule, which was evidently an extortion, he had no intention of jeopardizing the attack, and promised payment. The Germans, however, demanded their money on the nail, nor would a man of them stir.

Left to themselves, the French, unable to carry the breach, were repulsed at a loss. Once more the cannon opened fire, as if to widen the gap, and another attack concentrated the defenders at the exposed point; but meanwhile Little John de la Vergne, one of Bayard's company, was directed by him to plant ladders against a momentarily neglected tower. The men-at-arms clambered up, made an entrance, and fell on the rear of the Spaniards with shouts of "France and Navarrel!" Taken on both sides, the defenders were cut down; the castle was taken, pillaged, and garrisoned, and Bayard commanded the return march to Pamplona.

Whereupon, the German interpreter approached

and once more demanded double pay. "How!" exclaimed Bayard in hot wrath, "tell your knaves that, instead of pay, I'll hand them a halter to be hanged with—the rascals who refused to attack. And I'll have my lords de la Palice and Suffolk drum them from the army. They're not worth a troop of whores." Up bristled the Germans at that speech in a clatter of arms. The French trumpets sounded "to the standard." The lancers wheeled into charging formation, spears ready and vizors down. Thus, the two bands stood facing each other before the castle. Then out-bluffed, though raging, the mutineers gave way. It is significant of military indiscipline at the period that they escaped any other punishment. Nor could the army afford even to dismiss them. But as a typical instance of camp life and movement, note the sequel.

On the evening of his return to camp at Pamplona, Bayard invited the Duke of Suffolk and a number of captains to supper.

They were on the point of finishing, when along came a German fairly drunk, who could only say, as he entered, that he sought for Captain Bayard to kill him, because he refused them their pay. He could talk some little and bad French; but Captain Pierrepont, who heard him, turned to the good Chevalier with a smile. "My lord," he said, "here's a *landsknecht* wanting to kill you."

The other, who was one of the most playful and amusing people alive, rose from table, his sword drawn, and addressing the *landsknecht*, "Are you the man seeking to kill Captain Bayard? Here he is—look to yourself."

The poor German, drunk though he was, grew frightened

and answered haltingly, "It's not I by myself who would kill him, but it's all the pikemen."

"Ha, on my soul," replied the good Chevalier who was bursting with laughter, "I'm through. I have no intention of fighting seven thousand Germans single-handed. A parley, comrade, for the love of God!"

Loud laughed the company at this talk, and the *lands knecht* was placed at table opposite the knight, who finished loading him in such wise that before leaving he vowed while he lived to defend Captain Bayard against one and all, and swore that he was a fine man and had excellent wine.⁸

It is uncertain as to Bayard's whereabouts during the first six months of 1513. A section of the French army was dispatched north to garrison Picardy against the English, while another division followed de la Tremouille and Marshal Triulzio into Lombardy. The duchy of Milan, which Louis XII had added to the Crown, still dominated his ambition and could not be relinquished. Moreover, the moment appeared favorable for retrieving last year's vexations. Julius II, arch-enemy of France, died in February; his successor, Leo X, appeared less hostile or, at all events, less decided. Milanese exiles promised an easy reoccupation. Venice, still embroiled with the emperor, drew closer to a French alliance, which promised complete restitution of her provinces lost to the League of Cambrai; and on March 24 a treaty was signed embodying this agreement in return for military support. During the spring Genoa, Alexandria, and Milan fell once more into French hands, and save for Como and Novara, the entire duchy had been reclaimed. Of all the allies, Venetian, papal,

Spanish, and Swiss, who the year before had driven La Palice from Italy, only the Swiss remained faithful to the puppet-duke, Maximilian Sforza.

They retired with him to Novara, and there, while awaiting reinforcements from the Cantons, were attacked by de la Tremouille and Triulzio. It was the same place which had witnessed the capture of the duke's father, Ludovico, in 1499. Then as now the Swiss were at bay in Novara; then as now the same French generals commanded against them, and Louis de la Tremouille in a dispatch to the king assured him that where he had taken the father he would take the son.⁹ But the result was diametrically different. Having repulsed an assault on June 5, the Swiss next day became in turn aggressors, and attacking the French in their camp at the village of Trecate, inflicted a crushing defeat. Infantry, artillery, and baggage were either destroyed or captured. The men-at-arms saved themselves only by flight; and while La Tremouille, with the debris of his army, humiliated and pursued, crossed the Alps, Lombardy reverted once more to its old allegiance.

It was a victory which marked the climax of Swiss power and cut deeply into French prestige. There is no likelihood, however, that Bayard took part in this campaign, which has been mentioned simply in view of its importance and the shadow it cast upon contemporary life in France. His presence at Novara is unrecorded by any biographer. Indeed, de Mailles refers to the battle as to an event which occurred outside his history. Accordingly, it is probable that from Spain he accompanied the army north to those prov-

inces now menaced by Henry VIII's slowly prepared but impressive armament. At all events, when the long-heralded English invasion began about midsummer, 1513, he appears with Piennes, Suffolk, La Palice, and others among the troops concentrated in Picardy.

There is often a fortuitous symmetry in the course of life, which provokes comparisons and retrospect. Here in the Flemish lowlands, the career of Bayard had circled to its starting point. It was across this plain in a summer season, more than twenty years ago, that he had ridden, a fledgeling soldier, to his first garrison. From Blangy en Ternois near Hesdin, where the French forces were gathering, to Aire, Théroutanne, and Guinegate, the focal center of the English army, extended only a few miles of once familiar country. He would recognize many a village and scene of old diversion. Unconsciously, the memories of Bellabre, of Tardieu, the faces of many comrades now long since slain in their odyssey of battles, would haunt this country-side, and, however vaguely, call to mind the eternal theme, the inescapable *sic transit*. There was in Bayard, as there must be in any one, who has known responsibility, suffering, and loss, a certain earnest strain beneath the public and conventional habit of man of action. The ideals of mercy, duty, and chivalry, which remained constant with him through all the thronging phases of the years, amply vouch for this; and here he was confronted with what must stir even superficial minds—the consciousness of life's perspective.

His age bears a curious analogy to our own in re-

spect to the tempo of change. A sense of rapid innovation, an impatience with former systems, religious and political, characterized the early sixteenth, as they characterize the early twentieth century—disintegration of the past in favor of a still undiscernible future.¹⁰ Bayard revisiting Picardy was not unlike a man of the present who returns to scenes of his boyhood in the eighties. Not that the same physical alterations met his eye, but in both cases the interval of time would represent a like progression of the human spirit. Indeed, it is questionable whether the modern impetuousness of movement equals that of his time. We are in a period of material growth as yet intellectually unassimilated; culture has not yet mastered its new-found tools. The Mid-Renaissance displayed a somewhat opposite process: it was mind and spirit that changed, while material appliances of life remained comparatively static. Far-reaching indeed as have been recent discoveries and events, it would be hazardous to assert that their ultimate effect on human thought will be more important than the Reformation, which in 1513 was already astir, to culminate seven years later in Wittenberg, than the discovery of new continents and trade routes, which consolidated the globe, than the emergence of nationalism from feudal chaos. And all of this, with much more—the spread of printing, the triumph of art, the extension of learning—had either occurred or developed mightily within the scope of Bayard's generation. However absorbed he may have been in his profession, these new factors gradually penetrated and colored his world. More directly also, he

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would note a change in manners, customs, and ideals, a growing complexity of affairs and in social intercourse, a sharper divergence from the tradition, the code, the decorum of his class. And here again he resembled those of us who are *émigrés* from the Victorian age, faced with the present tumult of dissonance.

But after all, it would be rather the rehearsal of his own experience, the evaluation of himself, which older memories would quicken. How had fulfilment vindicated hope? What were the losses and rewards? What the final balance? On the whole, he could count himself fortunate. None of his comrades in the old company now headed a hundred lances; none had distinguished themselves in so many battles; none had established a fame like his for daring and gallantry, current through Europe. Together with d'Ars, La Palice, La Tremouille, and a few others, he represented the summit of French chivalry. Here was more than he could have hoped. And yet, the survivor of so much is apt to feel a solitude in his honors. The honors themselves are apt to be disregarded. Is it fanciful to imagine that Bayard, the henchman of Duty, of the everlasting campaign, looked back at times with wistfulness to lost love, lost friends, lost freedom and expectancy of youth, as he now rode accomplished and mature over these plains of Picardy? Of course, there remained his perennial interest in the military art, that so completely filled his life; but there would come to him doubtless, in a progressively alien world, that incurable nostalgia of the years for what has irrevocably vanished—the ever-

vivid homeland of youth, from which every one, but especially in an age like his or like our own, is a permanent exile.

During June and July, the English army, numbering about twenty-five thousand foot with a considerable force of cavalry and artillery, landed at the still English port of Calais. It was commanded by the king in person, and marching inland joined at St. Omer with an imperial army led by Maximilian. Thence, with an effective amounting to forty-five thousand infantry and seven or eight thousand horse, the king and the emperor laid siege to Théroutanne.¹¹ On the one hand, as at Poitiers or Crécy, English power still consisted mainly in the famous longbowmen, who here made one of their last appearances; on the other, were the German pikemen. It was a curiously heterogeneous army, which exhibited in itself the entire evolution from ancient to modern weapons. For if his archers were still equipped with bows of yew and cloth-yard shafts, if there were arms and armor of all descriptions, King Henry had also brought over with him the most improved type of cannon—among them, twelve super-culverins of equal weight each named for one of the apostles and chief pride of his arsenal. "St. John," however, en route for the siege, was snapped up by Bayard who charged the convoy.¹² And, indeed, the king himself on this occasion narrowly escaped attack by the assembled French cavalry. It was an event which might have changed the subsequent course of affairs, had Bayard's advice to attack been followed, and had de Piennes, governor of Picardy, been less hampered by orders to avoid a

decisive engagement. But French ill luck, which had begun with Gaston de Foix's death at Ravenna, still held. The Anglo-Imperials were allowed to install themselves undisturbed around Théroutanne, and circumstances were thus prepared for the somewhat ludicrous, though important, battle of Guinegate.

It was a battle which occurred without preface or foresight, a kind of military freak, confused at the time and still difficult to analyze. The principal facts appear to have been substantially these: Théroutanne, defended by two hundred men-at-arms and two thousand foot under Théligny and Pontdormy, though still holding after a leaguer of six weeks, had run short of provisions and demanded relief. On August 10, according to Marino Sanuto, Fontrailles successfully traversed the enemy lines with provisions and reinforcements.¹³ On August 16, de Piennes and La Palice, with fourteen hundred heavy cavalry and a brigade of Albanian light-horse, each of the latter with a side of bacon and a bag of gunpowder on his saddle-bow, made a similar thrust at the enemy camp. The function of the French cavalry was to create a diversion, permitting the Albanian mercenaries to evade the besiegers and toss their provisions within reach at the foot of the walls. Accounts vary as to how this maneuver succeeded;¹⁴ but at all events, the enemy, duly informed by spies of the French purpose, laid an ambush along the line of de Piennes's retreat. As the lances fell back from Théroutanne, they found themselves outflanked and attacked by German cavalry together with some twelve thousand English archers and

imperial foot-troops and seven or eight pieces of artillery.

Formal instructions had been issued to the French men-at-arms, that, as the expedition was intended singly for the relief of Thérouanne, they were to expect no more than a skirmish, were indeed to avoid battle, and were to retreat before superior numbers. What happened seems to have been caused by psychological unpreparedness. Assailed by the great enemy strength and hotly pursued, their retreat became a gallop, then a panic and headlong flight. The first waves of fugitives crashed into those behind them, communicating their own terror. The whole division of fourteen hundred lances turned tail and became a drove of frightened men and horses, without shape or discipline, racing back toward Blangy. In vain, La Palice, Longueville, Bayard, and others shouted, "Turn, men-at-arms, turn—it is nothing." The troops were beyond all hearing, heeding, or control. And the curious spectacle occurred of the most élite corps in Europe, dauntless in so many pitched battles, fleeing, like hares, before an enemy whom they had again and again faced and surpassed—as striking an instance of the power of mob panic upon brave men as it is possible to find. This wretched stampede was called ironically the Battle of Spurs.

As regards Bayard, however, the rout of Guinegatte shows him at his best, exhibiting here not so much physical as moral courage, not dramatic or successful, but prepared, for the sake of duty, to accept an inferior rôle and jeopardize what he most cherished—his military reputation. His performance at Guine-

gatte, ill-starred though it was, appears more distinguished than many of his heralded exploits, simply because of the moral element involved. It would have been easy enough to follow on with the others, and no famous soldier cares to be captured, mulcted of ransom, or have it suggested that he lacked the address even to escape. It would be a new and bitter experience for Bayard to give up his sword, doubly so now that, as a great personage, his surrender would reflect on French prowess and be duly proclaimed.¹⁵ But it was obviously still more essential to save the panic-stricken army, give it time, if possible, to rally by throwing reputation and self across the enemy's path, and he made his choice.

Others were of like mind. Hurling themselves with little groups of the braver sort against the flood of pursuers, Longueville, Bussy d'Amboise, and Clermont d'Anjou were captured. La Palice was captured, but shook himself free. Unperturbed—for it was characteristic of him to remain cool—Bayard, at the head of fifteen *hommes d'armes*, charged against the current, was borne back, charged again, holding up the advance, repeating the maneuver, for every minute counted. And thus, slowly retiring amid the bedlam of flight and chase, they reached a bridge spanning a mill-stream, where he made ready his final stand. "Gentlemen," he cried, "halt here, for not in an hour shall they gain this bridge on us"; and, turning to an archer, bade him ride for reinforcements, which never came. But the defense of the bridge went on against the German horse, and a valuable delay in the pursuit was secured.

Unable to succeed in a frontal attack, the imperials, however, crossed further down, and now enclosed the little knot of men-at-arms on both sides. Realizing the uselessness of further resistance, Bayard commanded surrender. It was better to be taken by gentlemen than by the English archers, who were advancing and whose tactics were butchery.

At this point, de Mailles relates an episode, which may or may not be strictly accurate. He says that while the Burgundians were arriving and as the men-at-arms surrendered one by one, Bayard noticed a trooper of the opposite party, who leaned breathless against a tree, had removed his helmet, and was too exhausted to concern himself with prisoners. Instantly the French knight sprang upon him, leveled his sword at his throat, and bade him yield or die. Surprised, the poor fellow consented, and was still more taken aback when his opponent revealed himself and straightway handed over his own sword. It was the sparrow and falcon surrendering to each other. We can imagine the good little gentleman's excitement upon finding himself unexpectedly captor of one of the most noted soldiers in Christendom. He returned Bayard his sword; they beat off a company of archers bent on killing; and so, knee to knee, rode to the enemy camp.

Now the object of this exchange was that it allowed Bayard several days later to claim a cancellation of ransom. He maintained that each was the prisoner of the other, and threatened an appeal to single combat when released, if his Burgundian captor persisted in demanding payment. He remembered, doubtless,

the procedurè of Soto-Mayor against himself years before, and certainly the Burgundian remembered it, and had no wish to be challenged by Soto-Mayor's vanquisher. They agreed to submit the matter to arbitration by the king and emperor. It is affirmed that Bayard gained his point and after six weeks detention on parole was permitted to reënter France.¹⁶

But Champier records nothing of all this. Indeed, he states correctly that the Chevalier's ransom, fixed at a thousand crowns, was paid by the King of France before his discharge from parole.¹⁷ Both writers, however, assert, and that with all likelihood, that he was cordially welcomed by Henry of England and the Emperor Maximilian. He had known the latter personally in the campaign of Padua and was, of course, familiar by reputation to the king. Doubtless the conversation ascribed to this interesting occasion is largely imaginary, but it certainly represents the spirit of his reception. They discussed the battle and exchanged compliments on a tone of highest good humor.

"Once upon a time, Lord Bayard," smiled the emperor, "when we were allies in war, they used to say that Bayard never fled."

"Sire," he returned, "if I had fled I should not be here."

He boldly defended his comrades from the charge of cowardice on the ground of orders received, and added, "For well you know, high and mighty lords, that French *noblesse* is renowned throughout the world, though I make no claim to be reckoned among them."

"Nay, Lord Bayard," said the King of England,

"if all were such as you, the siege I have placed before this town would soon be raised."

And so forth.

At all events, the fate of so distinguished a prisoner would be exceedingly pleasant: reunion with former associates, new acquaintanceship, exchange of entertainment, now as host, now as guest. Free, except to return to France, Bayard spent the next six weeks in imperial Flanders. It was a round of visits and hospitality, to which his fame served as sufficient introduction. The Loyal Servant, however, notes complacently that he provided his share of good cheer, and, out of a modest purse, spent on certain days no less than twenty crowns for the wine of his guests.¹⁸

Released finally from parole, he entered France by way of Nancy about October 1, and was warmly received by the nominal captain of his company, the Duke of Lorraine. Champier, a distant relative who was in the duke's service, affirms that the latter presented him "with good and mighty horses from his stables, with many a fine gift," and a magnificent service of silver. By the end of the month, he had reached the royal court at Amiens.¹⁹

Meanwhile, Thérouanne had been taken and destroyed; but the English king, apparently against the advice of his more experienced colleague, failed to profit from the victory of Guinegate in advancing south against the disorganized French.²⁰ Instead, he wasted valuable time by capturing Tournay, an unimportant outpost of the kingdom. This constituted the end of a campaign which had spread terror through

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France. Recalled by affairs in England and deterred by approaching winter, he withdrew his army.

Simultaneously also with the crisis in Picardy, Swiss and imperial forces, numbering between twenty and thirty thousand, had invaded French Burgundy, where only Dijon, incapable of long defense, barred their way to Paris. On the most humiliating terms and a promise of enormous subsidies, afterward repudiated by the king, Jean Tremouille was able to turn back this flood of ruin. He saved his country at the cost of his pride; but Swiss insolence now exceeded all bounds, and France remembered it against the day of chastening.

Thus, imperilled, crest-fallen, and exhausted, the kingdom reached the close of that dark year 1513. The next began with no more favorable omens. On January 9, at Blois, died Anne of Brittany, twice queen of France, one of the commanding figures of her time. In the funeral cortège, we find Bayard among other greater personages—Montmorency, Vendôme, Aumont, etc.—marching close to the body.²² It would be interesting to know more of the relations between so humble a gentleman and the great queen. She seems to have regarded him with special favor, a reflection of which appears not only in her concern for his health or in plans for his marriage, which we have already noted, but in this close attendance at her burial and the encomium to her memory by his biographer. "To describe, as she deserves, her virtues and her life," he exclaims, "it would require that God should revive Cicero for the Latin and Jean de Meung for the French, for we moderns can in no wise suffice." Prob-

ably there existed between Bayard and Anne of Brittany the unconscious ties of a mutual attitude. She, like him, belonged to the past, its more rigid code, its simpler ethics. They were of an equal age, besides, and she would see in him a survival from youth and the earlier triumphs of her reign, one with the same memories and the same prejudices. History is silent as to the extent of this relationship; but we may be sure that he followed with heavy heart her body to its tomb at St. Denis. One by one, patrons, friends, companions were falling away.

There are but scant indications as to where Bayard spent the greater part of 1514. It was a year of peace, and hence uneventful from the standpoint of historians, who considered his life interesting only as a soldier's. Probably he assisted at the marriage of François d'Angoulême and the Princess Claude, which was held on May 18 at St.-Germain-en-Laye—a rich but funereal wedding, somber of color in memory of the dead queen. Possibly also in this year, he made the pilgrimage mentioned by Champier to St. James of Compostela.²³ Curiosity to know better a people with whom he had been so often at war seems to have equalled religion in this journey. Disguised as a pilgrim, he embarked at La Rochelle, spent some time traveling in Spain, and, returning to Santiago, took ship again for France. But we know nothing more than this about his travels, which would have been of the greatest interest could his chroniclers have forgotten their military preoccupations.

Meanwhile, a truce had been signed with Spain and the Empire; the quarrel with England had been ad-

justed; and Longueville, a prisoner in London, had paved the way for what was hoped would prove durable peace, by negotiating a marriage between Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII, and the now queenless King of France. Reasons of state are indifferent to sentimental considerations. Louis XII, more than was usual with princes of that age, seems to have entertained a domestic, personal love for his wife, his *Bretonne*, as he called her, and he mourned her death bitterly to the end. But England's friendship was necessary to the kingdom; it was necessary besides to that fatal obsession which centered in Lombardy; and the decencies of a private grief must perforce make way.

The marriage was performed at Abbeville on October 9. The king, aged fifty-two and old for his years, found himself mated with a princess of sixteen, beautiful, frivolous, and already in love with another man.²⁴ Magnificence took the place of romance. She came escorted by two thousand English horse, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Dorset, and a host of noblemen and ladies. She was met by the Dauphin, François d'Angoulême, by the Dukes of Alençon and Bourbon, the Counts of Saint-Pol, Vendôme, and Guise, with the principal gentlemen of the court. To the sound of a hundred clarions, the king with his retinue greeted her a half league from Abbeville. Leaning from his great bay horse, he kissed her in the saddle. They entered the town amid salvos of artillery. The wedding took place in a great hall hung with cloth of gold, the bride and groom seated, and she with her hair unbound and

wearing a hat, "the richest in Christendom." Thence they rode to St. Denis, where she was crowned and sacred, and finally into Paris for a continued round of feasts and tournaments. The Cardinal Aleandro records in his diary that never had he seen "such cloth of gold, such costly furs, and such nobility."²⁵

But beneath the parade and extravagance, one catches glimpses of a more sordid or tragic kind: the discreetly veiled spite of François d'Angoulême at an event, which, by producing a direct heir, might rob him of the throne; the pathetic figure of the Princess Claude, forced to serve this girl as queen in her mother's place, to attend her coronation in a spot still associated with recent burial; and not less pitiable, the figure of the king himself, ill and prematurely aged in his rôle as bridegroom, spurring himself to tedious pleasures during that month of revelry. Half-ludicrous, half-wretched all of them. And cynical speculations as to the possibility of issue from this marriage; and shrewd precautions on the part of Angoulême to keep some lover of the queen, Suffolk perhaps, from vicariously amending the king's impotence—public gossip of the court.

What did Bayard think of all this? For he was present during the endless ceremonies, took part in the tournaments at Paris, and broke ten lances against Maugiron, Montmorency, Chandos, and others. On November 13, together with the Dauphin, he appeared as one of eleven defendants of the lists, who were arrayed in crimson velvet and gold. On November 15, he ran a course or two against the Infante of Naples, and courteously raising his spear, allowed

the less experienced prince to break two lances against him creditably—a performance “that gave pleasure and delight to all” (*che a tutti dete piazzer et ale-greza*).²⁰ But what did he think of this autumnal pageantry? At best he was never a courtier, and this new, pleasure-mad court, released from its nine months’ mourning, seemed to him, doubtless, far removed from the sober restraint imposed by Anne of Brittany. From what we know of his character, its singleness and loyalty, these unseasonable revels must have wearied and in a sense depressed him. But he was also a man of the world and functionary of the king. Though not with the same keenness as of old, perhaps a little more stiffly, a little more negligently, he would still break the required number of lances in honor of the new queen, and receive, without great elation, the accustomed praise. Besides, as was fitting, the English were declared victors in the tournaments. It was all a matter of arid courtesy.

More refreshing were the king’s preparations for a new Italian campaign in the spring: troop movements, recruiting of mercenaries, the appointment of Duke Charles of Bourbon to supreme command. But they were repeating a jest in the streets of Paris, which had more truth than refinement, to the effect that “the King of England had sent a hackney to the King of France, which would speed him soon and gently to hell or paradise.”²¹ The king’s health, long insecure, broke toward the end of the year. He died on January 1, 1515. Once more a funeral cortège passed out from Paris to the royal tombs at St. Denis, and once again, perhaps even more deeply, the people mourned. He

was generally beloved; he still ranks as one of the great French monarchs. To the slow tolling of bells, he was borne from his palace to Notre Dame, and, marching before him, his heralds proclaimed a new title not undeserved: "The king is dead, good King Louis, *father of the people, is dead.*"

But his death meant more than the end of a reign. With him the last medieval prince passed from the throne of France. There is all the difference between old and new in the names Louis XII and Francis I. The modern age has here definitely begun. And to Bayard, following, no doubt, among the captains, who had spent the best of their lives in this man's service, the import of that burial must, at least in a measure, have been clear. They would continue for a while in the newer, younger day, but as relics of an ended régime. Francis of Angoulême might raise him to greater honors than did ever Louis of Orleans—it would matter little. His king, the king of his youth and manhood, the watchword of his long service, was dead. The ideal of chivalry was yielding to the ideal of courtliness. And in spite of dignities and office, he with many of his generation and faith had reached the age where to live means chiefly to remember.

1—Roman, p. 435.

2—Id., p. 436.

3—*Loyal Servant*, p. 337-338.

4—Cf. Guicciardini, the *Mémoires* of Du Bellay and Florange (especially Lemoisne's concise note on p. 110 in his edition of the latter); the *Loyal Servant* and P. Boissonade, *Histoire de la Réunion de la Navarre à la Castille*, Paris, 1893.

5—These Germans were recruited along the Rhine. They were not, as at Ravenna, dependent on the orders of the emperor, who had

now turned against France. The numbers given are those of Guicciardini (Bk. xi, Ch. 3). De Mailles is the only contemporary author who records Bayard's presence in this campaign, but there is no reason to doubt the fact.

6—"A ceux qui l'ont veu j'ay ouy dire que c'estoit [i.e. Bayard] l'homme du monde qui disoit et rencontroit le mieux: tousjours joyeux à la guerre, causoit avec les compagnons de si bonne grace qu'ilz oubloient toute fatigue et tout danger." Brantôme, *M. de Bayard*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 389.

7—Boissonade, *op. cit.*, p. 388.

8—*Loyal Servant*, p. 347-348.

9—Guicciardini, Bk. XI, Ch. 5. Cf. also the *Mémoires* of Florange and Du Bellay, and De Vallière, *op. cit.*

10—Writing only seventy-five years later, Brantôme speaks of Bayard's generation as *nos anciens François*. *Charles VIII*. Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 315.

11—Du Bellay, *Mémoires* Vol I, p. 229-230.

12—Florange, *Mémoires*, Vol. I, p. 137, gives the credit of this to d'Estoge.

13—Marino Sanuto, Vol. XVII, 28.

14—Du Bellay (Vol. I, p. 239-240) affirms the unqualified success of this venture; Florange (Vol. I, p. 159), Marino Sanuto (Vol. XVII, 61), and the *Loyal Servant*, in so far as his report deals with the provisioning of the town, deny it. Probably they are right, and Du Bellay joins into one the separate actions of Aug. 10 and Aug. 16.

15—His capture is recorded by Giovio in even so rapid a survey as the *Historia* (Lb. XI); it is noted by Sanuto with that of other *capi di gran condizione* (Vol. XVII, 61); it is reported by all other chroniclers of the time.

16—*Loyal Servant*, p. 358-362.

17—This assertion is authenticated by a dispatch from the Venetian ambassador, dated Oct. 24 (Marino Sanuto, Vol. XVII, 321-322), who mentions the extent of the ransom as being 1200 ducats—this sum having been repaid before Bayard's release. It is a typical instance of the *Loyal Servant's* distortion of fact in order to exalt his hero.

18—About two hundred dollars in present value.

19—Cf. Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 259, and H. Lepage, *Bayard—son séjour à Nancy*, Journ. archéol. Lorraine (1881, April). The Venetian dispatch already mentioned speaks of him as at court on Oct. 25 (M. Sanuto, Vol. XVII, 321-322).

20—Florange (Vol. I, p. 141) states that prisoners, especially Bayard, reported that the emperor had counceled an immediate invasion of France.

21—Louis XII was to give up all pretentions to the duchy of Milan and pay the Cantons 400,000 crowns. He did neither.

22—Cf. Terrebasse, *Histoire de Bayart*, Paris, 1828, p. 383 note, referring to Th. Godefroy, *Cérémonial de France*, Paris, 1610, p. 124.

23—Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 258-259.

24—Charles Brandon, favorite of Henry VIII and newly created Duke of Suffolk, whom she afterward married.

25—*Journal du Cardinal Jérôme Aléandre*, Paris, 1875. Cf. also the *Mémoires* of Florange and Du Bellay.

26—*Loyal Servant*, p. 368 (Roman's note); Marino Sanuto, Vol. XIX, 297.

27—Florange, Vol. I, p. 163.

CHAPTER XII

THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

MARIGNANO

THE new reign dawned with promise for all amateurs of the game of war. Here was youth, ambition, and courage on the throne; here, as always, was the duchy of Milan to be recovered, the call of Italian adventure to be obeyed; and here at hand were the instruments of conquest, the troop-levies, prepared by the late king. Besides, each new reign demanded an initial sanction of glory. Hardly less essential than the coronation itself was a triumphant war, which should inaugurate the magnificent future. So it had been for the last century with each succeeding prince, and, of all princes, none in age, accomplishments, appearance, and manner, had embodied the popular ideal of royalty to such a degree as Francis I. Liberal, gallant, splendor-loving, athletic, aged twenty-one, he offered to public enthusiasm a relief from past sobriety, the extravagance of romantic leadership. Nor had as yet the cost of such romance become apparent—the cost of mistresses, intrigues, display, the later complicated sensualism. This innovation remained temporarily in reserve, and France, now as formerly, made ready to consecrate her new monarch by victorious arms.

As an incident in the general process of mobilization may be considered the appointment of Bayard on January 20, 1515, to the lieutenant-governorship of Dauphiné. It was a post of considerable dignity and importance. Although, to be sure, as in the case of his company, he ranked as lieutenant of a greater nobleman—in this instance, the Duke of Longueville, nominal governor of the province—he became the actual agent of royal authority. Certainly he was so regarded by the Dauphinois themselves, and in the years that followed it was Bayard, rather than the duke, that deserved and seems to have occupied the chief place in their esteem.

It was an exceedingly popular appointment. He had long been considered one of the distinguished men of Dauphiné, his renown a public asset; he had hosts of friends, and knew intimately the local circumstances, psychology, and prejudices. Moreover, a representative of the small gentry rather than of the great *noblesse*, his promotion for sheer worth conciliated all classes and ensured good will. No selection could have been shrewder from the standpoint of the central government.

En route to his post, he spent some days in Lyons, and on March 8 was presented by the city with a gift of white wine and claret.¹ Upon reaching Grenoble on March 17, he received well-nigh royal honors: a salute of eighteen guns, a reception beyond the city walls by nobles, bourgeois, merchants, and populace, an escort through crowded streets to the episcopal palace, an address of welcome by the *Chambre des Comptes*. The parliament had already enthusiastically

registered the letters patent of his commission; it now declared him installed in his functions. The city consuls waited on him with deference and presented two kegs of wine.² It is evident that, as Bayard was no prophet, he escaped the proverbial dispraise; he was a man beloved in his own country even more than abroad. And how sweet, in spite of modesty, this return to his province, lieutenant of the king, hedged about by familiar, kindly faces, deafened by acclaim in his native dialect, the center of an adoring throng on holiday at his coming, while every cannon shot stamped, as it were, a seal upon this consummation of his long service! It is an error to believe that good men are generally unfortunate. Their effort, self-discipline, and sacrifice bear often enough the flowers and fruit of public, contemporary honor—triumphant moments to be gratefully enjoyed.

But the appearance of Bayard in such rank betokened not peace but war. His functions at the moment were purely military. Stormy petrel of battle as he was, his promotion meant that the king needed on that frontier a soldier and organizer. He spent the spring recruiting, mustering, preparing, and then in advance of the main army, which concentrated at Grenoble, he pushed south to the mountain ranges overlooking Piedmont.³ He had with him four hundred lances and five thousand foot.⁴ The tedious days of peace were over, and, as always, in the van, he awaited impatiently the signal to march.

A problem difficult to solve confronted the French leaders of this new invasion of Lombardy. Those passes, which were considered alone practicable for

horses and artillery, namely, the Mount Cenis and Mount Genevra, were effectually blocked by Swiss troops posted at Susa and Pinerolo. Another way had either to be discovered, or the roundabout southern route must be followed via Genoa. The reports of mountain peasants, communicated by the Duke of Savoy to the king, made the former alternative possible, and on August 10 began the passage of the Alps from Embrun along what is now known as the Col de Larche descending toward Argentera.⁵ It was regarded as one of the military achievements of the age. Thirty thousand foot, three thousand lances, and seventy-two large cannon, with the accompanying baggage, preceded by eleven hundred road-makers, penetrated somehow along paths used hitherto only by mountaineers. By dint of gunpowder, tunneling, and improvised bridgework, they dragged their way at last down to the plains against the allied armies assembling to oppose them.

The latter were formidable in numbers and leadership. Twenty thousand Swiss, camped west of Turin, had already proved their mettle as the bravest infantry on earth. Fifteen thousand more were descending from the Cantons. Piedmont and the marquisate of Saluzzo were held by fifteen hundred horse under Prospero Colonna, the celebrated papal commander, and to his support were advancing an additional three thousand under Lorenzo de' Medici. The Spanish viceroy of Naples was marching from Verona with seven hundred men-at-arms, six hundred light cavalry, and six thousand foot.⁶ Of the Italian powers, only one ranged itself on the French side. Venice had dispatched

her *condottiere*, Alviano, with nine hundred men-at-arms, fourteen hundred light horse, nine thousand infantry, and some cannon—an important addition to the royal forces, if a junction could be effected. The land swarmed with arms. Thus, once more were the eagles gathering to dispute the ever coveted prize of Lombardy.

But at the first movement of the main army, Bayard, alert as a falcon, on the utmost rim of the mountain frontier, had swept ahead, leading his cavalry where none had ever passed, and, crossing the Larche, descended to Dronero in Piedmont. He was intent on a stroke which, second only to the discovery of the new route through the Alps, had the most decisive effect on later developments, and there appears to be no good reason for denying him the chief merit in its success. Nowhere is the account of his biographer more circumstantial or emphatic, and, although naturally enough in other histories Bayard's credit is more than evenly shared by the higher officers who eventually accompanied him, it is not to be doubted that the Loyal Servant is here strictly accurate. The undertaking in question was none other than to surprise and capture the papal leader Colonna. It is one of those vivid and adventurous episodes which distinguish the records of former war. It is also highly characteristic of Bayard's enterprise as a captain of cavalry.⁷

Colonna, as well as the Swiss army to the north, felt entirely secure in their position. It was inconceivable that the French columns should pass the Alps except by the traditional highroads. But reliance in the effectiveness of natural obstacles, when pitted against

human resourcefulness, proves more often than not a broken reed in military strategy. They relaxed their vigilance except at the terminals of the customary passes. Informed of the Chevalier's descent with his company, the Roman general regarded it as no more than a bold cavalry venture, and is said to have remarked haughtily that he would take this Bayard like a caged pigeon.

Meanwhile, spies had been active. Even before crossing the Larche, Bayard, aware of Colonna's movements, had outlined his scheme by messenger to Charles of Bourbon, his commander-in-chief at Briançon. He asked for reinforcements. The king, duly notified in turn, sanctioned the plan from his headquarters at Grenoble, and dispatched three of his ablest captains, La Palice, d'Aubigny, and Imbercourt with their companies to share in the attempt. Having passed the mountains, they rejoined Bayard at Savigliano.

Informed by a certain Lord of Moretto, partizan of the French, that Colonna was to spend the following night in Carmagnola, they set out at two o'clock on the morning of August 15 with some five hundred horse—Imbercourt in front with a hundred archers, then Bayard's company followed by the men of La Palice and d'Aubigny. They reached Carmagnola to find that their quarry, summoned unexpectedly to Pinerolo, had left shortly before. Bayard urged pursuit. Moretto, sent ahead in disguise, returned with news that Colonna intended to dine at Villafranca.⁸ The three squadrons then pushed forward, deep, this time, into hostile territory, nor were their movements unknown to the enemy. Scout after scout rode in with

word to the Roman leader that a large body of French had been sighted; but Colonna, unaware of La Palice's arrival, clung to the belief that the troops in question could be only Bayard's cavalry engaged in reconnaissance. Meanwhile, the French advanced closer, forded and swam the Po, and a final scout now definitely reported their numbers. Shaken by this, but still incredulous that the mountains had been passed by so large a body, Colonna ordered departure, but half from pride, half from indolence, stayed to finish a hasty dinner at Villafranca. Twenty horsemen, however, were sent out as skirmishers.

It was too late. At the edge of a little wood, they encountered Imbercourt's squadron, and a pell-mell race ensued toward the village gates. They reached them first, to be sure, and swung them to, but not before two archers, Beauvais and Hallancourt, dashing against them at full career, delayed the lowering of the bars. Hallancourt was thrown by the impact from his horse; but Beauvais managed to thrust his spear between the leaves of the portal, thus wedging them ajar. Their companions arrived, and a rough and tumble *mêlée* followed. The reinforcement of Bayard's company now burst open the gates, all resistance was cut down, and before Colonna had been apprised of the attack, his lodgings were surrounded. Defense was out of the question; he is said to have surrendered to d'Aubigny.⁹

There followed the general pillage of his baggage, carried out in hot haste, for a number of his escort had taken flight toward a camp of Swiss near-by, and the latter were already on the march.¹⁰ It was a pity,

laments de Mailles, for systematic plunder would have netted a hundred and fifty thousand ducats. As it was, they did well enough, particularly in the number of horses taken, which amounted to six hundred and among them four hundred Spanish chargers. The ransoms of Colonna and his staff would be also munificent. But there was no time to lose. Herding their prisoners before them, they rode out of one gate of Villafranca as the Swiss entered the other. "It was one of the most beautiful enterprises," concludes the biographer, "that had been carried out in two hundred years, and Lord Prospero, who had boasted that he would take the good Chevalier, like a caged pigeon, had his boast recoil on himself, and all by reason of the latter's vigilance." ¹¹

The capture of Colonna, joined with the startling appearance of the main French army on the plains of Piedmont, had a stunning effect on the allied strategy. Leo X, more timid than his masterful predecessor, immediately checked his quota of troops and began secret negotiations with the king. The Spanish viceroy halted to observe developments. The Swiss, fearful of broken communications with the Cantons, retired eastward via Chivasso and Vercelli to Novara, and thence eventually to Milan. Moreover, a strong party among them, tired of war and anxious to turn home with their booty, urged that peace be offered to the French at as handsome a price as possible.

The succeeding month was spent in bargaining. Onerous as were the terms proposed by the Swiss negotiators, they were accepted. Briefly, France was to receive the duchy of Milan in return for an enormous



From the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris.

FRANCIS I AT MARIGNANO

sum of money, partly in immediate cash.¹² To provide this initial payment, the noblemen and even simple gentlemen of the army stripped themselves both of their money and silverware, reserving only an amount sufficient for a week's expenses; and de Lautrec, with an escort of four hundred men-at-arms, conveyed the treasure to Buffalora for transfer to the Swiss.¹³ Meanwhile, the king, having assembled his army at Turin, followed the retreating enemy and occupied Novara; but as Milan, fearful of Swiss reprisals, begged leave not to receive him until after a definite conclusion of peace, he turned south for the time being to Pavia, and thence, upon what was considered final settlement, advanced to Marignano ¹⁴ within ten miles of the city.

But the treaty, though signed, was at once annulled by the course of events. Fresh troops arrived from the Cantons, having no such incentive to peace as the others who had already richly profited. They refused to accept the agreement drawn up without them. Dispute and discord became general. Most of the Bernese contingent, numbering some ten thousand, held by the treaty and returned home. The others remained in Milan turbulent and undecided. The will of a single man both united and drove them to sudden, improvised action. Matthias Schinner, cardinal of Sion, arch-enemy of France, in a harangue on September 13, denounced the cowardice and folly of peaceful settlement; recalled the triumph of Novara, gained by vastly fewer numbers than their own against a French army no less powerful; pointed to the enormous profit of victory; assured them of success; appealed to national

pride; and ended by a summons to immediate battle. The effect was prodigious. Carried away by enthusiasm the Swiss sprang to arms, and in perfectly disciplined ranks, though with the frenzy of a mob, issued from Milan.

Such was the prologue to Marignano, the most savage battle of the age and one decisive in its influence on Swiss ambition. It offers a curious example of intoxication resulting from too great and unassimilated success, which affects a nation not less than an individual. There clings to its memory a titanic echo, a heaven-storming impression, for never have human will and courage made a bolder bid for national glory than here, where the pikemen of Switzerland, without artillery, without cavalry, with nothing but bare steel, engaged well-nigh successfully the superior forces of the greatest European power.¹⁵ But Marignano is significant in another sense. It is the last pitched battle where chivalry held its own. Thereafter, at the Bicocca, at Pavia, at Ceresole, its predominant rôle has definitely passed; and even here, except for de Genouillac's masterly handling of the artillery, there can be no question that it would have been defeated. It stands, then, as the final achievement of a long tradition.

The many accounts of Marignano, even of eye-witnesses, contain nothing more than a vague reflection of what actually occurred. The dust and confusion of the field, the night that enveloped it, is reproduced in these fragmentary and perplexed narratives. Dimly its main features become apparent, obscured by often contradictory details. Camped athwart the main highway from Lodi to Milan on a featureless plain, the

French army expected no battle. The treaty had been signed, the peace money dispatched. It was a hot noon of late summer. The king, attended by Alviano, captain of the Venetian forces installed at Lodi, was testing a new suit of armor in his quarters. Other noblemen were at table.¹⁶ But meanwhile, scouts of the constable of Bourbon, chief of the vanguard, were alert, had sighted a cloud of dust in the direction of Milan, and rode to investigate. Messengers on breathless horses came dashing in.¹⁷ The king armed; there was a general mounting of chargers, massing of infantry, posting of cannon, while trumpets, near and far, called "to the standard."

As usual, the army ranged itself in three divisions, each with a certain quota of cavalry, foot, and artillery—the vanguard headed by Bourbon slightly in front and to the right, the central *battle* commanded by the king, the rear-guard, further behind and to the left, led by the Duke of Alençon.¹⁸ With the constable of Bourbon, were his brother, the Duke of Chastellerault, La Palice, Tallemont, Triulzio, Bonnivet, Imbercourt, Théligny, Sancerre, Florange, and others. By the side of the king were the Duke of Lorraine with Bayard and his company, Vendôme, Saint-Pol, d'Orval, de la Tremouille, the Duke of Albany, the Bastard of Savoy, and the Count of Guise.¹⁹ With Alençon were the lances of d'Aubigny. Directed by Galiot de Genouillac, the heavy artillery of seventy-two pieces was massed in the center and guarded by a division of German mercenaries. Another body of foot, the famous Black Bands of the Rhine, were under command of the king. A third division of ten thousand Gascon infantry, led

by Navarro, the former Spanish captain at Ravenna, were attached to the vanguard.

Thus, drawn up in hurried formations, they looked out at the ominous cloud of dust growing ever nearer and larger. Gradually the enormous forest of pikes, eighteen feet long, became discernible—thousands of them closely serried in three divisions, broken here and there by a dim banner. Gradually also the cadenced march grew audible, swelling to a heavy pulse-throb. Out in front was borne the great gold cross of the cardinal legate.

Realization of the issue before them must have been keen in the French ranks. They were faced by the most dreaded and as yet unconquered soldiery of Europe. Points of similarity between the impending battle and that of Novara were striking. They had been defeated there by these same pikemen, who then as now had sallied unexpectedly from a walled town to attack them. Nor had they at present the former advantage in numbers. The Swiss were reckoned at between twenty-five and thirty thousand. Their own infantry force of twenty thousand *landsknechte* and ten thousand French hardly surpassed this figure and were notably inferior as to reputation. Their main strength consisted here, as so often, in the companies of the royal cavalry, some three thousand men-at-arms, and in the weight of artillery. But if they were defeated now, as a sequel to Novara, now with the king in personal command, French pride and military fame would be inexpressibly humbled. Not only for the army but for the entire nation it would spell disaster—such as was later hardly survived at Pavia or Saint-Quentin.

The Swiss tactics were both simple and justified by experience. They consisted in throwing a division against the artillery, capturing it, if possible, and making use of the enemy's guns. With hardly a pause in their march, two thousand men, as a forlorn hope, now detached themselves from their vanguard and with lowered pikes charged in. It was close upon sunset. Dust and smoke and growing darkness blotted out the battle.

A phantasmagory followed. As if in the mazes of a dream, we discern vague movement, kindling suddenly into a vivid incident, then merged again in struggle and twilight. The Swiss attack at first succeeded. They drove back the *landsknechte*, captured five guns. Then, on their flank, sweeping down with a furious wave of cavalry, Bourbon charged. The survivors fell back to the protecting pikes of their vanguard, rallying there, while the horsemen were in turn routed and pursued. Famous knights go down, fighting to the end in their last *mêlée*: the brave Imbercourt, the Count of Sancerre, the Duke of Chastellerault. The Prince of Tallemont, son of La Tremouille, is dragged from the press to die, covered with sixty-two wounds.²⁰ And now the king threw in the weight of his men-at-arms; the Black Bands, at first repulsed, counter-attacked, had again to retire. Here and there, the Swiss advance, here and there retreat. Charge follows charge. The armies intermingle in uttermost confusion.

At nightfall, a low moon shone for several hours, and in this pale dusk the battle went on. We have a glimpse of Bayard cutting his way to the rescue of

his captain, the Duke of Lorraine.²¹ And again in the last charge by moonlight, the bridle of his horse hacked off, he was carried through the enemy spearmen in full career and away toward another Swiss division, but managed to halt his mount in the tangle of a vineyard, and then, guiding himself by the French battle shouts, crept back unchallenged to his own lines.²²

It became impossible to distinguish friend from foe, particularly as a white cross on the cuirass formed the common insignia of both sides. The king, mistaking a Swiss battalion for his own men, found himself suddenly confronted by six hundred pikes, but broke them with his cavalry.²³ Complete darkness put a temporary end to fighting and made of the field an indescribable chaos: lost units surrounded by enemies and ignorant of their own whereabouts, a mutual interpenetration and groping in the night; isolated, fierce combat here and there gradually ceasing; the roar of the artillery, which had been continuous, dying away. But the darkness remained alive: the long-drawn guiding calls of the Alpine horns of Uri and Unterwalden assembling the stragglers, a sound so eerie and ominous that it pervades all records of that night; the quick staccato of French bugles localizing the companies, and above them all, heard everywhere as a point of summons and reassurance, the royal clarion, blown incessantly by Christophe, chief trumpeter of the king.²⁴ A constant rattle of gun-carriages wheeled into new positions, the shifting and assemblage of unseen troops.

Within a few yards of the enemy who half encircled him, exhausted with fighting, his splendid armor of

blue and gold dented and pierced, the king found what rest he could on a gun-mount. He had called for water and been served from a ditch, so rank with earth and blood that the draft sickened him. No light could be shown on account of the near-by Swiss.²⁵ About midnight, a racket of cannon aimed at an enemy council-fire thundered briefly. Tense, fevered, impotent, the night passed.

By dawn the formations had straightened themselves out, and we catch, as it were, a glimpse of the two armies before they are once more swallowed up in the smoke cloud. Behind a thin screen of troops, de Genouillac had collected in the center his main force of artillery, a really formidable array of batteries, and opposite them the Swiss, undeterred by yesterday's repulse, had massed their densest phalanx. An experiment was about to be made, which would mark a definite stage in the evolution of military science. It was that of the recently developed field-gun against men in close formation. Would the new weapon prove adequate? It was the past against the future.

The battle reopened with cannon fire. At sunrise we find Bayard at the side of the artillery commander. "Monsieur," he is reported as saying, "you should aim in that quarter there on the right—there where you see that ensign. It's the thickest crowd of Swiss, and I beg you to fire seven or eight pieces at once, the better to waken them—they have slept too long."²⁶

De Genouillac set off a battery of eight guns in quick succession and with deadly effect. Once more the veil of dust, smoke, and uncertainty closes down both on the struggle and on its history; but, for all that, there

emerges one central action, the duel between guns and men, the efficiency of the first, the blind heroism of the latter. The Swiss advanced, their ranks torn by deep furrows immediately closed. Discipline and custom prevented them from adapting their attack to these new circumstances. They could only cling to what they had learned, to what had proved so often effective, and with leveled spears, shoulder to shoulder, thrust straight against the cannon mouths. But they had never met such fire as this from the seventy-two large pieces and a great number of smaller caliber, worked unremittingly by their crews. At close quarters, against a solid square of men, no miss was possible; each shot attained its maximum effect. The Swiss advanced, but gained no ground. They forced the line of German mercenaries screening the guns, but could not reach the final trench that masked the batteries. They could only replace their fallen ranks by others, which swelled in turn the fringe of dead thickening before them. Individuals, however, broke through. Du Bellay speaks of seeing one who had traversed both pikes and gun-fire, slain at last "touching with his hand the king's artillery." ²⁷

But, meanwhile, the French horse were equally engaged. Charge followed charge at various points of the field. Bayard, Florange, Bussy d'Amboise, with their men-at-arms, dash in against the Swiss flanks. Florange goes down, but is rescued by "Monsieur de Bayart, who held firm and did not abandon him, and by the Lord of Saussy who gave him another mount."²⁸ But his brother-in-law, de Roye, was killed, and Bussy d'Amboise and others.

Baffled by the artillery, but unbroken, the Swiss now wheeled to their right, and, skirting the front, fell on Alençon's rear-guard. They effected a certain advance; but here, as elsewhere, the French line held. Thus, from dawn until ten o'clock, the battle raged undecided. "Thirty brave charges," writes Francis I in his report to his mother—"nor has so proud and grim a battle been fought these two thousand years, according to the statement of those who were at Ravenna."

Midway in the morning, Alviano, who the evening before had hastened to Lodi and marched back all night, arrived with his Venetians. The war-cry of "Saint-Mark," thundering now on the Swiss wing, signified the end. Already checked, even they could not resist the new storm driving against them. Orders to retreat were given; the still unconquered squares fell back.

Enveloped in smoke, elbow to elbow, pressing about their flags, they retired unbeaten, with the same firmly regular step, heads up, rage at heart, bruised, but not broken, by the tempest of the French squadrons. Between them and the high-road to Milan, the Spazzola canal barred their march and turned them at bay during its passage. The spectacle was one of terrible beauty. Riven at close quarters by a powerful artillery, while on all sides swept around them the attacking cavalry, the Swiss thought only of saving their standards. The sacred colors are passed from hand to hand, sink in the storm, are raised and float again, blood-stained shreds, broken flagstuffs, warm still from the grasp of the dying.

There Moritz Gerber, ensign of Appenzell, mortally wounded, hid in his breast the precious colors before expir-

ing. There fell the three bannerets of Zurich, Jacob Meiss, James Schwend, and the Knight of Escher, but the banner, demy argent and azure, was saved. Saved also was the flag of Unterwalden and that of Basel at the price of the life of John Baer. Around the starred banner of Wallis and the Bear of Bern, bodies heap up. Hugo von Hallwyl and Peter Frisching, captains of Bernese volunteers, died heroically. The gigantic Rudolph von Salis, covered with wounds, sank wrapped in the folds of the Grisons' standard. . . .

At last the fatal ditch was crossed; its water ran crimson; the squares were reformed and regained the highway. At this final hour, the Swiss, magnified by ill fortune, seemed yet to defy the enemy. Charging the wounded on their shoulders, they left the battle-field with twelve cannon and fourteen captured standards. . . .²⁹

And the exhausted French did not pursue. Marshal Triulzio, veteran of every war for the last sixty years, termed this the "battle of giants," and maintained that, compared with it, all he had seen had been the sport of children.³⁰ The king, in his letter, places the dead at thirty thousand, a manifestly exaggerated figure. Other accounts vary greatly. The French dead numbered four thousand;³¹ probably the Swiss casualties were not less than twelve thousand; but, as in the case of Ravenna, it should be remembered that what to the modern reader may seem a small number, in comparison with the importance of the action, represents actually twenty-five per cent. of the combatants engaged.

The Swiss, then, retired defiantly and in good order; but they had none the less lost the battle. Leaving a garrison in the castle of Milan, which

shortly afterward surrendered, they crossed the Alps without the gold forfeited by their temerity. Switzerland's brief arbitrage of European policies had definitely passed. Next year she resumed her former alliance with France, which lasted till the Revolution. And it is noteworthy that for none of the French monarchs did the Cantons sacrifice their troops more freely than for the king who had humbled them at Marignano.

As for Francis I, the battle remained his most cherished triumph. "I have conquered those whom only Cæsar conquered," reads the device of the medal he had struck in commemoration. His letter to the Duchess of Angoulême breathes the exultation of a boy, surprised, and with good cause, at his own success. As a matter of fact, no one in the army had fought better or more recklessly; and with a boy's enthusiasm he resolved to crown the victory by a romantic ceremony. He resolved to be made a knight.

As we have already observed, the fashion of the accolade had passed with the decay of the chivalric ideal; had become at best a sentimentality and often enough the badge of the parvenu solicitous of empty titles. Many of the captains present, such for example as Florange, men of great houses, either refused or set small store by a rank so easily obtainable as to have become valueless.³² But it retained enough of its ancient glamor to impart a certain flavor of gallantry to the king's action. It was a gracious, democratic gesture.

Knighthood could be conferred only by one already

knight. Doubtless, a tactful desire to prevent jealousies among the great noblemen of his suite played a part in the king's selection of Bayard for this rôle;⁸³ but the choice remains none the less significant. Expilly quotes Francis as saying: "It shall be by the hand of the Chevalier Bayard that I am made chevalier. None should grudge it him, for none has had his fortune of sharing in so many battles, assaults, and encounters, mounted and on foot, and of giving such proofs of valor, experience, and skill."⁸⁴ Contemporaries and spectators of the scene appear to have accepted the king's judgment without demur. It was a public expression of general opinion. But the royal preference denoted more, we believe, than an acknowledgment of Bayard's military fame. It meant also the perception by his own age that he represented the fast disappearing type of chivalry, that he stood for the older faith. It was an instinctive sense of appropriateness that governed the king's choice. He should be made knight by one who most vividly recalled the knightly tradition.

Bayard alone objected: he was too small a gentleman for so great an honor; but, overborne by the royal command, he finally drew his sword. The king knelt; the thrice repeated words were spoken. Champier, describing the event, affirms that Bayard afterward kissed the blade, vowing to keep it as a holy relic for use only against "Turks, Saracens, or Moors"; but Champier is rhetorically inclined.⁸⁵ One would like to know, however, what became of this illustrious sword. Here, as so often in the case of other trophies, the historian's pen has survived it.⁸⁶

GRENOBLE

Succeeding events of the autumn and winter—the entry of the king into Milan, surrender of Maximilian Sforza, recovery of the duchy, negotiations with the Vatican, which restored Parma and Piacenza to France—do not concern us. Once again the illusive Italian province had been speedily regained, but stood liable to as quick a loss. On the staff of the constable of Bourbon, appointed viceroy in Italy, Bayard spent the next eight months at or near Milan, and took part with credit in the spring campaign of 1516 against the emperor, who made an abortive attempt to conquer Lombardy.⁸⁷ It was probably during this time that he became the intimate friend of Bourbon, destined subsequently to such equivocal fame. Presumably in the early summer he returned to Grenoble, greater than ever in reputation and high in favor with the king, who augmented his pension six months later by a gift of 6150 *livres tournois*.⁸⁸

Little is known of the years immediately following. It was the period of Bayard's life which contained a semblance of home and hearth fire. Moreover, for once his energies were turned to deeds of peace, less spectacular, if not less heroic, than those of war. Consequently his biographers are silent. But at least an outline, conveyed by brief references and city archives, presents a very different figure from the brilliant knight and leader of lost hopes. That aspect of his character always felt as present, though neglected in the chronicle of his many wars, the essential charity and gentleness of the man, which alone explains the

singular appeal of his memory, is here uppermost. A strong earnest spirit, intent on the duty before him, bending himself, not easily perhaps, to the routine of his office, striving by patience, compassion, courage, public spirit to perform his task, and thus, even if obscurely, to serve the king and France, to serve them always.

The plague becomes now his enemy more dreaded than the Swiss spears. It smoulders latent in the undrained streets and sunless chambers of Grenoble, at times lashing out in widespread havoc, but always present and menacing. By royal gift and annual pension, he had reached a certain degree of opulence at this time.³⁰ We find him passing from house to house, visiting the sick, supervising physicians, distributing medicines, maintaining at his own expense the stricken in hospitals.⁴⁰ On other occasions, the swollen mountain river, Drac, burst its banks and ravaged Grenoble, had to be met and bridled. It meant the labor of three and a half years, from June, 1517, to January, 1521, to provide the city with rudimentary flood protection.⁴¹ There was strife between the civil authority of the magistrates and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishop. He served as mediator between them and finally as peacemaker.⁴² There were problems of famine and the high cost of living to be solved. There were the military duties of his post, which comprised the registry and inspection of all men capable of bearing arms, supervision of ordnance matériel, guard of the frontier.⁴³ Above all, there was organized crime to be outfaced and dealt with, the constant danger from bands of discharged sol-

diers, turned marauders, who terrorized the countryside, holding towns to ransom and committing every manner of violence. This required a strong arm, vigilance, and knowledge of men. Probably the old campaigner found it one of his most congenial duties. On May 19, 1523, for instance, he asks the city for a levy of eighty archers against the bandit leader Maclou, a name suspiciously Scotch in appearance. The latter headed a miniature army of fifteen hundred, ravaging the country beyond the Rhône. Held in awe for a while by Bayard's reputation, current enough, of course, among veterans of the army, he had kept out of Dauphiné, but growing overbold crossed the river at length, and menaced the town of Vienne. It must have been a godsend for the lieutenant-governor, wearied with civic business, to don armor, mount a battle horse, unfurl his pennon, and take the field. It was certainly a disaster for Maclou. Bayard fell upon him joyously with lance and crossbow, scattered his regiment of cutthroats, and swept the province of them. There can be no doubt that the crossroads' gallows near and far blossomed with new fruit.⁴⁴

Thus, as administrator, sheriff, chief citizen, and commanding officer, an experienced, energetic man in the middle forties verging toward fifty, one catches a glimpse of the good Chevalier during these years. His face has grown lined, as in the sketch preserved of him, his manner more contained. It is the face of a masterful, open, kindly gentleman, haunted by a suggestion of tolerant good humor, a composite of

strength and whimsicality—irregular, unhandsome features lightened by an inner glow of friendliness.

But little as is known of Bayard, the governor, we know still less of his private life at that time. It is characteristic of the best men that they are unpreoccupied with themselves, and are, therefore, apparently reserved. They do not brandish their opinions or obtrude their concerns, simply because an acquired sense of relativity rejects these as negligible. They are too deeply sensitive to their own limitations and dependency, too widely acquainted with the frequency of unnoted goodness, courage, and talent on the part of others, to set more than a modest value on their personal importance. Bayard seems always to have shrunk from any publicity concerned with his individual thoughts and deeds. He cordially detested the footlights and the imposing rôle. Of one as shy and retiring, it is not surprising that so few records of an intimate nature remain. After his death, of course, certain incidents and remarks were piously gathered. Champier presents a few, which illustrate the earnestness underlying Bayard's superficial mask of the soldier. Being asked on one occasion what he considered the best inheritance to be left by a father to his children, he replied, "That which dreads neither rain nor tempest, nor human might nor tribunal: wisdom and virtue. And a father should have care toward his children similar to one who digs a garden, namely to tend it well and sow good seeds and plant good trees therein." At another time, when he heard two young pages swearing, he rebuked them sternly. Whereupon, a gentleman, who was present, objected that he chid

them for too slight a thing. "Certes," he answered, "it is no little thing, a bad habit learned in youth." ⁴⁵

But there are few of such phrases preserved; Bayard was no habitual moralist. On the other hand, more frequently remembered were his many charities, which kept him poor to the end: unstinted alms, dowries for orphan girls, secret support to widows or needy gentlefolk. He found a luxury in unobtrusive giving, devised means of conveying benefits which should leave no humiliating after-taste: as, for instance, in the case of his men-at-arms, we are told that "often he exchanged a courser or Spanish steed, worth two or three hundred crowns, against a hackney valued at six, and gave the gentleman to understand that the horse suited him perfectly." ⁴⁶ His liberality was condemned as excessive. De Mailles estimates at one hundred thousand francs the ransoms received from prisoners of war, which he expended almost wholly in these ways. And other traits were recalled: his punctilious dealings with natives of invaded districts, his pains to protect their houses from fire and pillage, his exactness in paying what he believed was the worth of provisions and lodging. It seemed needless extravagance in the eyes of men unused to such delicacy. Others behind him in the army would burn what he had saved, or at any rate extort what he had given. But his answer to such objections was remembered. "Messeigneurs, I do what I ought. God has not put me in this world to live by pillage and rapine; and besides, this poor man here may be able to hide his money beneath some tree, and when war is past, will have good of it and pray God for me." ⁴⁷

Indeed, always we are conscious of the immanence of God in Bayard's mind. This is the central pervading force of his life. Beyond profession, beyond fame, beyond even his service to the king, it remained compelling and ultimate. He stood humbly with a child's faith before his Maker. Those prayers in secret, the habit of extending himself before sleeping on the stone flags of his room to kiss the ground in token of humility, were merely the explicit manifestations of a directing principle which explains the man. It explains his charity, his conscientiousness, his valor, his frankness, and his scorn of externals; it makes real his chivalry. By virtue of it, he becomes more than a picturesque figure or valiant captain; he becomes permanently significant, is identified with the eternal purpose and the eternal achievement. Not his prowess in war, not the useless slaughter through which he passed, but that, in spite of them, he loved God and man and served them in his day, is Bayard's title to reverence. He illustrates the enduring paradox that, unreprieved, a man may render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, yet keep his faith with God.

There were strange winds abroad during those years, the stirrings of a tempest which was soon to ravage and divide Christendom. In 1520, Luther made his great decision; and soon, indeed, echoes of that faith, which later was to find support in Dauphiné, grew audible, must have attained the consciousness even of the king's lieutenant.⁴⁸ There can be no question as to how he received them. Heresies there had always been, disputes between doctors of either law, strife between pope and council, endless screeds

and wrangling—the affair of priests. He was no theologian; as he had learned his faith, so he maintained it. There was assurance here, and strength and solace, which had served the needs of generations. As for the rest, scant theology is required to perform one's duty.

The period between 1516 and 1521 was not spent, however, entirely at Grenoble; it comprised a certain attendance at court. We find him, for instance, at Amboise in March, 1517, for the christening of the Dauphin with its ensuing tournaments.⁴⁹ And again, in the autumn of that year, en route for court, he visited Moulins, as guest of the constable of Bourbon.⁵⁰ There was strong friendship between the two, destined, though it proved, to end tragically; nor had the duke as yet become the later rebel. He requested Bayard to knight his first-born son, though still in the cradle—a quaintly appealing scene, as one imagines it: the great war-blade on such tiny shoulders, soon to be touched by the keener blade of Death, the smiling company who hailed so bright an omen, the duke's grim features momentarily gentle.

But though Bayard mingled with the great and appeared at court, he was not at home there and fitted awkwardly the rôle of courtier. We read that he spoke his mind whether to prince or commoner, that he had no taste for flattery, and that wealth or titles left him unimpressed.⁵¹ A poor figure, this, in suave society. Besides, his generation had been superseded. Younger, suppler men enjoyed the royal favor, made love, set the fashion. His place was against the wall with other veterans until national peril remembered him. Meanwhile, he had no place among modish exquisites,

seemed rigid, no doubt, and thoroughly unmodern.

It had become, for instance, among other things, a bearded age. The king, to hide a scar, had set the example followed by his court and copied by the rest of Europe.⁵² The preceding century had been for the most part clean-shaven. It is extremely characteristic of Bayard, that in this, as in more important matters, he held by the past. He considered a beard hot and impractical in the wearing of armor—to him an unanswerable reason, whatever the urgency of fashion.⁵³

Hence, unsuited to court, it was in Grenoble and his duties there, in the association of provincial friends and the company of his relatives and daughter, that he found an abiding place during uncongenial peace. It was here also that he found the most loyal appreciation. If the wars had brought him fame, it was rather these years of civic devotion which secured him the higher tribute of public love, an adoring worship, expressed at his death in a general and profound sorrow.

MÉZIÈRES

In 1521, that firebrand, Robert de la Marck, Lord of Sedan, who adhered now to France, now to the Empire, quarreled with the emperor, sent him an open defiance,⁵⁴ and shifted over again to French service. Charles V of Spain had succeeded his grandfather, Maximilian, on the imperial throne, uniting the powers of Spain, Austria, the German States, the Netherlands, the kingdom of Naples, and the wealth of the Americas in an enormous jurisdiction, which

overshadowed Europe and particularly France. He had already come into rivalry with the French king at his election in Frankfort,⁵⁵ and a trial of strength between two monarchs both of an age, both ambitious, both at the beginning of their reigns, was practically inevitable. The turbulence of Robert de la Marck served merely to precipitate the struggle. It gave the emperor a pretext for mobilizing his army along the French frontier. His generals, the Count of Nassau and Franz von Sickingen, forthwith overran de la Marck's domain, stormed his castles, and finally besieged him in his impregnable stronghold of Sedan.

So much was legitimate action against a rebellious vassal by his offended overlord, nor had the French boundary been crossed; but frontiers are tenuous, and in spite of imperial reassurances, the affair looked strange. It was noted, for instance, with concern, that an army, already suspiciously large for the purpose in hand, now that its mission was accomplished, instead of diminishing continued to increase. Moreover, the Count of Nassau, who held de la Marck in the toils, suddenly accorded him a truce for six weeks and moved nearer the border.⁵⁶ Scattered marauders, though disavowed by their general, crossed the Meuse. Fully alert, the king now hastened his defense, and none too soon. Toward the latter part of August, imperial troops, with flags unfurled, passed the river, and war was declared.⁵⁷

Two fortresses guarded the frontier—Mouzon and Mézières. Behind them lay a province rich in villages and booty, open to pillage, and affording access to the heart of France. Levies were being gathered with all

possible speed, but were not yet assembled; no army sufficient to cope with the invasion had been mustered between Paris and Sedan. Time must be gained, would be gained if the border places held. If they were taken, the result in panic, destruction, and vital danger could not be estimated.

Mouzon stood first in the line of attack. It was garrisoned by Montmor, Grand Equerry of Brittany, with eighty men-at-arms, and fourteen hundred foot, the latter, for the most part, raw troops and undependable. Further north along the river, Mézières had initially been considered too weak for defense; its walls were slight and in disrepair; but d'Orval, captain of its small garrison, urged resistance, and Bayard with other officers was dispatched from Rheims by the Duke of Alençon to appraise the situation. As a result, Bayard offered to hold it, if given a sufficient command, and on August 7 entered the town, as king's lieutenant, with his company and a thousand foot. He was shortly after reinforced by Anne de Montmorency, future constable of France, another thousand infantry, and a number of young noblemen eager for honor. There were his own officers, Pierrepont and Boutières, his cousins, Charles Alleman and Terrail of Bernin; there were d'Annebault, Lucé, Villeclair, Boucal, Clermont, Sassenage, and others—in all two hundred men-at-arms and two thousand foot.

Immediately the work of fortification was begun. Bayard spent three thousand livres of his own money to further it and shouldered pick and shovel with his men. This to him was the poetry, the quintessence of life. "What, messieurs!" he is quoted as saying, intent

the while on his work, "what, shall it be reproached us that through our fault this town was lost, being as we are so fair a company together of good men! It seems to me that if we were in a plain with only a four-foot ditch in front, still we would fight the length of a day entire before defeat. And here, thank God, we have trench and wall and rampart, where, methinks, before the enemy gains a foothold, many of his companies will sleep in the fosse." ⁵⁸

Perhaps, however, this energy would prove unneeded. Mouzon could be counted on to hold. A wave of fear passed over France. Mouzon had fallen.

It had not even offered a defense. When summoned to surrender by von Sickingen, Montmor, to be sure, answered bravely "that it had pleased the Most Christian King, his sovereign lord, to give him guard of this town with many good captains and men of war, who with him were resolved to do their duty"; but von Sickingen trained his guns, and before the first shot, panic-stricken, the undisciplined garrison mutinied. They refused to fight or make any resistance. In vain their officers harangued them: the poor rustics had no taste for heroism, they wanted simply to live. Helpless and disgraced, Montmor offered by a trumpeter to capitulate; the man was sent back. Against all etiquette of war, the king's lieutenant in person with Lassigny, his second in command, were forced to sue humbly for terms in the enemy's camp. They were at length permitted to leave the town dishonorably—without arms, each horseman on a palfrey, the rest on foot, equipped derisively with walking-sticks. The wretched Montmor is a definitely tragic figure in the

Greek sense. A victim of circumstance, he had not only lost an invaluable fortress, but debased his own reputation and the national pride. He rode out miserably to encounter a scornful world.⁵⁹

It was also an anxious world. The failure at Mouzon passed to a certain extent unheeded by reason of the very crisis it provoked. Every contemporary record implies the tenseness of those days. What next? Would Mézières hold? To the king, hastening from Dijon, to Alençon fretting at Rheims, to the men-at-arms and levies marching eastward, this was the passionate question. On that small town, last barrier to an enemy powerful and assured, were fixed the eyes of northern France. A small handful against thirty thousand. If it yielded, the flood-gates were open, and who could foresee the outcome? Thus, Bayard, though already famous, had become a national figure, the man of an exceedingly problematic hour.

On August 13, he had written the king a letter which reflects his modest self-confidence. "Sire, I have received the letter it pleased you to write me, wherein you let me know that Monseigneur d'Alençon has written you of the desire I have to serve you, especially in this matter of Mézières, whither I have come and have found Monsieur d'Orval, who has been here constantly, and has made such preparation that I shall have no great trouble. However, if need should arise here or elsewhere, you will find me true gentleman." And need had arisen of the direst sort. No doubt, the king, on his forced marches, reassured himself more than once with the serene promise of that closing phrase.

Meanwhile, the enemy, having garrisoned Mouzon, swept on down the river against Mézières. Bayard at once took final measures—girdled the town with a ring of burning suburbs, set a special officer in charge of food supplies, expelled from the town all those who were unable or unwilling to endure the siege, demanded an oath of those remaining to defend the walls till death, destroyed the bridges, their final link with France across the Meuse. Street pavements were torn up to supply stones for repairing artillery damage; buckets of water were installed in attics against fire; cauldrons of pitch, oil, and other combustibles were kept in readiness to repel attack; the ditches were lined with spikes; hooks were provided to cast back assailants and scaling ladders. Five observation masts, or *cavaliers*, were erected in various quarters of the town to overlook enemy operations. Barracks were built; bags of powder and shot were prepared, matches for the guns, supplies of wood and other munitions. Above all, as a precaution against mutiny, the garrison was kept paid.

He experienced, however, a taste of what had crippled Montmor. A thousand infantry, terror-stricken that the crucial hour had come, deserted en masse, swarming over walls or scuttling through the gates, and, like so many rats, disbanded in all directions. "But," writes Du Bellay, "said Lord of Bayard gave the other soldiers to understand that he was well content with said flight, because, being so many to guard the town, they would have had no honor or reputation in meeting the effort of the enemy."

With forces reduced to no more than fifteen hun-

dred, many of whom were raw and undependable, armed peasants in fact; with a town hastily fortified; but making a confident joke of it all, Bayard now faced an army of thirty thousand, strong in artillery, well officered, and encouraged by recent victory. Were the defenders few—with such good men, he needed no walls; were they thinned by desertions—so much more glory for those who remained; were they disturbed as to food shortage—they could eat their horses, and failing these, he vowed, they could dine on their valets.⁶⁰ Only, no surrender. Mézières, if taken, would be a city of the dead.

There is evidence that, while he heartened the French, his reputation gave pause to the enemy. The famous knight was a different antagonist from Montmor. Not an imperial officer but had heard of him, envied him, discussed him round many a camp-fire. Some, indeed,—Grand Jehan le Picard, for example—remembered him personally from the Italian wars, had even served with his company. He was known as fearless, enterprising, and experienced. Von Sickingen and the Count of Nassau apparently tempered their arrogance in summoning him to yield, grew almost tender with him, pointing out by their herald that Mézières was untenable; that, because of his renown, they would deeply regret a capture which would diminish his fame and might cost him his life; that one failure was enough to obscure a man's greatest achievements; that, if he listened to reason, they would grant him the most honorable terms.

Bayard answered the speech quizzically.

My friend [he is reported as saying] I am overcome by the politeness of my lords of Nassau and Sickingen, the more so as we never had dealings together and I know them but slightly—yet they have such dread of my person! Friend herald, go back and tell them that the king, my master, had many abler captains in his realm than me to guard this town that fronts you, but that since he has done me the honor to rely on me, I hope with God's aid so long to hold it, that it will irk your masters sooner to lay siege than me to stand it.⁶¹

Thus rebuffed, the imperial leaders, though temporarily held at distance by the burning suburbs, pitched their camp east and south of Mézières on August 30.

The town lies actually east of the Meuse, and is situated on a tongue of land three fourths surrounded by a sharp bend in the river. A bridge, destroyed by Bayard, connected its western gate with France; in the opposite direction, unguarded by the stream, it faces Germany. Hence, in two sections, separated by the water which flows north, the besieging army camped and installed its batteries. On the French side, namely to the west and favored by a slight eminence, lay von Sickingen. On lower ground to the east and south of the walls, with the stream before him, Nassau drew up his remaining forces. As soon as guns could be entrenched within the zone of burned houses, they began a terrific bombardment from five different angles, which lasted incessantly for two days. Du Rivail, in his exceptionally trustworthy account of the siege, reports that nine hundred shot the first day and six hundred the second, were fired against the town. Indeed, throughout, the artillery played a re-

markable rôle. Francis I mentions it in his circular letter to the parliaments, and estimates the total number of enemy cannon-shot during siege operations at four thousand. Here also, according to certain writers, the mortar, throwing an explosive bomb, made its first appearance.⁶² A part of the walls was destroyed, and one of the towers, while various dwelling-houses, the presbytery, the town-hall, and the church were damaged.

But fire as they might, no flag of parley showed from the city. They had encountered certainly a different temper from that of Mouzon, and slackening their battery they adopted the slower tactics of starvation.

Meanwhile, within Mézières time passed laboriously—by night the repair of artillery damage to the walls, at dawn an occasional sortie to harass the enemy, and always, night and day, an unremitting watch. Dysentery set in, and this, combined with insufficient food and normal casualties, reduced the garrison steadily to a danger point. Day by day it grew harder adequately to furnish the necessary guard or repair the dismantled walls. But also day by day rescue drew nearer. After a week, Châtillon, consumed with nervousness at Rheims, wondered how long they could hold, managed to send them a letter asking if they could hold for still five days. They answered proudly that they could hold indefinitely—as long, in any case, as lives and honor could be made to reach in the king's service. A week, two weeks passed. Mézières had served its turn. Even if it were now captured, a royal army of thirty-five thousand, at length assem-

bled, was closing in and could halt invasion. But it was not captured.

Exasperated, the enemy now renewed his first intense bombardment and shattered the walls from west to east. Faggots, ladders, and other tools of assault were brought up and left in readiness. The breach was enormous, but no assault occurred. Instead, by a forced march from Attigny under cover of night, a thousand infantry commanded by de Lorges traversed the enemy's lines and entered the town. This had been the chief need emphasized by messengers from Bayard to the king. The garrison, thus strengthened, held the game in its own hands. Moreover, between that typical land pirate, von Sickingen, and Nassau, smouldered a bitter rivalry. In a spirited anecdote, de Mailles relates how Bayard took advantage of this by contriving that a letter, ostensibly addressed by him to Robert de la Marck, should fall into the hands of the *landsknecht* captain. Von Sickingen's guns on the western side had proved especially troublesome, and it would be a marked advantage if he could be induced to rejoin the main army of Nassau's across the river. The decoy letter explained that within twenty-four hours he was to be made the victim of a surprise attack both from the town and from twelve thousand (imaginary) Swiss. To von Sickingen's jealous imagination, this seemed a proof of Nassau's interest in his discomfiture, and he forthwith packed his baggage and crossed the Meuse, asserting that he had no intention of being the only one exposed to butchery. But whether this incident, as

related, is true or not, cross he did, and the siege was thus partially raised.⁸³

Rain, the relentless soaking rain of autumn, had begun to fall, and uniting with hunger disheartened the imperial camp. Besides, with every day the French army drew nearer. Thus, a campaign which had begun triumphantly was ending as a lamentable fiasco. Some feeble attempts were made to salve the invaders' crumbled self-esteem: challenges to single combat were issued. The Count of Egmont defied any French man-at-arms to break a lance with him, and was encountered by Montmorency to the latter's advantage. On foot, de Lorges and Le Beau Vaudray fought to a draw. Sullenly, the enemy began to remove his cannon. The siege was manifestly over, and on September 26, the king wrote to Bayard and Montmorency, "Let me tell you that not only am I pleased with you, but you may be assured that I shall give such proofs thereof that all the world shall know of it."

On the morning of that same day, the garrison of Mézières was treated to an amazing, if somewhat burlesque, spectacle. About nine o'clock, with a roar of drums and trumpets, the two enemy divisions drew up in battle order against each other. Exasperation, disappointment, and rivalry well-nigh brought on a pitched fight between Nassau and von Sickingen. Their officers threw themselves between the opposing factions, while Bayard jovially fired some shots at both. Finally with an infinite growl and oaths to the effect that never again would they serve together, the two bands parted and marched off crestfallen in sepa-

rate directions. For the French onlookers from their walls, it was a hilarious end to a grim adventure.

In France, the relief and joy following this retreat was inexpressible. As the garrison of Mézières marched out to rejoin the army, townsfolk and peasants, whose lives and homes they had saved, thronged about them in an adoration of gratitude—heaped gifts and money on the soldiers, stooped to kiss the hems of their cloaks, strained for a glimpse of the great captain, their leader. The twenty-seventh of September was made a perpetual anniversary still celebrated in Mézières. On feast days, during mass, the priests at their altars turned to the people with the words, "Pray for the king and for Bayard who saved France." And three years later, when the news had come of his death in Piedmont, a funeral service at Notre Dame de Mézières was held for "the dead Monseigneur Captain Bayard, who had this town in keeping during its siege." To his parliaments, Francis I issued a circular letter of triumph in the victory obtained, and commanded general *Te Deums* and thanksgivings. It had been no small matter. What would have proved the fate of wide provinces was amply shown along the line of Nassau's retreat: gutted and burned villages, indiscriminate butchery of men, women, and children, which set the pace in atrocities for ensuing years.

As for Bayard, he had reached the summit of his career: a name on every one's lips, a national liberator. During the stress of the siege, he was fabled not to have touched bread or drunk wine for fifteen days;

songs were composed in his honor. Received by the king at Fervaques, he was made knight of the royal order of St. Michael, a coveted distinction at that time. In place of his command as lieutenant in the Duke of Lorraine's hundred lances, he was given a hundred lances of his own and made captain-in-chief with a yearly pay of 5100 livres, a position usually accorded only to princes of royal blood. His brothers were created respectively bishop and abbot. All this, combined with his post as lieutenant-governor of Dauphiné, made him a personage of great eminence both civil and military, one fitted by rank to command an army corps. A far cry from the obscure page, who forty years before had handed his cup to the Duke of Savoy.

But the campaign was not over. On the heels of the retreating Germans, the French pushed on along the border of Flanders and Picardy. The rest of the autumn they spent in unimportant skirmishes, which served principally to strengthen the frontier. Bayard, as usual, seems to have led the vancouriers. In October he harried the suburbs of Valenciennes; on November 9 we find him at Guise, indefatigable as ever and on the eve of a raid into Hainaut. But the army was disbanding; shortly afterward he followed the king to Paris.

It was here that an incident occurred which characterizes both the man and his position at this period. Aware that public ovations awaited him, he entered the town secretly. But this was not all. The parliament wished to tender him official thanks. Overcome with embarrassment, he took to flight. A bashful great

man, except under stress of duty, he resigned the front of the stage to others.

1—Monnet, *op. cit.*, p. 122 n.

2—*Archives Communales de Grenoble, Série BB. 3*; J. Chevalier, *Bayard Lieutenant Générale à Grenoble*, Grenoble, 1924.

3—The date of his departure from Grenoble is unknown. He was there at least until May 11, when he assisted at the reception of the Duke of Longueville (Monnet, p. 122 n 1). By July 22 he was in Piedmont.

4—M. Sanuto (Vol. XX, 406, quoting the French ambassador at Venice).

5—This was certainly the route followed by the main army and is mentioned unanimously by all chroniclers. Various detachments, however, seem to have used other passes vaguely recorded. Cf. Guicciardini, Florange, Du Bellay, and Marino Sanuto.

6—Lebey, *Connétable de Bourbon*, p. 61; Guicciardini, Bk. XII, ch. 4.

7—All chronicles of the period refer to this incident which, both from its actual and dramatic importance, made a deep impression on the public mind. Florange gives the chief credit to Marshal de la Palice, as do also Giovio, Guicciardini, and Du Bellay; but their accounts are less detailed, obviously second-hand, and often contradictory. The narrative of the Loyal Servant has every characteristic of definite knowledge. He is, moreover, supported by Du Rivail, *op. cit.*, p. 559.

8—A village not far from the present town of Cavour.

9—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 260.

10—Du Rivail, p. 559, speaks of the Swiss as at Vigone and other near-by towns.

11—*Loyal Servant*, p. 379.

12—According to Guicciardini, Bk. XII, Ch. 4, the French obligations in immediate payment and promises amounted roughly to over a million crowns. Florange states, Vol. I, p. 186, that the cash payment was 150,000 crowns.

13—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 262.

14—Now Melegnano.

15—The few guns brought with them by the Swiss proved of too light a caliber to compete with the heavy French cannon. Some Milanese horsemen accompanied the Cardinal of Sion, but appear to have taken no part in the conflict.

- 16—Florange, Vol. I, p. 188; Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 169.
- 17—At one o'clock—Cf. Letter of Francis I, Ed Petitot, 1^{re} Série, Vol. XVII, p. 184.
- 18—Cf. Letter of Francis I, cited above, where he speaks of Alençon as at his back.
- 19—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 257-258.
- 20—J. Bouchet, *Mémoires de la Tremouille*, p. 498.
- 21—Champier, p. 170.
- 22—*Loyal Servant*, p. 383.
- 23—Letter of Francis I, cited above.
- 24—Florange, Vol. I, p. 194-195.
- 25—Id.
- 26—Champier, p. 173.
- 27—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 265.
- 28—Florange, Vol. I, p. 197.
- 29—De Vallière, *op. cit.*, p. 131-132.
- 30—Guicciardini, Bk. XII, Ch. 5.
- 31—Cf. Letter of Francis I, cited above, where he states that he has had a count taken.
- 32—Florange states that he had steadily refused the title. He received it after Marignano only at the king's bidding and from the royal hands. Vol. I, p. 198.
- 33—Giovio, *Historia*, Bk. XV.
- 34—Expilly, p. 461.
- 35—Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 176-177. He was, however, probably an eye-witness.
- 36—Only one of Bayard's arms has been preserved—his mace in the Armeria Reale at Turin. Cf. Expilly, p. 462-463, and Ch. Buttin's interesting article, *La Masse d'Armes de Bayard*, Rev. Savois. (1895) XXXVI. But the authenticity of even this has been recently challenged. Cf. Monnet, p. 135-136.
- 37—The *Loyal Servant*, p. 388-389, states that Bayard engaged in many raids against the imperials and took a number of prisoners, though with scant profit as to ransoms. Du Rivail, p. 563, ascribes to him a more important rôle in the defense of Milan, stating that it was he who persuaded Bourbon not to evacuate but to fortify and defend the city.
- 38—Cf. Bayard's receipt for this amount, Jan. 6, 1517, Roman, Supplément, p. 2-3.
- 39—His pension in 1523 was 5100 *livres tournois*—a sum increased by 1200 *livres* after his promotion to the independent com-

mand of a hundred lances. To this should be added gifts, ransoms, share in pillage, etc.

40—Chevalier, *op. cit.*; Du Rivail, p. 578-579; Archives Comm. CC. 614.

41—In 1517, 1519, 1524. Cf. Archives Comm., especially BB. 6.

42—Archives Comm. BB. 7.

43—Bayard's letters to Chastellard and to Francis I, Roman, p. 461, 456.

44—Chevalier, *op. cit.*; Du Rivail, p. 574-575.

45—Champier, *Vie de Bayard*, p. 263-264.

46—*Loyal Servant*, p. 424.

47—*Loyal Servant*, p. 425.

48—A Cistercian friar, Pierre de Sébiville, idolized by the Grenoble populace, first preached the Lutheran doctrines during Lent, 1523. He was imprisoned by Bayard's cousin, Laurent Alleman II, bishop of Grenoble. Cf. A. Prudhomme, *Histoire de Grenoble*, Grenoble, 1888.

49—Lepage, *op. cit.*, p. 71. By June, however, he had returned to Grenoble. Arch. Comm. BB. 4.

50—Du Rivail, p. 564.

51—*Loyal Servant*, p. 426.

52—A. Rochas, *Questions Relatives à Bayart*, Grenoble, 1905.

53—Expilly, p. 475.

54—At the Diet of Worms assembled to judge the case of Luther.

55—In 1519.

56—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 307.

57—With regard to the siege of Mouzon and Mézières and the subsequent campaign, Cf. *Loyal Servant*; Du Bellay; Florange; Du Rivail; Marino Sanuto; *Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris*; Letters of Châtillon, d'Orval, Montmor, Von Sickingen, Alençon, Bayard, Montmorency, de la Marck, Francis I, and Louise of Savoy, published in Roman's Appendix to the *Loyal Servant*; A. Chuquet, *Bayart à Mézières* (Études d'histoire, Série I, Paris, 1903); Terrebasse, *Histoire de Bayart*; E. Picot, *Chants historiques français du XVI^e Siècle*, Paris, 1903; etc.

58—*Loyal Servant*, p. 395.

59—He was exonerated by the Duke of Alençon and other captains who realized his predicament. But failures remain failures. See letter of Alençon to the king, Roman, p. 440.

60—"And this jest," adds Du Rivail, "Bayard told me himself," p. 568.

61—*Loyal Servant*, p. 396.

62—Cf. Terrebasse, *op. cit.*, p. 423.

63—The Loyal Servant's account at this point is probably accurate. Du Bellay, I, p. 314, states that Sickingen *craignant d'avoir une camisade*, crossed the river. A letter from Châtillon to the king (Roman, p. 450) describes the hostility that came almost to blows between the two leaders in very much the same fashion as de Mailles. Further corroboration is furnished by a *lands knecht* song quoted by Chuquet, p. 24 n.

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST CAMPAIGNS

It is hard to understand Champier's lament that after Mézières Bayard enjoyed no "great charge or credit" in the king's service.¹ He explains this on the ground of envy felt in court circles for the brilliant conduct of the siege with its ensuing promotion and renown. Later writers, embroidering further, maintain that Bayard, as a friend of the constable of Bourbon, became involved in his growing disfavor and was overshadowed by his ultimate ruin.² But these are imaginary reasons for an imaginary disgrace. In point of fact, he held more important charges than before and seems fully to have retained the royal confidence. Of course, Champier and other adherents may have expected that such meritorious service would lead to the very highest posts in government or army; but, if so, they were strangely oblivious to Bayard's position as a self-made man, belonging to no great house and lacking personal resources or patronage.³ There were a score of others in France endowed with all these qualifications and whose records were equally distinguished. Everything considered, the gift of a hundred lances, of the royal order with its additional pension, and of ecclesiastical dignities to other members of the Terrail family,

must seem to an impartial observer both an adequate and even a munificent recognition. Moreover, as we have already seen, Bayard was no courtier, had no skill in promoting his fortunes by that social dexterity and shrewd adaptiveness which then as now brought down the plums of higher office. His sphere was war. By sheer merit, he had achieved not only considerable rank, but a much greater prestige, and, in spite of Champier's assertion, maintained an increasingly important military status until the end.

But for all that, even if unaffected by any ebb of favor, his closing years were overcast by a shadow none the less real or distressing—the shadow of national misfortune. Through a prelude of adversity, he approached death; it was in defeat that he attained his ultimate and heroic stature.

Hardly had the northern campaign ended than we find him on December 7 in Lyons en route to Genoa, as military adviser to Fregoso, doge, under French protection, of that turbulent city.⁴ Italian affairs, since 1516, had gone from bad to worse. De Lautrec, the brother of Gaston de Foix, who succeeded Bourbon, as viceroy of Lombardy, had proved himself an incompetent and hated governor.⁵ A league was formed between Charles V and Leo X for the reconquest of Milan, and in August, 1521, simultaneous with the attack on Mézières, invasion began. By November, Parma, Milan, and Como had been lost by the French, who were clinging precariously to Cremona and a few scattered strongholds. At this juncture, it seemed essential to keep a close watch on Genoa, and hence the new commission to Bayard from the king.

His delay in Lyons for three or four days may have been concerned with the raising of a loan from bankers there to finance some levies he had been directed to recruit in Dauphiné before crossing the Alps. At all events, having been cordially received, he left for Grenoble on December 10.⁶ It was a second triumphal entry. The parliament gave him an official welcome and his friends thronged around in pride and eagerness to hear the authentic account of Mézières.⁷ But his mission demanded haste. Having raised three or four thousand foot to be held in readiness at the king's bidding, he continued south, accompanied only by his servants and several gentlemen of Dauphiné.⁸ His company, mustering as yet but fifty lances—for there had been no time to enroll the balance—was to follow him at what speed it could. A letter of de Lautrec's, dated January 6, indicates that he had already reached Genoa.⁹ And it is worth noting, as an example of Bayard's energy confirmed by unquestionable documents, that from conducting a raid into Flanders toward the middle of November, he had traversed the whole of France, transacted various affairs, crossed the Alps, and was in Italy within a month and a half. If it is remembered that the season was winter, that horses formed the only means of locomotion, and that the roads were frequently no better than a morass, some idea will be gathered of the physical strength and indefatigable diligence used in accomplishing this mission.

But Genoa was quiet, tediously quiet, and Bayard chafed bitterly. Two letters remain of many written to the king, which reflect his boredom and impa-

tience.¹⁰ The second urges that he be allowed to re-join Lautrec and "render some service in the Duchy of Milan," for the situation there was critical. Pavia and Alexandria had reverted to the enemy, while de Lautrec sent dispatch after dispatch soliciting Bayard's aid from Genoa with troops that were never sent. Fregoso would not weaken the garrison of his city; mercenaries ordered thither were late in arriving. It was a maddening experience for the old campaigner enforced to idleness, though rumors of war and action came flooding in from across the Pontremoli Pass. But he had written the king that without orders "he would not budge from there," and for one reason or another no orders came. It was not until close upon Easter that de Lautrec's brother, the Marshal de Foix, Pietro Navarro, and some *gendarmes*—among them probably his own lances—reached Genoa. With these he at length rejoined Montmorncy, who had been sent to meet them at Novara.¹¹

Meanwhile, de Lautrec's army had been strengthened by the arrival of twenty thousand Swiss, and he began preparations to resume the offensive. It is beside our purpose to review in detail the maneuvers of this inglorious campaign: the capture of Vigevano by the French, their fruitless attack on Pavia, their retreat to Monza. Perhaps the determining factor was a malversation of funds destined to the pay of the troops and which never reached them.¹² But even with this excuse, de Lautrec as commanding general cuts but a sorry figure in comparison with the enemy leaders, Prospero Colonna and the Marquis of Pescara. It is difficult to conceive that this perplexed,



From the painting by Jean Clouet in the Louvre, Paris.

FRANCIS I AS A YOUNG MAN

undecided, and uninspiring officer could ever have triumphed over opponents and difficulties which demanded a strategist of the first order.

At all events, having retired from Pavia to Monza, he was followed by the imperials, who entrenched themselves hard by in a gentleman's country estate, named the Bicocca. Constant rain, lack of provisions, lack of pay, failure, and retreat had reduced the Swiss to a sort of dull fury. They resolved to take matters into their own hands and presented de Lautrec with an ultimatum: either instant pay, instant battle, or desertion. The poor general had no choice. They were the mainstay of his army, and if they abandoned him the war was over; but on the other hand, his funds were exhausted. There remained accordingly the one alternative of battle. In vain he besought them and protested that to attack a formidable enemy within his fortifications, exposed to his artillery and harquebus fire, was suicidal madness. The Swiss, stupidly arrogant, refused to listen. On April 29, first Sunday after Easter, the battle took place.

It was a short but decisive affair. Uninstructed by Marignano, the cantonal troops repeated their mistake of marching head-on against cannon fire. They even scorned to cooperate with the French horse and artillery. A brutal, foolishly heroic mass, they hurled themselves straight at the imperial trenches and redoubts. One thousand fell at the first volley. The Marquis of Pescara's harquebusiers opened on their flanks. Two thousand more died without a single man having reached the enemy guns. Bewildered, impotent, and dazed before this new Spanish infantry concealed and

equipped with muskets, they fell back in disorderly rout.¹³

It is uncertain as to what part Bayard played in the engagement. His name is coupled with that of Pontdormy in command of the rear-guard, whose splendid fighting at the end prevented enemy pursuit. "Nor," says Giovio, "were lacking there in honorable rivalry Monsieur de Montmorency, Bayard, and Pontdormy, most valiant captains."¹⁴ We know that Montmorency advanced with the Swiss and was severely wounded; but Du Bellay speaks of Pontdormy and the new knights (of St. Michael?), who led the third division held in reserve, and who in a successful charge covered the Swiss retreat.¹⁵

But if the mountaineers had been stubborn in demanding battle, they were equally decided in maintaining that they had had enough. They refused to take any further part in the war, and despite harangues and entreaties, marched sullenly off to the Alps, moneyless and diminished in reputation. De Lautrec, helpless at their defection, could only abandon Lombardy and retire to France with the remnants of his troops. The duchy had once more changed hands. Indeed, France itself was threatened with invasion. Genoa was lost, the Marquisate of Saluzzo overrun, and we find Bayard with his company and two thousand foot holding the passes of Dauphiné during early summer against an expected attack.¹⁶ Meanwhile, English and imperials again menaced the north; there was fighting along the frontiers of Navarre; the war between kingdom and empire flamed on every border. Its uncertainty overhung France; but

not this alone: there were bodings of civil discord, the growing feud between Francis I and the constable of Bourbon.

It is against this background of defeat and disappointment following the promise of Mézières that one thinks of Bayard during the last year he was to spend in Grenoble. He spent it in the discharge of duties we have already described, suppressing out-lawry, reconciling municipal broils, combating the plague. It was a year, moreover, of preparation. He was busy mustering troops for the next descent into Italy.¹⁷ Absorbed as ever in the supreme interest equivalent to life itself, he urged the king not to forget him when the day for marching came, and received the royal assurance, piously treasured, that "long before I received your letter, I had resolved, should need of war arise, not to leave you thus unemployed as since your return from Italy . . . and you will always find the man you made a knight so well disposed in heart that it shall profit you."¹⁸

Unemployed—for, after all, these duties at Grenoble were not employment in the technical, the commendatory sense. They conveyed the challenge of "what thy hand findeth to do," were tasks imposed by civic conscientiousness devolving on any true man and Christian, but they stood outside his profession and special competence. Fifty years had not drained his heart of humanity nor chilled his kindness, but they had made him primarily a soldier. It was not *employment*, however devotedly performed, to visit the sick, relieve the poor, reconcile factions, regulate prices. More appropriate was combat with Maclou's

pillagers, the arrest of deserters from Milan,¹⁹ the enrolment of levies. But above all, his trade, passionately served, was the conduct of troops, assault or defense of strongholds, the crowning science of battle. And thus, like a sword put temporarily to alien uses, he remained *unemployed* during the summer and autumn of 1522, during the winter of 1523; but with spring came the familiar stir, the quickening pulse-beat, the sense more potent than wine of approaching change and action and lust of venturing. The king's messengers had passed.

Francis I was this time to lead his army in person. The disgrace of last year would be cancelled by another Marignano; the Italian ambition, which had vainly cost such life and treasure, would now be finally realized and permanently secured. It was the delusive hope of Bayard's generation, so often baffled that one marvels at the unbroken charm it exercised, at the importance attached to its fulfilment. Undeterred by previous failure, the nation armed itself once more to follow the ever mocking quest.

Toward midsummer, Bayard again made ready for the march. His company had been raised to the stipulated number and included many of the most famous names of Dauphiné. It was a chosen squadron. There was Guigo Guiffrey of Boutières, its lieutenant, and Antoine de Clermont, who later succeeded their captain as lieutenant-governors of the province. There were representatives of the houses of Montaynard, Sassenage, Beaumont, Moustiers, Loras, La Villette, Arces, among others. There was Gaspard Terrail of Bernin, his cousin, and Jacques du Pont, his nephew.²⁰

There were sons of old neighbors of the Graisivaudan and of old friends of Savoy. There was Jacques de Mailles, his secretary and biographer. The names on its roster, as we scan them, recall by association the whole of Bayard's life. And doubtless besides there were many young gentlemen eager for service and confident of finding it under that pennon, who are not included in the muster-roll. If Expilly, a later authority, is to be credited, the company, augmented by these volunteers, numbered no less than fifteen hundred horse.²¹

It was the first time he had ridden to Italy under his own standard; but, significantly enough, a more expressive record than of men and steeds attends his last departure from Grenoble. He expended a final sum of seven hundred crowns to be distributed among the convents and poor of the city; he made an offer to buy and donate a house as chapel and home for penitent girls.²² The prayers of the poor and the outcast were to follow him on that grim, ultimate journey of his life. It was an act of charity that remained among his people the final memory of their beloved captain.

In August the march toward Lombardy began—but without the king. The first disaster of that disastrous campaign took place in France. It was the conspiracy of Charles of Bourbon. Embittered by royal injustice, the constable had prepared to sell his country to the emperor and to Henry VIII. Upon the departure of Francis for Italy, an army of 40,000 would invade the south from Spain; 25,000 English would attack the north; and with these Bourbon

would coöperate with his own levies and 10,000 mercenaries to be sent him from Germany. His reward had been stipulated at 200,000 crowns and a royal marriage. But the scheme was discovered; measures were taken; and Bourbon fled for his life. It was impossible, however, to learn what were the ramifications of the conspiracy; English invasion remained imminent; and the king's presence in France was therefore essential.

No expedition to Italy had been launched under more ominous circumstances. The Duke of Bourbon had countless friends in the army—and among them Bayard—who perhaps sympathized with the justice of his complaint against the king and were certainly distressed at his treachery and ruin. But, as concerned the matter in hand, this was not the worst of it. No army had ever been led by a more inexperienced general. Blinded by that partiality, which so often deceived him, Francis I, unable to take command himself, had conferred the supreme rank on Admiral Bonnivet, chief favorite at court, an officer of no authority and small reputation. The older captains either disdained or envied him; in none did he inspire the confidence necessary for the task before them. And often, no doubt, the days of Gaston de Foix's splendid leadership were rehearsed and held up in contrast during the dreary months that followed. Another royal favorite, Montmorency, now marshal, commanded the vanguard, an abler man, but young and unseasoned.

Thus, disheartened by Bourbon's defection, by the king's absence, by unpopular leadership, the army of

26,000 crossed into Lombardy and followed the long familiar roads.²³ It was the usual composite force of French, German, and Swiss infantry escorted by a brigade of men-at-arms.

At first, the conventional happened: Novara and the western towns capitulated; Milan prepared to surrender; and the customary opening triumph seemed assured. But here Bonnivet made his first blunder. Instead of marching straight to Milan, he spent some days in temporizing, and gave Colonna needed time to assure the city by fortifications against assault. But in so doing, the French general had forfeited his chief advantage: namely, the great moral factor of freshness, impetus, and early success. Colonna, old in experience of like invasions, trusted confidently in the taming effect of famine, winter, and delay. His policy was justified. In spite of the futile maneuvering, which continued for eight months, he had actually won the campaign at its beginning.

Our concern, however, is not with the successive operations of the two armies, but with Bayard's share in the conduct of the war. As a whole, the tactics of both French and imperials may be described as an attempt on the part of each to wear out and starve out the other, and in this endeavor he was given a prominent place. It should be at once admitted that, whatever the justification, he failed signally, and that none of the engagements, in which, as commanding officer, he was responsible, add to his military credit. His career thus far had been singularly fortunate. Again and again on critical occasions, he had known success and proved his ability, or, if sharing in defeat,

he had ranked as a subordinate. But now, when for the first time he exercised an eminent command, luck deserted him, he found himself baffled and impotent. An impression is somehow conveyed of failing strength and resiliency, the approach of doom. Perhaps he himself felt it—the sense of being fey, that premonition which has haunted so many soldiers. At all events, it was written that for him life should end not at a moment of prosperous fame, but in the bitterness of failure.

On or about September 18, leaving Bonnivet's main forces encamped south of Milan between the highways to Pavia and Lodi, Bayard, at the head of eight thousand infantry, three hundred lances, and six or eight pieces of artillery, marched on Lodi, which was garrisoned by a thousand Italians under the Marquis of Mantua.²⁴ These evacuated the town, which was occupied without difficulty. Bayard then continued southeast against Cremona, where he was reinforced by the famous Roman *condottiere*, Renzo da Ceri, with four thousand foot. It will be noted that his command at this time equalled one third of the army, a fact which disposes of Champier's assertion that he was given no considerable charge.²⁵

Cremona found itself in a situation frequent enough during the Italian wars, of being one third French and two thirds Italian. That is, the castle, occupied by a remnant of de Lautrec's forces, held against the town and the town besieged the castle. It was indeed the remnant of a remnant, who had seen their captain and comrades die of famine, and who for a year and a half had refused surrender.

Having revictualled and reinforced the place on September 25, Bayard now proceeded to assault the town. A practicable breach was effected and the attack made ready, when there occurred the first of his misfortunes. Rain set in, which made the steep ascent to the breach slippery and unsure. He waited. The down-pour continued incessantly four days and nights; the Cremonese had repaired their wall; an imperial army threatened his retreat. Unable to delay longer and unsuccessful, wounded also in the shoulder by a final sortie of the defenders, he withdrew toward Milan, after occupying the near-by fortress of Caravagio on October 15.

By the 19th he had recrossed the Adda, and immediately afterward appears in command of a division numbering ten thousand infantry, seven hundred men-at-arms, and a strong quota of artillery, stationed at Monza, Cassano, and near-by villages north and east of Milan. This position, intercepting the roads from Como, Mondebrianza, and Trazo, formed part of Bonnivet's futile blockade of the city. It was here that Bayard spent the month of October and the first week of November, occupied in skirmishes and forays, which, though decreasing the current of supplies for Milan, did not entirely cut them off, and served chiefly to wear down his troops by frequent small losses. Moreover, the winter had opened early and harshly, a winter of almost unprecedented cold and deep snow. Horses and men began to die of hardship and hunger; despondency set in and with it, desertions.

At the beginning of November, Bonnivet, whose

own line of supplies across the Ticino was threatened by the imperial troops at Pavia, definitely abandoned his blockade, recalled Bayard to the main army, and retaining a portion of the latter's forces, quartered the balance at Marignano and along the Ticino. On November 27, constrained by losses, weather, and hopelessness, the admiral himself broke camp in front of Milan and retired to shelter at Abbiategrasso. It was a strategic movement performed in good order; but, none the less, Bonnivet had been forced back and Milan stood free. Though as yet unacknowledged, the inevitable retreat had begun. Then plague set in; the army dwindled; the rigors of winter continued. It became a question of holding on somehow until spring and the arrival of reinforcements.

Meanwhile, Prospero Colonna, imperial leader, died at Milan,²⁶ and was succeeded in command at first by Lannoy, viceroy of Naples, together with the famous soldiers, Ferdinand d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, and Giovanni de' Medici. To these was added later, in the capacity of generalissimo, by order of the emperor, the now renegade constable of Bourbon.²⁷ Moreover, the imperial army had been strengthened by a new addition of six thousand Germans, by four hundred men-at-arms from Naples, and, more effectively still, by a large contribution of money. Thus refreshed, it comprised in round numbers some thirty thousand men, well officered and confident, as opposed to the woebegone forces of Bonnivet. At a stroke, Marignano and the castle of Cremona surrendered. With the east and south practically clear of enemies, the imperials prepared to take the field.

It is under these circumstances, in the month of January, that we find Bayard with two hundred and fifty lances and two thousand foot in a village called Robecco, some two miles north of the main army at Abbiategrasso and about seventeen miles from Milan. It will be noted that here again he had been entrusted with a very important command. The place, however, was unfortified. All of his biographers assert that he accepted the charge only under protest and with assurances from Bonnivet of prompt support in case of attack, and they understate the number of troops at his disposal. They hint also at envy and the wish for Bayard's discomfiture as the admiral's motives in selecting him for the post. All of this, it would seem, is merely an effort to exonerate a popular hero. It is a fiction supported neither by common sense nor fact, which does more harm than good. The selection of Robecco, as quarters for his troops, is doubtless another example of Bonnivet's incompetence; but when had Bayard ever before hung back from the point of danger? Why should the admiral, out of jealousy toward an individual, plot the destruction of his own army? Why should Robecco, under the wing of the main camp, defended by at least several thousand veterans, and remote from the enemy at a distance of seventeen miles, have been considered peculiarly exposed by a captain who had spent his life confronting far more imminent perils? The truth of the matter is that Bayard's accustomed vigilance was at fault; he was sick and in bed; the former alertness, which had kept scouts and spies in constant watch on the enemy's movements, proved wanting. Here again, the

impression gained is of waning strength, waning efficiency.²⁸

At all events, he was taken unawares and routed by a boldly conceived attack of Pescara and de' Medici. On the night of January 27, with some three thousand horse and foot, supported at a distance by de Lannoy with still greater forces,²⁹ they traversed the seventeen miles from Milan, and about two hours before dawn threw themselves on the handful of scattered sentries. It was a typical *camisade* in that the assailants wore shirts over their armor to distinguish each other in the darkness. With cries of "*alarm!*" the sentinels fell back on the barricades of the village, which were reached almost as soon by the enemy.

Awakening in the uproar, Bayard had time only to throw on a few pieces of armor, and, ill as he was, to mount his horse. Together with de Lorges and his cousin, Gaspard Terrail, he rallied what men he could at the barriers, and stemmed the attack long enough to permit the remaining French, half-asleep and panic-stricken, to make good their flight. Then, surrounded by enemies, he still managed to cut himself free and spurred toward Abbiategrosso, whence Bonnivet was already advancing. He had lost few men, but his entire baggage, three standards, and a large number of cavalry mounts.

The moral effect was enormous. "Never," says Giovio, "in any battle of these times, has an equal number of veteran soldiers been defeated more easily and with less bloodshed."³⁰ Almost under the very eyes of the French army, an important division had been surprised, scattered, its baggage and colors

taken; and without loss the enemy had returned to Milan. As for the French, it was another blow to their already shaken confidence. The bravest of the brave, the leader of so many desperate fights, had at last been humbled. (XII)

"The good Chevalier," we read, "was like to die of grief at the misfortune which had befallen him."³¹ It is reported as well that high words passed between him and the admiral, and that the latter, "though short of temper and arrogant," gave way a little.³² Such an explosion would have been natural on one side and the other. But we can well imagine Bayard's desolation. What had happened meant to him far more than death. Careless of wealth, careless of rank, he had reason to be proud of his name as a soldier, the fruit of so many years, and now even this had been obscured. In the grim winter days, enduring no doubt the sympathy of fellow captains, he learned at last that even this fame of his, this honor, was vanity. (XIII)

Toward the first of March, the imperials occupied Binasco and crossed the Ticino. To counter such a move, which threatened his supplies, Bonnivet, leaving a garrison in Abbiategrasso, withdrew to Vigevano, thus, as it were, cutting loose from a sheltered anchorage. Thenceforward, the incompetent admiral and his wretched army, outnumbered and hopelessly outmaneuvered, found themselves caught in the nets of a superior strategy. The French stronghold of Garlasco fell. Bonnivet strove to rescue Sartirano, a fortress on the Po, but acted too late, and arrived no further than Mortara. His communications with

Alexandria were now blocked; and Vercelli, intercepting the still more important channel of supplies from Turin, passed next to the enemy. In danger of being hemmed in on all sides, the French began their retreat northward to Novara. The imperials followed, and from every direction ill tidings came flooding in. A reinforcement of Swiss from the Grisons, upon whom Bonnivet had counted to divert his pursuers back to the defense of Milan, had been repulsed north of Bergamo by de' Medici; isolated French outposts, such as Lodi and Stradella, were captured; Abbiategrasso was taken by assault and its garrison massacred; Montejan and Boutières, the lieutenant of Bayard's company, with 120 chosen men-at-arms, were encountered in the field, overwhelmed, and taken prisoners.⁸³ The plague, which had begun earlier in the winter, continued to deplete the camp; Montmorency, second in command to Bonnivet, fell dangerously ill. In short, defeat was rapidly becoming extermination. Only one hope, or at least one refuge, remained: the presence of Swiss reinforcements, numbering six thousand, who had already crossed the Alps and were marching from Ivrea to Gattinara. A juncture with these became the last expedient.

At midnight on April 28, Bonnivet evacuated Novara, and hastened northwest to Romagnano, a point opposite Gattinara on the River Sesia, which he reached at dawn. He led only the miserable remnants of an army. Montmorency was carried in a litter; the remaining sick struggled on as best they could; the battle horses were dead and men-at-arms rode skeleton palfreys, gaunt relics of the once splendid cav-

alry. Meanwhile, the enemy, directed by Bourbon, Lannoy, and Pescara, followed close.

If it is true, as Du Bellay affirms, that Bonnivet urged the Swiss to join him on the left bank of the river, this can be considered only an empty gesture. He must, on the contrary, have felt genuine relief at their prudent refusal. The utmost they could do was to salvage what remained of the exhausted army, and, in view of the hostile numbers and leadership, even such action demanded unflinching courage. Thus, without delay, on the 29th, a bridge was thrown hastily across the Sesia, and the admiral, collecting his lances, prepared to cover the passage of his cannon and infantry. But neither Pescara nor Bourbon—the latter, a personal and bitter enemy of Bonnivet's—were men to allow so rare an opportunity to pass unchallenged. They attacked, and although the French made good their crossing, the admiral, wounded in the arm, was forced, perhaps not unwillingly, to relinquish his command. He entrusted it to Bayard.

"Monseigneur," he is reported to have said in that lost memorial by Joffrey, the Chevalier's personal attendant,³⁴ "Monseigneur, I ask and entreat you for the glory and honor of France to defend this day the artillery and standards I deliver to you and entrust wholly to your faithfulness, valor, and skill, since there is no one in the king's army more worthy thereof, whether in courage, experience, or good counsel." To which Bayard answered, "My lord, I could wish that you did me this honor on some more favorable occasion, when fortune ran less against us. However, in any case, I promise so to defend them, that while I

live they shall not come into the hands of the enemy."

So Bonnivet, having led his army to its ruin, left it *in extremis*, shifted the burden, and rode blithely home to France and royal favor, posed as hero at court and persuaded the king that his splendid retreat could be likened only to Xenophon's.⁸⁵ And so Bayard, commander-in-chief, at last, of an army, of a broken, hopeless army, faced the storm, took up the task, and pledged his life to perform it. Poor, heroic commander-in-chief—for a day!

1—Champier *Vie de Bayard*, p. 193.

2—As, for example, Roman, *Loyal Servant*, p. 460 n.

3—Montmorency, a man twenty years younger, but a great lord, was appointed Marshal of France not long afterward. He showed himself worthy of his promotion, but it was not ability alone that obtained it. In later years he was evidently proud of his connection with the good Chevalier. Ronsard, court poet, flatters him with the title "companion of Bayard."—Brantôme, *M. de Bayart*. Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 390-391.

4—Letter of Bayard to the king, Roman, p. 455; F. Molard, *Le Carteggio des Ambassadeurs de Mantoue*, Paris, 1896; Letter of Francis I to Lautrec, Dec. 3, 1521 (Marino Sanuto, Vol. XXXII, 299).

5—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 335.

6—Du Rivail, p. 572, and Molard, *op. cit.*

7—"And before he left Dauphiné, I had a long talk with him about Mézières." Du Rivail, p. 572.

8—Du Rivail, p. 572.

9—Roman, p. 457. Du Rivail sets his departure from Grenoble on January 16; but de Lautrec's letter seems to me decisive. Cf. also Marino Sanuto, Vol. XXXII, 367.

10—Roman, p. 458-460.

11—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 373. Du Rivail states, however, that Bayard rode to the army *cum solis domesticis et comitibus supra relatis* (i.e. the Dauphinois gentlemen). P. 572.

12—Semblançay, superintendent of finances, paid the penalty with his life.

13—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 347, mentions the first appearance during

the preceding summer of harquebuses supported by a folk, *arque-bouses qu'on tiroit sur une fourchette*—the precursor of the later musket. Pescara's men fired in successive ranks, constantly reloading. This produced a continuous fire. Cf. Giovio, *Vita Pescarii*.

14—Giovio, *Vita Pescarii*, Bk. II.

15—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 380.

16—Du Rivail, p. 573-574; Expilly, p. 470.

17—Bayard's letter to Chastellard, dated March 3, 1523, Roman, p. 461.

18—Letter of Francis I to Bayard, dated Dec. 9 (1522?), Roman, p. 463.

19—The garrison left by de Lautrec in the impregnable castle of Milan had surrendered, it was believed dishonorably, to Colonna. Bayard was charged with arresting them at the frontier and sending them on to Paris. Du Rivail, p. 574; G. Letonnellier, *Etude Critique sur le Loyal Serviteur*, Grenoble, 1926, reproduces de Mailles's affidavit, which describes how Bayard urged the commander of the prison at Grenoble to treat these prisoners and nourish them humanely. P. 11.

20—The son of Marie Terrail.

21—Muster-roll of Bayard's company, Roman, p. 468-474, and Roman's note, p. 473; Expilly, p. 468; Brantôme, *M. de Bayard*: "aussy sa compaignie paraissoit tousjours par dessus celles de son temps aux bons affaires."

22—On June 22, 1523, he proposed to buy and present his brother's house, situated in the Rue Moyenne, facing the bishop's palace. Cf. Chevalier, *op. cit.*, p. 10; Arch. Comm. Série BB, 8.

23—Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 423.

24—For details of the following campaign and winter, cf. *Loyal Servant*, p. 405-409; Du Rivail, p. 576-577; Champier, p. 196-201; Du Bellay, Vol. I, p. 428 ff; Guicciardini, Bk. XV, Ch. 2; Giovio, *Historia*, Bk. 22; M. Grumello, *Cronaca*, Milan, 1856 (especially for the Lodi expedition); Marino Sanuto, Vol. XXXV, 8, 10, 11, 12, 63, 142, 151, 172, 175, 378, 381, 390; letter of G. Malatesta to the Marquis of Mantua, dated Oct. 27, 1523, and summarizing an intercepted letter of Bonnivét's dated Oct. 19, Molard, *op. cit.*; roll of Bayard's Company at Cassano, Oct. 24, 1523, Roman, *op. cit.*; Muratori, *Annali d'Italia*, Venice, 1833; Lebey, *op. cit.*; Expilly, p. 474 ff; Brantôme, *M. de Bayard*, Œuvres, Vol. II, p. 382 ff.; Florange, Vol. II, p. 98-104.

25—In a letter of Nov. 10, 1523, from Mario Equicola in Pavia, Bayard and Montmorency are mentioned as next in command to Bonnivét, M. Sanuto, Vol. XXXV, 8.

26—On December 28, 1523.

27—Toward the latter part of March. He was still in Genoa on March 15, and in command of the imperial forces on April 14. Cf. Lebey, *op. cit.*, p. 221, and Molard, *op. cit.*, p. 28.

28—The *Loyal Servant*, p. 407, maintains that Bayard suspecting an attack, kept half of his men almost every night on guard, and had stood watch himself for two or three nights, so much so that he fell sick "what from depression and cold." But it seems highly improbable that a surprise attack at such long range *was* expected; otherwise for what reason were so many men left in an exposed village? De Mailles goes on to state that Bayard was ill on the night in question, and that, because of rain, a very negligent guard was kept contrary to his orders. Giovio, *Vita Pescarii*, Bk. III, asserts that the negligence of guard was due to over-confidence.

29—Such are the numbers given by Giovio, *Vita Pescarii*, Bk. III. De Mailles' estimate is six or seven thousand foot and four or five hundred men-at-arms. See also Appendix XII.

30—Giovio, *Vita Pescarii*, Bk. III.

31—*Loyal Servant*, p. 409.

32—Brantôme, *M. de Bayard*.

33—This force does not seem to have been identical with Bayard's company. Du Bellay (Vol. I, p. 447) speaks of it as selected from among all the *hommes d'armes*. It is probably the combat mentioned by Guicciardini as won by Paolo Luzzasco, an imperial captain. Cf. Letter from Capo to the Marquis of Mantua on April 14 (Molard, p. 28), which speaks of Bayard as treating with Bourbon for the release of Boutières.

34—Quoted by Expilly, p. 474. He mentions also Giovio, and, indeed, the words given occur in the latter's *Vita Pescarii*. But then Giovio may well have used Joffrey's memorial.

35—Varillas, *Histoire de François Ier*, Vol. I, p. 301, cited by Lebey, p. 232 n.

CHAPTER XIV

DEATH

WITH the crossing of the Sesia, that shadow of defeat and weariness, which veils the figure of Bayard during his last campaign, definitely passes. He appears once more at his full stature, no longer, indeed, merely the dashing leader and skilful captain, but, as it were, divested of unessentials, the temporary features of his age, simpler, and thus more impressively, revealed. He rises to an almost legendary greatness, in the sense of attaining both the significance and majesty of the symbolic. Not only a personality of his times, not only a Frenchman, not only a soldier even, indeed but secondarily these; he becomes representative of universal issues—of that faith, to be sure, of which chivalry was a manifestation, and which, though neglected, can never die; of medievalism with its virile emphasis on loyalty and submission; but primarily, and to us more immediately, of reverent manhood, faithful to its heritage of few but clear ideals, whose dignity is duty, and whose honor, steadfastness. He represents the generations of obscure men, who are gentlemen by virtue of holding fast what the race has bequeathed for guidance in conduct and character, by virtue of discipline and self-control, of constancy and helpfulness. These are the important men, these conservatives. They insure progress by upholding continuity. They

form the vertebra of any national life. And of such, we repeat, Bayard becomes an almost legendary example.

He would have become so, if we knew of him no more than this last day, which reflected vividly his entire life. Nor is this merely an effect of time and modern fancy; to his contemporaries as well, even to the spectators of his death, the event seemed curiously significant.

There is little enough to tell. On April 29, having taken charge of the army at Gattinara, he misled the enemy, who had expected him to lodge there, by pushing on six miles further to Roazenda, a small village in the direction of Buronzo.¹ It was necessary to put distance between his own and the superior forces of Bourbon, to guard against surprise attack, and gain his immediate objective, Ivrea. Thence, the traditional route led through Turin and Susa to the safety of the Mount Cenis. Before daylight on April 30, he broke camp at Roazenda and pressed forward through a sparsely grown woodland, traversed by glades, which formed the last remnants of an ancient forest, the Silva Roazenda. It was a steady march in good order, closed by the Swiss battalions, who guarded the convoy and artillery.² They proceeded at their slow, regular pace—*lento passo*, writes Guicciardini—and were commanded by John of Diesbach. There also rode the band of Scottish archers and the best of the French cavalry. And there was Bayard together with Vandenesse, La Palice's brother, his comrade of the earlier wars; there were the Count of Saint-Pol and Gabriel d'Alègre, son of Alègre of Ravenna, and Gaspard Ter-

rail and Joffrey, Bayard's aid, with what remained of his company. In front, shielded by this final rampart, hurried the rest of the army, the sick and the daunted, struggling toward Ivrea.

Meanwhile, Pescara and Bourbon crossed the Sesia, and rode with 1500 light-horse on the track. They were accompanied besides by some hundreds of Pescara's famous harquebusiers, riding double with the troopers. They had started before dawn, had found Roazenda empty, and pushed on. About nine o'clock their vanguard sighted the French rear. Pescara's tactics were to charge and retire, while his heavy muskets, whose shots could pierce even the cuirass of a man-at-arms, were aimed especially at horses and officers.³ Save for the more efficient use of firearms, it was the traditional method of harassing a march with which Bayard had grown long since familiar.

A maxim often repeated with regard to him had been "charge of harrier, defense of boar, retreat of wolf." And here he was, indeed, an old wolf, stiffened and scarred perhaps, but still formidable. We have referred to the impression one gains of an almost symbolic import attending these last hours, and it is nowhere stronger than here. Something more than the retreat of a broken army seems to be enacted in the glades of Roazenda. It is the retreat of a spiritual force, of an ideal, which for centuries had preoccupied Europe. Thirty years earlier, still splendid, still effective, the medieval wave burst over Italy, surging against inevitable change. Its strength had been long since spent; the South had prevailed. These were the final relics of an older tide ebbing north before the

triumphant present. Not Bayard, not Pescara, but North and South, Chivalry and Modernism, France with her legends, Italy with her enlightenment. So, lance against firearm, breastplate against lead, knightly pennon against nameless marksman in one last charge.

The enemy gained an initial advantage. Two hundred Swiss were killed, the Scottish archers broken, and Vandenesse fell mortally wounded.⁴ Throwing themselves on the convoy, the Spaniards surrounded two pieces of artillery. But from in front, along the line of march, sounded the counter-charge. Bayard, with five ensigns of infantry and his lances, swept down into the *mêlée*, threw back the enemy, put him to flight, recaptured the guns. We have a brief glimpse of him at this point, directing the fight, "unconcerned," writes de Mailles, "as if he were in his own house." A gaunt, steel-clad figure, his eyes ranging here and there.

The skirmish over, and half-turning, he was struck in the side by a bullet, swayed in his saddle with a cry, but grasping the pommel, kept himself erect. The shot had pierced home through his armor shattering the spine. Colorless with pain, but understanding its meaning, he reversed his sword and lifted the cross of its hilt to his lips.

Men closed around him. He sank to the ground supported by the arms of Joffrey. There were faces above him, those of Swiss pikemen, of Gabriel d'Alègre, of Diesbach, and Terrail—harsh, intense faces. The worst was soon apparent. An ominous rumor spread through the ranks. After two generations of war, after twenty pitched battles and fame grown legendary,

stricken at last, Bayard of France was dying. The fact was immediately recognized as momentous. To many of those present, he had long seemed an emblem and pattern. In childhood, familiar with his name, they had burned to emulate him; fresh in the army, they had thrilled at the first glimpse of his banner. Recent vexations were forgotten, overshadowed by the great past: Fornuovo, the Garigliano, Genoa, Agnadello, the Paduan wars, Ferrara, Brescia, Ravenna, Marignano, and Mézières. The thought of him revived old glories, the former age. They remembered from youth the fading dream of chivalry identified with him. A great man, an epic memory lay dying surrounded by that little group of soldiers.⁵ (XIV)

But the march must continue; the enemy were again advancing. Diesbach offered the escort of his Swiss and a litter formed of pikes to carry him. But death seemed imminent and the pain too great. A charge was made to hold back the Spaniards for a time, and having confessed himself to Joffrey, in lieu of a priest, he entrusted his military testament to Alègre: prayers for his soul, charities to the poor, his lands to his brother, George Terrail, a portion for his daughter. His comrades, the men of his company and servants, would not abandon him. He ordered them on. Dying, it would not profit him, he said, that they should be taken. They carried him within the shadow of a great tree, and laid him, as he asked, facing the enemy. It was the moment of farewell, and many were in tears. Alègre bent down. "Tell the king," said Bayard, "that I die happy because in his service and sword in hand, as I have always wished. And I have no regret in dy-

ing, except that I lose the means of serving him any more."

He heard them draw away, heard orders given, and the slow tramp of the march—his army, the one he had commanded. Of them all, only Jacques Joffrey remained—a gentleman of Saint-Chef in Dauphiné, known merely by this final act of devotion. So they waited; heard the hoof-beats of approaching horsemen through the woods. The Spanish troopers burst into view, caught sight of them, reined up. A fierce questioning; a burst of triumph. Bayard! The French commander taken, their most famous lance! To whom did he yield his sword? Who would have the ransom?

Then, they understood.

The Spanish treatment of Bayard remains his supreme tribute. He would surrender, not to Bourbon or Lannoy, the chief generals, but to Pescara. Informed of what had happened, the Spanish captain hastened forward. "Might it have pleased God, gentle Lord Bayard," he said, "that it had cost me the fourth of my blood, and that I tasted no meat for two years, but had you in health my prisoner; for then you would learn by my dealings with you how much I esteemed your high prowess." He had him placed on a camp-bed beneath the tree, and an open pavilion raised over him; a guard of honor was set, a priest summoned.

It was a long agony. Wounded at ten o'clock, he lived eight hours. But to few at the point of death has been accorded a greater triumph. The pursuit had been halted; the Spaniards encamped there and at Roazenda. Bayard's last charge had freed his army.

A chronicler affirms that as the day passed many of the Spanish soldiers paused in front of the pavilion to gaze at him reverently, "as at some fair relic." They also, and their fathers before them, had known of him as a great but generous enemy, and one by fighting with whom their own cavaliers had learned the art of war.⁶

It was under these circumstances that suddenly there stood before the dying knight the figure of an old friend and great nobleman, the constable of Bourbon. They had fought together at Agnadello and Marignano, defended Milan, campaigned in Navarre, harried the marches of Flanders. He had knighted the son of this prince, had feasted with him in the now empty castle at Moulins. There is every evidence of a mutual affection. It is one of the most poignant meetings recorded: Bayard, the pattern of loyalty, Bourbon of rebellion; the one struck down in an act of duty, the other already entangled by that quicksand of passion, which drew him from Pavia to Rome, a helpless leader in one of the darkest crimes of history. So they met, the loyalist and traitor, at that ultimate parting of the ways.

A recent historian of Charles of Bourbon, André Lebey, expresses doubt that Bayard actually spoke the words, appearing later in Du Bellay's famous paragraph.⁷ But, though in general one shares his skepticism with regard to final utterances ascribed to great men, on this occasion there is unusual evidence that the reported words are authentic. Expilly, who describes the scene, may have drawn from Du Bellay, for he retains the same expressions; but he gives, as his authority, not the chronicler, but an account writ-

ten by Jacques Joffrey, Bayard's attendant at the time of his death. This record has been since lost, but there is no reason to doubt that it served not only Expilly, but Du Bellay as well. Intrinsically it also rings true. If we know anything of Bayard, it is the fact of his preëminent regard for duty and allegiance. Nor is there any trace here of such unctuous moralizing as might reveal the invention of a later scribe. The words are charged with life; they are also the expression of a deep sorrow.

"Ha, Captain Bayard," said the duke, "how am I grieved and stricken to find you in this sort, I who have always loved and honored you for your wisdom and prowess! Ha, but I have great pity for you!" And Bayard answered: "My lord, I thank you, but there is no need to pity me, who die a true man serving my king. There is pity rather for you, who bear arms against your prince, your country, and your vow."

And Joffrey adds that Bayard urged him to turn back for the sake of honor. It was a voice that more than once may have haunted Charles of Bourbon in the years to come.

It was not, however, at the last with men that Bayard dealt. That faith which was the essence of his life, that confidence in a Supreme King and a divine Leader, which he had always cherished, was vouchsafed him to the end. "A beautiful death," writes Adrien de Croy to the emperor;⁸ "and, Sire, although Lord Bayard was the servant of your enemy, still it is pity of his death; for he was a gentle knight beloved by all, and who lived as nobly as did ever man of his estate."

In the darkness of the forest, at the second hour of night, the Spanish sentinels on guard bared their heads. The long service and the last campaign were finished.

With every honor, they bore him to a church near-by for the requiem mass; and throughout the camp it was noted that Bourbon grieved. They gave safe-conduct to his aid, Jacques Joffrey, and a fitting escort to convey his body to Turin with all tokens of reverence.⁹

On the other side of Mount Genevra, which he had crossed so often, there waited a company from Grenoble. And from church to village church they passed down to the city, which came forth to meet them, parliament and magistrates, nobles and commoners. In long procession, they carried the dead captain to Notre Dame of Grenoble, where he lay a day and night, and "there were held for him most solemn services. And the next day," we read, "with equal state as at his entry in Grenoble, he was carried to a cloister of the Pauline friars," called Minims of the Plain, "where he was buried with great honor."¹⁰

The whole of Dauphiné mourned. It was a public loss for all, a personal loss to many. The unfortunate, the neglected, and sorrowful had always found refuge in his great heart and unfailing charity. Rarer than fame, there rested upon his tomb a universal benediction.

Religio, bonitas, animus, donatio, iustum,
Hoc sita sunt tecum, summe Bayarde, loco.
(Religion, kindness, courage, justice, love,
Are with thee, noble Bayard, in this grave.)

And yet, as we observed at the beginning, Bayard's position in history is not wholly ascribable either to what he accomplished, or to the place he occupied in his own times. He was by no means the greatest soldier of his age. He held few posts of high distinction. He remained an unimportant gentleman by the side of feudal noblemen and dignitaries of the Crown. A good man is rarely sensational or dramatic; he is seldom fully appreciated during his lifetime. It is identification with a cause and with spiritual processes that gives him his posthumous significance. Such fame is perennial and progressive. The initial figure of the man grows to heroic proportions; he becomes the protagonist of an ideal. So it has been with Bayard, whose name on the lips of men has survived most of his eminent contemporaries. But the tendency is legitimate. Straited by time and conventions, constrained to inadequate self-expression, the purport of a spirit is clarified by death and raised in human memory to its potential value. What Bayard was, he is now more completely than during life—a rare expression of that valor, chivalry, and devotion, which marks the gentlemen of every age. (XV)

1—For the locality of Bayard's death, I have followed Cesare Poma's version presented in his admirable brochure, *Dove morì il Bajardo*, Biella, 1923. His opinion is strongly supported by the Mantuan ambassador's letter, published by Molard, which bears the date of May 1 at *Ravasengo*. Callamand's identification of Gulciardini's Ravisingo with the modern Rossio, seems erroneous in view of Poma's argument. Cf. his *Pour Bayard*, Grenoble, 1899.

2—Letter of Adrien de Croy to the emperor, May 5, 1524. Roman, p. 463.

3—D. Mourral, *Bayard* . . . Grenoble, 1924.

4—He was one of the bravest French captains. Of small stature, de Mailles calls him "a little lion." He had challenged Pescara to mortal combat on a point of honor. The duel was prevented by his death.

5—As the death of Bayard is either described or mentioned in all contemporary records and subsequent histories, it would be idle to repeat the list of them here. The above description is based on a careful selection from what appear the most authentic sources. See Bibliography.

6—*Loyal Servant*, p. 415.

7—Lebey, *Le Connétable de Bourbon*, p. 225 ff, where the various versions of this episode are discussed and compared.

8—Letter, dated May 5, 1524. Roman, p. 464. Cf. also letters summarized by Sanuto, which report from the battle-field Bayard's desire rather for spiritual than physical tending. Vol. XXXVI, 304-305, 317.

9—Cf. Monnet, p. 125 n; letter to the Marquis of Mantua, dated May 1, 1524, from the camp at Roazenda, Molard, *op. cit.*, letter of Jaffley Passier to the Duke, Charles III, of Savoy, dated at Turin, May 9, 1524, Monnet, p. 128-129. Bayard's body reached the city on that day.

10—*Loyal Servant*, p. 422. Du Rivail states (p. 578) that a perpetual anniversary of Bayard's death for the month of May was instituted throughout the Carthusian monasteries.

APPENDIX

I—p. 4

IDENTIFICATION OF DE MAILLES WITH THE LOYAL SERVANT

From the outset, it had appeared probable that the *Life of Bayard* had been composed by one of his secretaries, and an old tradition vaguely connected a name, Jacques de Mailles, with this book. In his edition of the *Loyal Servant* in 1878, J. Roman added substance to the belief by pointing out that de Mailles appears both on the roster of Bayard's company in 1523 and as notary concerned with drawing up the marriage contract between the Chevalier's daughter, Jeanne, and François de Bocsozel in 1525. In 1886 he published an affidavit of Jacques de Mailles, which had been recently discovered by A. Prudhomme, dated March 18, 1525, and beginning with the following sentence, "Je Jacques de Mailles jadis secrétaire de feu monseigneur de Bayard . . .," therewith establishing his secretarial capacity.

By a very ingenious comparison between the handwriting of de Mailles, which concludes the marriage contract already mentioned, and that of a letter from Bayard to the king, conserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, G. Letonnellier, Archiviste de l'Isère, has confirmed the fact that de Mailles and at least one of Bayard's secretaries are identical. This, of course, does not prove that de Mailles was the author of the "History," but stylistic peculiarities common both to the

latter and to a description of the battle of Ravenna addressed by Bayard, doubtless through a secretary, to Laurent Alleman in 1512, which are also analyzed by Mr. Letonnelier, present strong evidence for the fact.

In short, the testimony both of tradition and of modern discovery and criticism leave small doubt as to de Mailles's authorship. Cf., in this connection: Roman, p. IX ff; his article in the "Bulletin historique et philologique du Comité des Travaux historiques et scientifiques," 1886; G. Letonnelier, "Étude critique sur le Loyal Serviteur et son Histoire de Bayard," Grenoble, 1926.

II—p. 8

THE PERIOD OF DE MAILLES'S ATTENDANCE ON BAYARD

It is impossible to state definitely at what period de Mailles entered Bayard's service, but presumably not until the latter had been assigned an independent command, that is, not before 1507. It is to be noted also that after this date the text is free of purely chivalric episodes, such as those of the various tournaments we have mentioned; the incidents recorded are more plausible and without romantic glamor. From 1507 on, we may assume that de Mailles remained with Bayard until the end. He was certainly with him during the Paduan wars, and documents prove that he accompanied him in Genoa on January 31, 1522 (Letonnelier, *op. cit.*, p. 12ff), in July, 1523 (Cf. affidavit mentioned in preceding note, which explicitly states the fact), and at Cassano in October, 1523 (Roster of Bayard's company, Roman, p. 469 ff). He therefore attended

him during his last campaign. Probably he was among those servants who wept at parting with him when mortally wounded near Roazenda (*Loyal Servant*, p. 418). In any case, however, he does not seem to have been present at his death, which occurred eight hours later.

III—p. 25

THE TERRAILS OF BAYARD

According to Expilly, the family of Terrail came originally from Germany at some time during the period when Dauphiné formed part of the Empire; but this statement, whether conjectural or based on family tradition, remains unverified. At all events, nothing definite is known of the Terrails before one, named Aubert, who fell at the battle of Varey in 1325, or, in other words, about 150 years before the birth of Bayard. They were, therefore, at least as far as records show, not among the oldest of the Dauphinois nobility. Their original lands were at Grignon to which were later added the estates of Bayard and Bernin.

Aubert was succeeded by Robert, who fell in battle near Les Marches in 1337. He was followed by Philip, killed at Poitiers in 1356. Of the latter's two sons, the eldest, Pierre I, built the manor-house of Bayard in 1404 and died at Agincourt in 1415; the younger son, named John, fell at the battle of Verneuil in 1424. Pierre I was succeeded by Pierre II, Bayard's grandfather, who was killed at Monthléry in 1465. His second son, Jacques, founded the cadet branch of the Terrails of Bernin. Aymon, eldest son of Pierre II,

was the father of Bayard, Pierre III. At the Chevalier's death, his brother George succeeded him, but left only one child, a daughter Françoise. At her death without children about the year 1560, the elder branch of the Terrails came to an end.

For a fuller statement, see Expilly, Mourral, and Terrebasse.

IV.—p. 26

THE DATE OF BAYARD'S BIRTH

We know that he entered the court of Savoy, as page, in 1486 (Monnet, *op. cit.*, p. 10). He was then "thirteen or a little over," according to the *Loyal Servant* (p. 4), about twelve according to Champier (p. 43). But the latter contradicts himself in another place by giving forty-eight as his age at death, which would leave 1476 as the year of his birth. Expilly (p. 432) states that he was born at the end of 1469. The earliest and latest dates are improbable; but the question remains unsolved. It is characteristic of Champier's irresponsible and pretentious method that he records (p. 256) a solemn but imaginary horoscope of Bayard cast by one Julius Firmicus, which, by the astronomical calculations of A. S. Fairley of Princeton University, gives the year 1480-81.

V.—p. 27

THE QUESTION OF PIERRE DE BAYARD'S PRIMOGENITURE

The *Loyal Servant* affirms that George Terrail and not Pierre was Aymon's eldest son, and this statement

has considerable weight from the fact that de Mailles, as notary public in 1525, drew up the marriage contract between Bayard's daughter and François de Bocsozel—a document which shows beyond question that he was fully informed with regard to the Terrail family. Moreover, it is to be supposed that he would have given his hero the added éclat of primogeniture if such had been the case. On the other hand, all other direct evidence is contrary to this version. Champier (p. 210) speaks of George as his brother's successor, *qui a succédé à luy*; Expilly affirms that Pierre was the *héritier* of his father in 1496; the marriage contract, already mentioned, refers to George as inheriting from his brother, the *dominus de Baiardo* (Roman, p. 475). Furthermore, Pierre was universally designated by contemporary chroniclers as *Seigneur de Bayard*; he signed himself to that effect, and wore the title on his seal. It was he among his brothers who followed the ancestral career of arms. We are inclined, therefore, to accept this evidence as against de Mailles's unsupported statement.

The question, however, is not as yet definitely decided. Mr. G. Letonnellier, Archiviste de l'Isère, has recently discovered some documents, which he very kindly permits me to publish here as having an indirect bearing on this subject. They are drawn from an inventory, dated 1499, of deeds and papers belonging to a member of the Alleman family, and are found in the *Archives départementales de l'Isère* (Coté: Inventaire no. 117, fo. 118, vs. et seq.). The inventory in question lists three receipts, dated respectively 1485, 1467, and 1490, from Aymon Terrail to Henry and

then to Charles Alleman de Laval for partial payments of his wife, Hélène Alleman's dowry, and are as follows:

Item une quittance donnée par noble Aymon Terrail, sr. de Bayard, à noble Charles Alamand, sr. de Laval de la somme de IIC L florins monnoye courant, en dyminucion de la verchière de noble Heleyne Alamande sa femme, Receue par Pierre Muriane, l'an mil IIIIC LXXXV, le XIII doctobre, signée au dos par . . . F. LXV.

Item, une quittance faicte par noble Aymon Terrail, sr. de Bayard, a noble Henry Alamand, sr. de Laval, en dyminucion de la verchière delad. Heleyne de XL flourins monoye couiant dune part, et de XXX escus daultre, receue par led. Muriane l'an mil IIIIC LXVII le XXVII de fevrier, signé au dos par . . . F. LXXIII.

Item, une aultre quittance donnee par noble Aymo Terrail aud. noble Charles, seigneur de Laval de la somme de septante sept escus a la corone e quinze gros de monoye, receu par mestre Piarre Berbier, notaire, de Villarbonoud de l'an mil IIIIC LXXXX, et le X. de fevrier signé au dos par . . . F. IIC VI.

Mr. Letonnelier points out that, since Aymon was already married in 1467, an interval of at least six or seven years must have elapsed before the birth of his son, Pierre Terrail, if we assume the latter to have been born in 1473 or 1474. In a family of eight children, it is therefore probable that the birth of one or more of them would have preceded this date. It is a

consideration which lends a certain plausibility to de Mailles's statement. On the other hand, a possible assumption would be that, of the four girls, two or more may have been born first, and we know, indeed, that Marie Terrail, wedded in 1484 to Jean du Pont, must have been older than Bayard. It should be remembered also that the accepted date of the latter's birth is merely approximate.

I would take this occasion to express my deep indebtedness to Mr. Letonnellier's courteous communication.

VI—p. 28

AYMON TERRAIL

Little more than the facts recorded above is known of Bayard's father. According to Expilly (p. 432) he was sixty-five years old at the battle of Guinegate and well over eighty in the year 1496. The *Loyal Servant* (p. 4) affirms also that he died *aagé de bien quatre vingts ans*. He was a gentleman of some means, for he purchased land in the parish of Grignon and the position of forester to the wood of Coise (Terrebasse, *op. cit.*, p. 499). He seems, moreover, to have been a personage of local importance, for he was chatelain of the royal castle of Avalon in 1461, an executor of Aymon de Beaumont's estate in 1481 (*id.* p. 499), and appears on a committee charged by the governor of Dauphiné, Phillipe de Savoie, with investigating the new and threatening channel of the river Drac in 1491 (*Archives communales de Grenoble*, Série DD. 39).

At cards in the house of a gentleman at Grenoble in 1458 (id. Série, FF. 76), receipts to his wife's family for installments of her dowry (cf. preceding note)—such items complete the meager information preserved regarding him. He was connected by birth with the family of Theys, Arces, Bocsozel, and others, and by marriage with the distinguished family of Alleman de Laval.

VII—p. 117

JEANNE DE BAYARD

François de Bocsozel was a friend and distant relative of the great Chevalier. His wife brought him in dowry the estate of Eydoche valued at 1200 gold crowns (*écus*). To this, her uncles added 200 more. The bridegroom's gift was 700 crowns and 300 for "adornments and jewels." The president of the Parliament of Dauphiné, nobles, and councilors, acted as witnesses (Morin-Pons, *La Fille de Bayart*; Marriage Contract, Roman, p. 474 ff.). The sums involved were very considerable and clearly indicate that her illegitimacy in no way affected Jeanne's status at her marriage. The extent of her dowry shows also not only Bayard's affection for her, but that he was a fairly wealthy man at the time of his death. By the terms of her husband's will in 1532, she was left administratrix and usufructuary of his property, a fact which tends to prove that she enjoyed his confidence and esteem (A. de Rochas, *La Famille de Bayard*, Annu. hérauld. France, 1892, V, 139-158). One of her sons was the unfortunate Pierre de Châtelard, lover of Mary, Queen of Scots. Veyron-

Lacroix publishes documents, some authentic and some forgeries, relating to the family de' Trechi.

VIII—p. 139

THE PILLAGING OF THE SPANISH TREASURER

Fifteen thousand ducats represented, of course, an immense sum. If the coins were silver, they equalled in weight roughly 15,000 silver dollars; but their purchasing power would make them equal to \$150,000 now. If the coins were in gold, the value was about three times greater. One is inclined to doubt these figures given by the *Loyal Servant* and repeated by Du Rivail (p. 543-544. Cf. also Champier, p. 232). The loss of such a sum would have seriously crippled the Spanish army and would have elicited widespread comment. That the amount was considerable is presumably true; but the *Loyal Servant* is prone to exaggeration.

IX—p. 146

THE DUEL BETWEEN BAYARD AND SOTO-MAYOR

The account of Jean d'Auton has been followed above. According to the *Loyal Servant* and Champier, Soto-Mayor was taken prisoner directly by Bayard, who received his parole and treated him with every consideration until he bribed one of the garrison and attempted flight. Being recaptured, he was kept under guard until the ransom arrived. On his return to the Spanish camp, Soto-Mayor then complained of Bayard's treatment. This reached the latter's ears, and

he considered it a reflection on his honor. Notes were exchanged and the duel agreed upon. Confusion and contradiction in dates, together with obscure motivation for the quarrel, make these two sources appear less reliable than the unfaltering, lucid, and more reasonable account of d'Auton, although here and there a detail, probable in itself, has been retained from this version. Cf. d'Auton, II, p. 263 ff; p. 277 ff; and III, p. 121 ff; Champier, p. 49 ff; *Loyal Servant*, p. 90 ff.

X—p. 148

DATE OF THE DUEL

Cf. d'Auton, III, p. 112 ff. A written challenge from Bayard to Soto-Mayor, probably apocryphal, is given by de Mailles (p. 102), and is dated July 10. This could only have been in 1502; but at that time war had just been declared. Thus, Bayard could not have held Soto-Mayor a prisoner before that date. Champier (p. 63 and in the *Trophæum Gallorum*) inserts a letter in mongrel Italian from Soto-Mayor to Bayard arranging the terms of battle and dated from Andrea, November 26, 1503. But although Champier declares that he found this letter in the purse of Bayard's mother, who had received it from her son, the date given is certainly incorrect, for at that time the Garigliano campaign, remote from Apulia, had begun. Therefore, the date recorded by d'Auton, which is both definite and chronologically probable, has been adopted.

XI—p. 151

BAYARD'S SUBSEQUENT CONNECTION WITH DUELS AND
TOURNAMENTS

In later years, Bayard frequently served as expert in tournaments or on the field of honor. He officiated as umpire in the sanguinary combat between two Spaniards, Azevedo and Santa-Croce at Ferrara in 1511 (see above, p. 238, n. 2) and again in the spring of 1515 in a tournament at Amboise upon the occasion of the Dauphin's christening (Lepage, p. 17). He was chosen by François d'Angoulême, afterward king, as one of the defendants with him of the lists at Paris during the tournaments held in honor of the marriage of Louis XII and Mary of England in November, 1514 (see above, p. 268). To the *beau monde* of his times, he was known doubtless as much for his skill in such matters as for his prowess on the battle-field.

XII—p. 333

ITALIAN ACCOUNTS OF ROBECCO

Three reports of the Robecco attack are preserved by Marino Sanuto (Vol. XXXV, 378, 381, 390). The first, derived from a messenger sent by the viceroy to Milan, states that on the night of January 27, five hundred lances with white shirts over their armor and commanded by de' Medici, the viceroy, and other captains, marched on Robecco; that in this town, a place three miles from Abbiategrasso, were the companies

of Bayard, Montmorency, and de Lorges, amounting to 250 men-at-arms and 2000 foot; and that all were captured. The second report, written a few hours later on January 28, contradicts the first. Lannoy and his command had returned to Milan with six battle steeds, a number of other horses, three standards, and about forty velvet doublets. A French paymaster with some funds had been captured. These two statements are from the Venetian ambassador. A third version, however, appears in a letter from Milan, dated January 30, 1524, to the effect that about nightfall on January 27, the viceroy, Pescara, and *l'Arcon* (de' Medici?) with about twelve thousand men wearing white over their armor, left Milan; that they reached Robecco at the fifth hour of night and found the French asleep; that the latter, for the most part, escaped, but that about three hundred men were killed or captured and twelve hundred horses were taken together with the entire baggage. Approximate truth lies presumably somewhere between this and the second report.

XIII—p. 333

THE AFTERMATH OF ROBECCO

There was even talk of a duel between Bayard and the Admiral to be fought when the war had been finished, says Brantôme, adding that Bayard was hot-tempered, especially in affairs of honor, and that he had heard this report from an old man in Dauphiné, who had been formerly one of the Chevalier's *hommes d'armes*. But although both Florange and the *Loyal*

Servant hint at something of the kind, such gossip is more than doubtful. Bonnivet would later hardly have entrusted his army to a man with whom he stood on such hostile terms. Perhaps, however, the rumored discontent of Bayard may have induced Bourbon to believe that he might gain him to his side. A very significant letter from an agent of the Marquis of Mantua is preserved (Molard, p. 28) wherein Bayard is reported as treating with Bourbon for the release on parole of his lieutenant, Boutières, and the duke is represented as wishing to please Bayard at any cost, "hoping to make him a good imperial."

XIV—p. 343

A BALLAD OF BAYARD'S DEATH

The death of Bayard was celebrated by a rude, anonymous elegy current among the soldiers he had led. In spite of the imperfect verses, there is a rhythm and a sincerity in the little poem which renders it impressive. The lines are as follows:

Aydés moy tous à plaindre
Pouvres aventuriers,
Sans point vous vouloir faindre,
Ung si noble pilier.
C'estoit le singulier
Sur toutes les gendarmes,
Par dedans un milier,
Ung tel n'avait en armes.

Le jour de Saint Estroppe,
Bayard, noble seigneur,

Voyant les ennemys en troppe,
Il monstra sa valeur.
C'estoit par la faveur
De la faulce canaille
Dont luy vint le malheur.
Mauldict soit la bataille.

Plourés, pouvres gendarmes
A cheval et à pied,
Car jamais d'homme d'aines
Ne vous en veist pys.
Il a tenu bon pied
Sans faire au roy tort,
Dont à luy fust le pis,
Car gagné a la mort.

Le vaillant chevalier,
Il pensoit nuyt et jours
Comment pourroit bailler
Aulx gens du roy secours.
Adonc, il print le cours
Contre ses ennemys
Dont ses jours en son cours
Vous voyés mes amys.

Ha pouvre Daulphiné,
Tu peultz bien dire hélas
Avant qu'il soit finé,
Tu en seras bien las.
Tu as perdu ton solas
Et encor derechief
Tu peultz bien dire hélas,
Il te coustera cher.

XV—p. 348

THE CASTLE AND TOMB OF BAYARD

Time, though exalting the memory of Bayard, has dealt harshly with all material things connected with that memory. The remains of his castle, though still picturesque and from a distance impressive on their hill, are but a shattered fragment of the once stately stronghold. Françoise, daughter of George Terrail, sold it in 1560 to Jean de Saint-Marcel, Seigneur d'Avançon. Thence by marriage it passed into the hands of the noble family of Simiane in 1581 and thence again by marriage into the family of de Noinville where it remained until the Revolution. Confiscated in 1795 "to the profit of the nation," it has since passed through various hands, being used now as farmhouse, now as residence, and falling more and more into dilapidation. But though splintered and dismantled, a part of the main building still stands. There are still the towers of the portal and gaunt remnants of other towers. The visitor can still inspect the courtyard, now a shaded garden, where young Bayard spurred his course before the assembled gentlemen. (Pilot, *Maison-forte de Bayard*.)

It has been already noted that of personal relics none remains except possibly his mace preserved in the Armoria Reale at Turin (see above, p. 314, n. 36). Moreover, even the position of his grave is uncertain. Champier affirms that in his military testament, Bayard designated the tomb of his father and mother at Grignon as his place of burial. Grenoble, however,

was considered by the magistrates and his heirs as more appropriate to the position he had occupied. He was, therefore, buried in the convent of the Pauline Friars, called Minims of the Plain, which had been founded by his uncle, Laurent Alleman, close to the city. But neither de Mailles, Champier, nor Du Rivail records the exact place of his grave in the chapel of the convent; nor, though probable, is it entirely certain that the grave was marked. A tradition dating from a short poem of Expilly's (reprinted by Pilot, *Recherches sur la Sépulture de Bayard*, Grenoble, 1886) and supported by a document published in 1889 by Prudhomme (*Recherches*, etc., Bull. Acad. Delph.), asserts that his tomb was situated in front of the main altar. But Expilly's poem is inspired by the fact that this tomb was "sans titre et sans nom," whereas the document adduced by Prudhomme describes a stone before the main altar where "on y voit encore partie de son effigie gravée à l'antique avec sa grande robbe de chevalerie." This discrepancy, though not absolutely contradictory, is, however, noteworthy. On the other hand, other antiquaries, notably Pilot, have maintained that Bayard's tomb was in the side-chapel of his uncle, Laurent Alleman, and have in their turn submitted plausible documents.

In any case, the convent in question was sold as national property at the outbreak of the Revolution in 1790, though reservation was made of the "manes de Bayard [qui] appartiennent à la nation qu'il illustra par ses vertus." Some thirty years later, in 1822, amid appropriate ceremonies, a single coffin situated below the pavement in front of the main altar and containing

human remains was disinterred and taken in state to Grenoble, where it was again buried in the church of St. André below an entablature and bust of Bayard, which had been erected in the first half of the seventeenth century and had stood formerly in the ancient convent. This is the tomb at present designated as that of the good Chevalier. Contradictions, however, between the *procès-verbal*, or official report made at the time of disinterment, and the statements of a witness at the ceremony, the Abbé Bergeret—these, added to the conflicting documents of Prudhomme and Pilot, leave a sense of uncertainty and confusion. It is, in short, far from proven that the tomb at St. André contains the actual remains of Bayard. Nor has the question any except a sentimental importance. The old sonnet of Expilly's exclaims justly:

Ha! non, Bayard icy tout entier ne s'arreste;
Ce lieu seul ne comprend Bayard et ses lauriers,
Il se trouve partout: car des vaillants guerriers
L'univers est la tombe et le ciel la retraite.

In addition to the articles cited above, cf. Mourral, *Bayard . . . Sa Mort, Sa Sépulture, Sa Famille*, Grenoble, 1924; and Ravanat, *Les Cendres de Bayard*, Grenoble, 1892.

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